WEEK ENDING APRIL 28, 1928

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

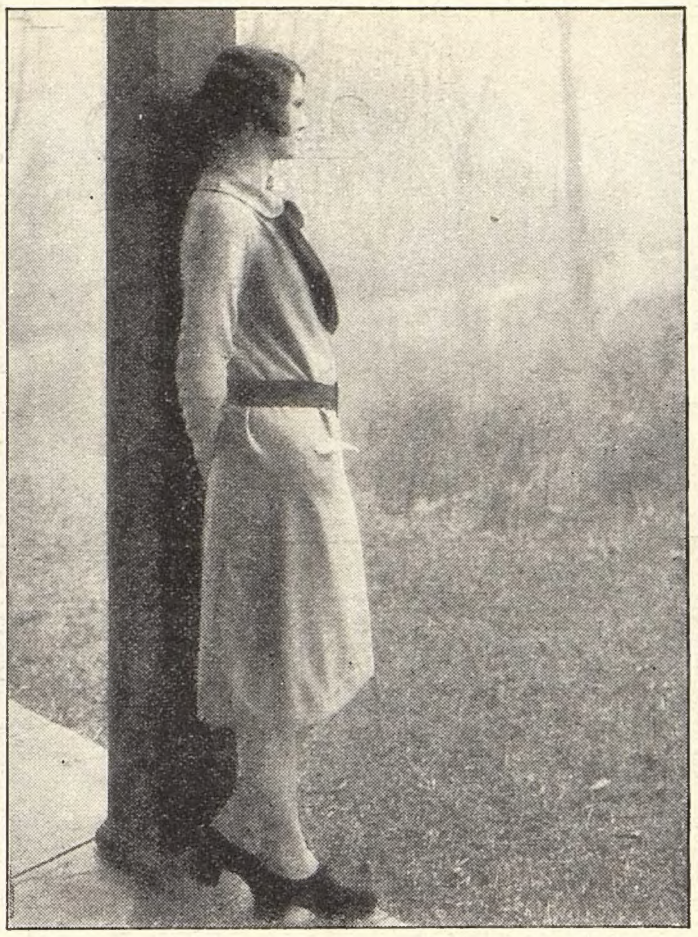
The Nineteenth Hole

DELMAR, PALMER, CHAMBERS, GREEN, MITCHELL, COLLETT

THE STAMINA OF SPEED! BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY PERFORMS. THE ELEGANCE OF THIS SPLENDID CAR IS BUT OUTWARD EVIDENCE OF THAT DEEPER BEAUTY WHICH GIVES IT THE SUPERLATIVE RACE-WINNING STURDINESS THAT ENDURES THROUGHOUT A LONG AND RICH LIFE.

THE SPLENDID STUTZ

HERE YOU WILL FIND A NEW CONCEPTION OF CAR COMFORT AND SAFETY



Why cannot mother and daughter talk frankly

... about the most intimate matters of a girl's life?

THERE is no denying that in many families there is not the confidence one would expect in a kinship as close as that between mother and daughter. The mother hesitates to speak too soon, only to find she has waited too long. Others have displaced her in the daughter's confidence. Then again, many mothers are themselves in doubt concerning these intimate matters. They belong to another generation. They have not kept step. Such a state of mind is no fit approach to any discussion of personal hygiene. There must be *understanding* —knowledge of the truth as declared by modern science. It is with this need in mind that "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene" has been made available.

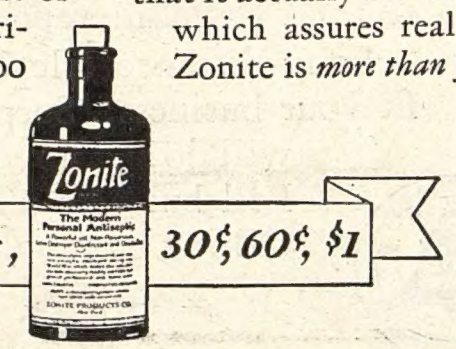
Mothers should know the dangers to be avoided

Every mother should read what this up-to-the-minute booklet has to say about the use of poisonous antiseptics in feminine hygiene—such antiseptics as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid and their various compounds. Here are products too powerful to be used in the mouth, preparations so caustic in their effect that no physician dare permit them to remain for more than a few minutes on any part of the body. And yet thousands of women still employ them for intimate purposes of feminine hygiene.

Physicians have good cause to cry out against this state of affairs. For they know of numberless cases in which irreparable injury has been done—cases of hardened and deadened membranes, of delicate tissues permanently scarred.

This IS a safe antiseptic for feminine hygiene

But a new era has arrived for women. Today there is an antiseptic that is entirely safe for feminine hygiene. It is called *Zonite*. Remember the name, and with it this important fact: Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic. Remember, too, that it actually *has* the germ-killing power which assures real surgical cleanliness. Zonite is *more than forty times* as effective as peroxide of hydrogen. *Stronger* even than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body. Yet it is so *safe* that dentists freely recommend it for mouth hygiene!



In bottles, 30¢, 60¢, $1

Write for this frankly-written women's booklet (free)

No wonder women are turning to Zonite as the final solution of their greatest personal problem. The safety of it, the wholesomeness of it, the proved effectiveness of it cannot be denied. Every mother who cherishes the best and safest for her daughter should send for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." It states the truths concerning this vital subject frankly, authoritatively and without wasting or mincing of words. Check the coupon today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below. L-4

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(*In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto*)

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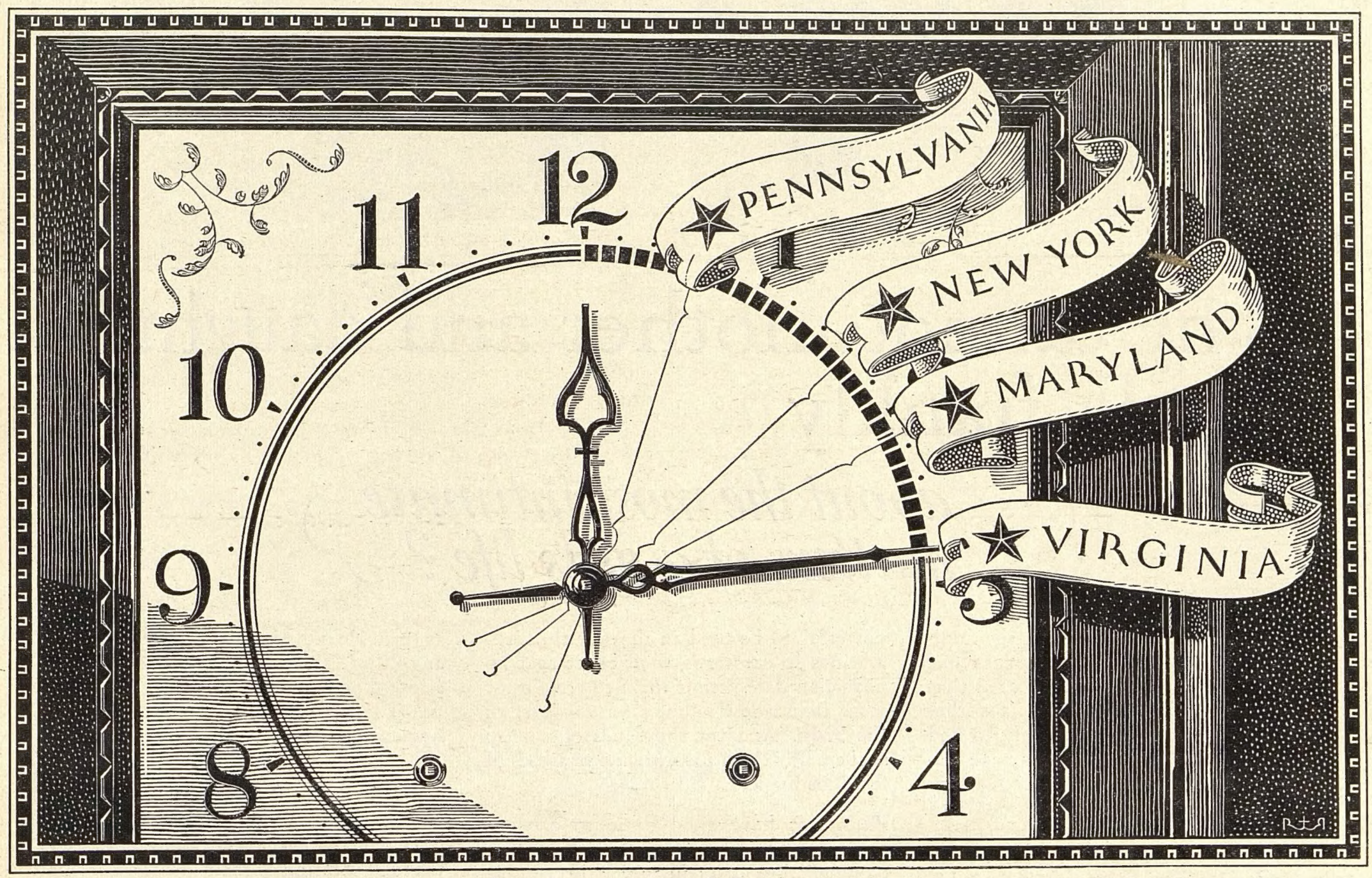
$1700 worth of Business in 14 minutes



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

A Pennsylvania cement company called by Long Distance and secured a 30-ton order from a town in New York. Telephone charges $1.95. A 24-ton order from a Maryland town; charges $2.50. A 20-ton order from a Pennsylvania town; charges 75 cents. And a 15-ton order from a town in Virginia; charges $3.50. . . . Twenty-four hundred miles were "traveled"—*there and back.* Total orders secured, $1700. Total charges, $8.70. Talking time, 14 minutes.

So many businesses have found Long Distance indispensable in sales work that the "key town" plan has been developed as a further assistance and saving. By this plan key towns are selected. Each one of these is central to all of the towns in its trade territory. From the key towns in the various territories, the representatives cover the other towns by telephone, in minimum time and at low cost.

To facilitate the use of the key town sales plan, interested firms may arrange for credit identification cards to be issued to their traveling representatives.

Long distance telephone service can be custom-made to fit your business. Surprising how much long distance calls will do and how little they will cost. Ask the nearest Bell business office about the key town plan. . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

APRIL 28, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 17

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

GARDENS

There is an inscription somewhere on an old sundial or the back of a rustic bench. We remember seeing it when we were young:

The something and something of something—the song of the birds for mirth.
There's more of God's heart in a garden than any place else on earth.

Can you supply the missing words?

Anyway, this is a reminiscence of the first day of spring.

On that day we were at the bottom of a cañon in the richest and hardest city on earth. Thirty feet below us were the rumblings of a huge network of railroad tracks. Sixty feet down there was another level of the same. Above and around towered thirty or forty stories of steel, brick, and stone.

Here some thousands of hungry prisoners lingered lovingly over beds of flowers which bloomed under electric light.

Such is man's magic that we were made to feel that we were in a garden. The Twentieth Century Limited prowled beneath and riveting machines clattered outside, but they were as far away as China.

It made us realize that out of the earth we came; on the earth we live; to the earth we return.

At this New York Flower Show between 20,000 and 25,000 people crowded through the gates each day—more people than the record attendance for Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies or any comparable show ever produced in any one hall.

Simply to see beds of tulips and clusters of roses, these city folk pushed and jammed themselves into immobility. Sometimes they had to wait in line at the entrances.

In a subway the throng would have been angry and impatient. Here they were tranquil and content.

There was nothing sensational to attract them. Half a million flowers and plants waited demurely to be admired, some grouped in gardens, formal or old-fashioned, some just set up in dignified isolation, with placards on them announcing prizes.

In corners you bought seeds, or contemplated spades and trowels and collapsible summerhouses.

And it was all curiously silent.

It did not take much imagination to feel that these city-bound people were heart hungry. Nor did it require especially keen observation to note that amazingly many of the spectators were rolled through the aisles in wheel chairs. Nearly everyone seemed a little wistful—and perhaps a little ashamed of it.

Well, what is better than a garden, after all?

A vegetable garden is a gratifying thing, but the queen of gardens is the flower garden. Here is pure beauty, easily realized and never surpassed.

Real flowers can be seen now, out in the sun, where they belong. But a few weeks ago, in these latitudes, there were no outdoor flowers.

So all those thousands crowded into downtown New York to get a foretaste of spring. They couldn't wait, and we don't blame them.

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A SESSION of the New Devices Committee of General Motors. Thousands of inventions and suggestions are submitted to the careful consideration of this Committee every year. They come from every state in the Union and every country in the world.

GENERAL

AN OPEN MIND TO NEW IDEAS

THERE are more than 1,000 engineers in General Motors; and more than twenty years of specialized experience lie behind the engineering staffs responsible for Cadillac, LaSalle, Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet and Fisher Bodies. It is natural that important inventions and improvements are developed inside the organization itself.

But thousands of alert intelligences all over the world are busy with thoughts about automobiles, and to any one of them an idea may come that is well worth while.

So General Motors has its New Devices Committee which meets at frequent periods. It includes the head of the Patent Department, the directors of the Research Laboratories and Proving Ground and engineering representatives of the car divisions.

Out of the thousands of ideas and suggestions laid before it every year, relatively few can be finally adopted. General Motors cars must be built for service in Siberia as well as in American cities, and amid the rarefied air of mountain peaks as well as on the burning sands of deserts. Many ideas that appear practical under local conditions fall down before the requirements of universal use. Many suggestions, of course, have been previously considered and found impracticable.

Though the percentage of usable ideas is small, the Committee meets always with enthusiasm. It is part of the machinery of constant improvement in General Motors. So long as this spirit of improvement persists, an organization must keep growing; for, however old it may be in years, it will be always youthful in mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE
The Electric Refrigerator

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General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the electric refrigerator and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday Evening. 9.30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 30 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

TODAY, nearly nine million women are gainfully employed in the United States. The employment ratio is less than three men to one woman.

IN New York City alone, one-third of the feminine population over fourteen years of age work for pay.

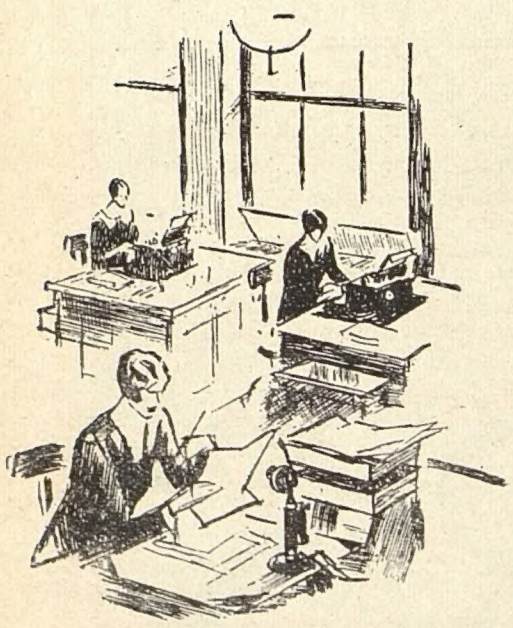
Old barriers have broken down. The census report gives only thirty-five occupations in which women are not employed.

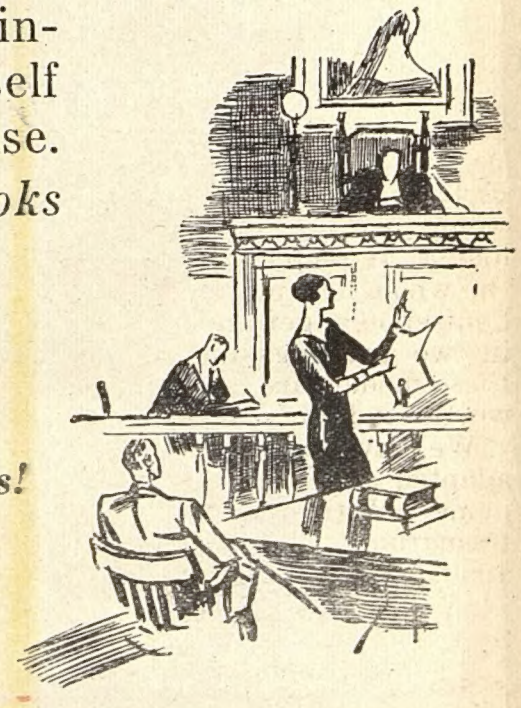
Among the occupations in which women did not engage twenty years ago but in which they are now found, as yet in minor numbers, are: Building contractors; dentists; chauffeurs; street-car conductors; umbrella menders and scissors grinders; poolroom keepers; elevator operators; real-estate agents; paperhangers and painters; draftsmen; sailors and canalmen; oilers; iron moulders; longshoremen and stevedores; mechanics and electricians; draymen; glaziers; undertakers; pawnbrokers; promoters; bankers; plumbers; gas and steam fitters; judges.

No more is there sex to salary. And with woman's increasing entrance into the workaday world has come her increasing interest in man's interests. She companions man with better understanding, because she works with him, goes out more freely with him, entertains, instructs and amuses herself wherever man does likewise.

She reads the same books and newspapers that man reads. Why, then, shouldn't she read the same magazines?

The answer is: ***She does!***





Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

$25 FOR LETTERS: LIBERTY will pay $25 for the best personal experience letters on this subject, from both men and women. Address, "Are Women People?" % LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y. Letters must be received by LIBERTY not later than May 28.

Read the truth

—when they learn to smoke
for pleasure they flock to

CAMELS

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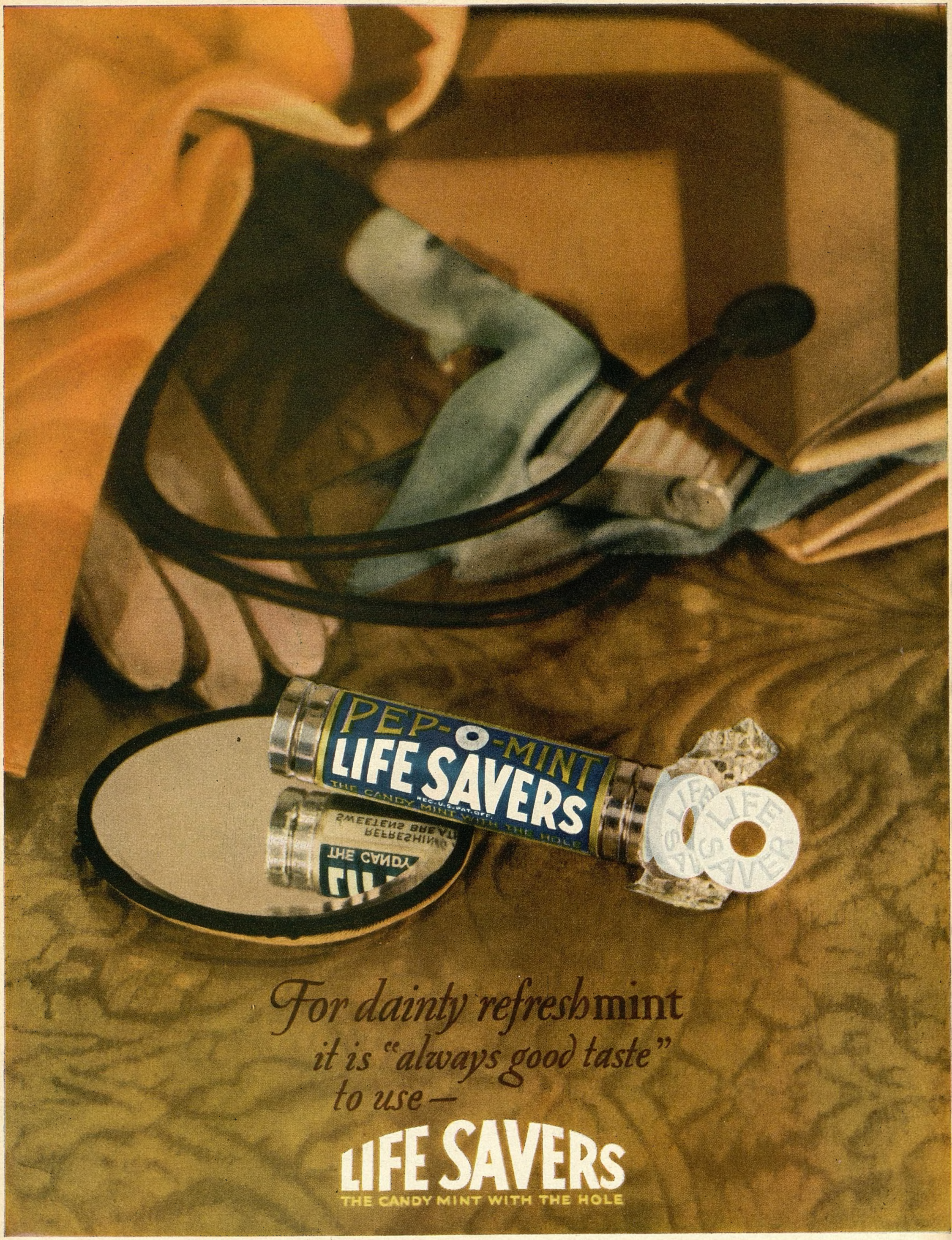
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LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIFE SAVERS
For dainty refreshmint
it is "always good taste"
to use—
LIFE SAVERS
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She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her

The Story of an Unpleasant Woman

By VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

MR. GREGORY, the head of Kent's school, frowned at Mother when she smoked a cigarette.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 16 seconds.)

IT was many years before Kent Romley noticed that his mother's eyes were blue. They had always seemed to him infinitely dark and secretive. But they were blue like a baby's eyes, like a little cornflower, like the dear, protecting sky that bent above the world.

Blue, his mother's eyes. A deep blue, to be sure, but still blue. A comforting thought, that. The adventuresses in books always had flashing brown or black eyes. But his mother's eyes were blue. That was enough to buck a fellow up.

Kent thought that perhaps he'd mention it to Daddy. Maybe Daddy would be pleased to know that Mother's eyes were blue. It might make a difference. You never could tell. It was the little things in the world that made the difference.

Even at seven Kent Romley knew that it was the little things in the world that made the difference. He had found it out on the day that Mother hadn't cared about Daddy's college winning every football game of the season. Daddy had cared awfully. He had been so exuberant that he had thrown sofa pillows about the living room and had shattered a china clown who had stood clasping a china guitar for many a year.

Mother had looked almost as though she thought Daddy ridiculous. Daddy had seen the look on her face and suddenly he didn't care about his college either. He returned the pillows to their rightful places and began to pick up the pieces of the china clown.

Kent saw the expression on Daddy's face. Always after that he associated that expression with the smiling clown who even after his destruction clung valiantly to his guitar.

The china-clown expression of Daddy's reappeared frequently once it had been noticed. It came when Daddy had the Salzers to dinner. Mrs. Salzer was a rough-and-ready woman, Kent heard Daddy say. Mother was not a rough-and-ready woman. Mother liked rich perfumes and soft silks. Mrs. Salzer had ugly hands. She talked about shooting rabbits up-State. Mother couldn't eat her dessert. Daddy wore his china-clown expression. The Salzers were his friends.

Kent felt sorry for Daddy.

Maybe there was a lot to be said for Mother, but she was always spoiling a person's fun. Always looking white and a little tragic. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE SAW TWO FEET AHEAD OF HER
Continued from Page Eleven]

she looked something else, too. Kent had heard Mrs. Reynolds say that his mother looked decadent. He had found the word in the dictionary.

He supposed that Mrs. Reynolds had meant the deep shadows under Mother's eyes, the way that Mother continually smoked, and the bitter smile she wore when people were making a big fuss over something like a football game.

Daddy wasn't a bit that way. He was a great outdoors man and he had ideals: Mrs. Reynolds had said so. He loved his home town and his friends and his country. He was a good son, a good husband, and a good father. Kent knew that everybody adored Daddy and he knew that Mother wasn't popular. He felt sorry for her until he remembered how she was always spoiling a person's fun.

Sometimes he thought of how, when he grew older, Daddy and he would see the world together. They would stalk lions in the jungles and catch great, strange, glimmering fish in distant oceans. Somehow there was never a place for Mother in his plans. He felt ashamed of his disloyalty, but he could not dream her into the picture.

When he was older and had been gently led via the animal and flower route to the truth and understanding of how he happened to be on earth, he felt more disloyal than ever. Daddy told him about life, and later he went out on the porch and sat and looked at his mother.

Had she been glad when God had signified that Kent was coming? Had she looked up at the sky and smiled at God in that bitter little way of hers? Had she made Daddy wear his china-clown expression?

She looked at him then. She turned her eyes upon her son and regarded him speculatively. It occurred to him that she paid less attention to him than Daddy did. He could not talk to her. Her hair was a hard, golden helmet through which his voice and his thoughts did not penetrate. But it was she who with suffering and anguish had given him a place on this earth. Oh, he must find a way for her to go, too, when he and Daddy made their trip around the world.

LATER he decided that he wouldn't take her. But that was much later. After he had been sent away to school. It was Mother's fault that he had been sent miles and miles away from home. Mother and Daddy quarreled a great deal, and Daddy explained to Kent that he would be happier if he were not in an atmosphere of constant conflict. It was Mother's fault, because she started the quarrels. Some of them were asinine.

One of the quarrels had been about religion. Daddy had said something scathing about a certain belief. It was not the belief to which Mother had been reared, nor even any of her friends. But she had resented Daddy's slur. Her lips had grown white with her rage.

"I will not have you say that again before the boy," she stormed. "I will not have him face the world with an armor of prejudice carefully guarding from the truth the misinformation you've given him."

"That's not misinformation, Nona. He might as well know that everybody in the world isn't the same sort that he's met through us."

"Do you think that these thousands of people that you've damned in the boy's eyes will suffer for want of his friendship? He'll suffer for want of theirs, if you send him away from them. You're narrow-minded and bigoted and you're a corrupt influence, just as is everybody else who can't see further than his own church!"

"Nona, Nona!"

Mr. Gregory, the head of Kent's school, frowned at Mother before the other teachers at coffeetime. It was because Mother, on her visit to the school, had smoked a cigarette. Kent wished she hadn't come—the teachers stared at her so. Mr. Richards looked at her as though he'd never before seen a woman. Mother had smiled at Mr. Richards. Mr. Richards had smiled at Mother.

Mother said: "So this is where my son is to become a fine, noble American? This is where he is to learn his reverence and gentlemanliness toward American womanhood?"

Mr. Richards had stopped smiling. He had moved hastily away as though Mother had just told him that her hand bag was full of dynamite.

It was all very unpleasant and incomprehensible.

THE school years passed. Mother never came again to visit. Dad came often. He was bronzed and bright-eyed. Congenial with the teachers and boys alike. Everybody liked him.

Mr. Gregory said he was the ideal type of man. He also said that he hoped that Kent would be like his father, but Mr. Gregory had looked doubtful when he said it. He was thinking of a divinely white hand holding a cigarette and of Mr. Richards' bewildered eyes on a morning long ago.

Two summers Dad had met Kent at the school and had taken him camping in Maine. There had been no mention of Mother or home. Kent did not question. He wondered, though. Wondered what Mother did when he and Dad were away. Read, probably. She was not invited about much. After all, that was not her home town, but Dad's. People never liked Mother much.

The year that Kent left school he went home. There would have to be college, of course, but not right away. He wouldn't be eighteen for months yet. There was time.

Mother met him at the station with the car. She kissed him and said that he was a man now. She looked the same as always. Young, tragic when her face was in repose, and bitter when she was speaking or smiling.

"Have you learned how to be a model young man?" she asked. "Do you know which religions to hate and just how many hands the Germans have cut off Belgian babies?"

"Don't talk lightly, Mother," he rebuked her. "Europe is seeing a beast gone wild."

"Heavens, you have learned!" she said, and her mouth was wide with laughter, but her eyes looked very sad.

"The war is terrible," Kent continued. "You'll find out how terrible it is when your father starts talking tonight," she said.

"Well, it is, you know, Mother."

"Kent, did you ever hear the expression 'too terrible for words'?"

Kent nodded.

"Doesn't it mean anything? Doesn't it carry a message to people who rave and rant because they like to hear themselves talk?"

Kent shot a quick look at his mother. This was the first time she had ever said a mean thing of Dad behind his back. He feared that there would be many quarrels at home. The European war would be an excuse for his parents to wrangle, an impersonal argument in which they could rid themselves of personal grievances, as his mother, years before, had found in a religious discussion a chance to call Dad narrow-minded and bigoted.

But there were no quarrels at home. The quarrel stage had passed. The parents of Kent Romley were now distantly polite to each other—remote. It struck Kent as terribly sad. Once they had loved each other enough to marry, enough to choose this house to live in together forever. Now they were separated by an insurmountable wall. They did not understand each other. There was nothing about Dad that anyone could criticize, so it must be Mother's fault. They made each other wretchedly unhappy. That much could be seen in the eyes of either of them. Unhappy people, wasting each other's lives, hurting each other, each watching for signs of enmity in the other. Miserably unhappy. Mother in jade-green satin, looking exquisite but lonely. Dad tanned and healthy, wearing his china-clown expression.

Dad was taking Kent on a week-end to the Salzers' place. Mother knew about it. That was why Dad was wearing his china-clown expression. Poor Dad! He was trying to make dinner such a merry meal, too. He told all the jokes that he knew. None of them was very recent, but Mother could have laughed at them. She wouldn't, though. It occurred to Kent that she liked to make people uncomfortable.

After dinner Dad and he stood in the foyer waiting for the car to be brought around. Mother stood silently near, a green-and-golden flame, slim and graceful. Dad went upstairs to get a few more cigars. Kent and his mother stood alone in the foyer.

"It's a long time since I've seen you," she said.

"Yes, and now I'm going away again." He spoke to make conversation, hardly conscious of his words.

"Yes," she said; "but you'll be back Monday morning, won't you?"

Kent nodded. Did she mind his going away? Was that possible?

"What do you do when you're alone?" he asked. "Do you miss us?"

"Did I ever strike you as being sentimental, Kent?"

"No, you never did."

"And I hope I never shall. Sentimentality is sickening and oozy. I don't miss anybody. I don't care what anybody does. I don't care whether people like me or not. I'm sufficient unto myself. One's sentimentality depends on other people."

"No," said Kent in the slow, explanatory tone of youth. "You could be sentimental about a house."

"Not this house," said his mother, and she turned and walked swiftly up the stairs. It struck Kent as beastly that she didn't say good-by.

AMERICA was in the war. Kent was past eighteen and there was Althea—Althea, who shouted when the national anthem was played, who smiled and wept over the boys who were going, Althea, who had wind-blown hair and mist-gray eyes. Kent was going, too. He had to go because he was an American, a man, and because he loved Althea.

His father was proud but sad-eyed. On the evening of the day which had seen Kent's enlistment, Philip Romley had patted his son on the shoulder and had gone to his room to sit for hours alone. Kent and his mother faced each other across the library table.

AFTER Kent was married, the two Mrs. Romleys spent all their days together.

"You don't know what you are doing," she said.

There was a lifelessness in her voice. It sounded like an old voice, a very tired voice. Her eyes wandered over the figure of her son. He was tall and blond. Young, vigorous, and so alive.

"I'm going," he said, "because I love my country."

"You're going because you're smitten by the charms of a flag-waving girl. If she were a pacifist we'd hear a different story from you."

"I don't think so," Kent said. "I'm not going because of Althea's feelings. I'm going because it's the duty of every able man."

"You're not a man yet."

"Man enough to offer myself for war."

"Don't be absurd. You've thought of nothing but Althea's approval, waving flags, and shouting people. You haven't thought of the possible consequences. Have you thought of yourself—"

"Killed? Yes."

Kent's mother rose from her chair and stood above him with drooping white shoulders and eyes that were not quite sane.

"Killed!" she cried. "Do you know that's the least of it? Think of yourself at eighteen with your life before you, brought back a hopeless cripple. Good God! Crippled but besmirched with glory. Useless to yourself, but remembered kindly once a year by the town."

"That's the chance a man takes in war."

"It's all rot. Feverish, hectic propaganda that lures a young man to his destruction. That girl is part of it. She with her knitting and bandage-rolling! What right has she to talk a boy into dying in a foreign land? She doesn't have to go. She has nobody to offer except the young fools who listen to her. What does she care that young lives are cut down—"

"WAIT a minute, Mother. I think I see what is causing this outburst. You're afraid I'll be hurt. Please don't worry about that."

She turned on him fiercely. "I won't worry. I'll leave that for your father and Althea. I'm going to forget that you're in the army. You see, I'm not one of these red-blooded American mothers."

"People will think you pro-German."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE SAW TWO FEET AHEAD OF HER]
Continued from Page Thirteen

She laughed then. "Must one be pro-something?"

"Of course."

"You think God is pro-Allies?"

"Mother, you ask the darnedest questions."

"Your father thinks so, too, Kent."

His conversation with her was forgotten when Althea put her arms around him and let him kiss her on her warm, red lips. She called him her brave soldier boy and said she would always love him.

The glow around his heart lasted all through the days at camp and he still had it with him when he sailed for France.

And, after all, Kent Romley returned whole and well from the war. His father broke down and wept with relief when he saw him. His mother kissed him silently. He noticed that all the way home she never let go of his hand which he gave her in greeting. She held her silence though, and that was just like her. Not interested, not full of questions like Dad.

Althea ran across the street to see him. She was full of love and pride and gossip. Later she made a few little confessions. There was a good looking ensign who had taken her out many times. A civilian had kissed her.

But now that Kent was back she couldn't even remember what they had looked like. Kent held her in his arms and forgave her for her philandering. She was so lovely.

DAD spoke of college, but somehow college didn't seem the important thing it once had. Dad didn't appear to grasp the fact that a fellow's sense of values changes. Mother seemed to understand about that, but she didn't understand about Althea.

"Puppy love," she said, when Kent told her solemnly that he was going to marry Althea.

"There's nothing finer than puppy love," Kent reminded her. "I read that somewhere and it's true. Puppy love is sweet and wholesome and even noble."

"It's something that gets you into deep water," Mother said. "It seems simple and uncomplicated, and before you know it you have a sticky mess of involvements on your hands."

"You're always spoiling people's pleasure," Kent said.

"Yes, that's a nasty thing about a woman who can see two feet ahead of her nose."

"You think you can, but nobody can."

"Can't I? I know you're going to marry Althea and I know you're going to crash your marriage on the rocks if I don't help."

"If *you* don't help?"

"Seems strange, doesn't it, sonny-boy, that I think I'm so important to you? Such a thoroughly unpleasant woman as I've always been."

"Mother, please don't take that tone."

. . . . . .

It was a nice little wedding, after all. It took place just before Kent was twenty-two. They had meant it to be sooner, but there had been Dad's illness and death, which delayed things.

Kent had grieved greatly at the loss of his father. It seemed so strange that they had never stalked lions or fished in exotic seas. But there was a look on his father's face which was a comfort. Peace at last. He was free of the union which had brought him so many years of unhappiness. What mattered it whose fault the misery had been? It had been there. A black, tangible thing which had steeped the parents of Kent Romley in gloom.

Mother had not cried at the funeral, but she had looked very sad. Perhaps she was thinking

Picture by Gerald Leake

HE was dismayed to find that Althea and Harry were acquainted.

of the day when she hadn't cared that Daddy's college had won every game of the season.

She was very kind to Kent in the days that followed. She was very kind to Althea, and months later it was she who engineered all the plans for the wedding.

Althea came to live with them and Kent took over his father's business. The two Mrs. Romleys spent all their days together.

"Your mother is a peculiar woman, Kent, but I think I love her."

"She's never understood me."

"Oh, you fool!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're talking just the way a fool would talk. You've never loved her because she understands too well. When she sees something absurd, she knows it's absurd and she's too big to call it more pleasant names. She knows the weaknesses of people and has never steeled herself against recognizing them."

"Very unpleasant," remarked Kent.

And Nona Romley watched the two together. Kent liked to go fishing. Althea liked to go fishing. Kent enjoyed duck shooting. Althea enjoyed sitting in the boat and watching. Kent liked detective stories. Althea adored them. They read aloud to each other and shared the bafflement.

Often their light young laughter rippled through the house and Nona Romley listened. They were congenial and happy. She would shut her eyes and listen to their laughter. Sometimes when a sharp pain caught her she could forget it for a second in the pleasure of hearing Althea's voice raised in childish delight: "Didn't I tell you the doctor was the murderer?"

It was the happiest time of Kent Romley's life. His observations of married love had never led him to believe that a woman could be such a pal as Althea was, such a complete all-around companion. Mrs. Salzer was not finicky like most women, but she was ugly and had no sense of humor and she looked hideous riding a horse. Althea was all a man could ask out of life.

IT was Dr. Lawrence who told Kent that his mother was a sick woman. There would have to be an operation. It was a chance. It would either be a complete success or else— Dr. Lawrence shook his head solemnly to complete the sentence.

Kent told Althea about it and all night she cried into her pillow. Her mother-in-law was her friend. She could understand how a girl could kiss a handsome civilian and still write love letters to a boy in France.

Nona Romley went stoically to the hospital. From the running board of the car she laughed down into Althea's frightened eyes.

"Don't worry, child. I need an operation. I've never had any good conversation material for the women in town. When I come back I'll be popular with them. The heroine of the town's most recent operation."

She got into the car and closed the door.

It occurred to the young Romleys that she must think it a trifling thing, for she hadn't even bothered to kiss them good-by. Later they found that she had destroyed the stacks of old letters which she had kept in her desk as long as Kent could remember, and that she had laid a white chiffon dress over the foot of her bed.

The operation took place the next morning. Althea had not slept that night and Kent found himself jumpy and restless.

"Oh, Kent, I hope she's all right," said Althea.

"She'll be, honey. She's strong." He tried to sound casual and light. "Isn't it lucky this didn't happen the day before yesterday? Wouldn't it be terrible to spend our wedding anniversary like this?"

"Yes," said Althea. "It was like her to think of that."

Nona Romley died under the ether. Kent felt badly, but his grief was not comparable to what he had felt when he lost his father. Dad had been so cheerful. He'd been like a merry tune that God had whistled to delight all those within hearing distance.

Mother, of course, had been different. She'd been sort of a radical. That was a word that he'd been hearing a lot at Rotary luncheons. She'd been unpleasant, but she was dead now. Not decent to think anything but respectful thoughts of her.

Still, Althea would probably have a baby the

third or fourth year of their marriage, and it was just as well that Mother wouldn't be there to strip the event of the glamour it would have for the expectant father.

He'd suffered a proper amount of grief and he'd closed the piano and had managed to remember Mother's less unpleasant moments. He might even have had a photograph enlarged and hung in the library, but he found the note. She had placed it in his bureau drawer on the day that she left for the hospital.

He saw red. He swore at this final thoroughly unpleasant gesture of a thoroughly unpleasant woman. Foul-minded. Obscene. It was sealed. He did not open it. He wanted to open it, read it, and throw it away, but something restrained him—the superstition, perhaps, that made him put the vile thing back among his belongings.

It didn't seem right to dishonor this letter from his dead mother, but he cursed again when he thought of what he had seen on the envelope:

To My Son

To be opened when his wife is unfaithful to him

Her legacy—this filthy inference that some day Althea would give herself to another man. He longed to tell Althea of the letter, but he felt somehow that she would not be grateful for his telling. She had loved his mother and so few people had, that perhaps it was kindest not to disillusion her. Though at that moment Kent felt that he owed his mother nothing.

THE second year of his life with Althea passed swiftly. There was so much to do, so much to enjoy. Happiness was theirs—a complete happiness that must have made the old house wonder. Everything in common—their tastes were almost identical—and they loved each other so.

Kent brought Harry Glynn home to dinner unexpectedly one night. Glynn was a business acquaintance, a nice fellow, too. It dismayed Kent to find that Althea and Harry were acquainted. In fact, Harry was the civilian that Althea had kissed back in the old days when Kent was in France.

But the three of them got to joking and laughing, and Kent recalled that they'd all been kids then and, after all, Harry was a fine fellow. He noticed that Harry stared at Althea a great deal, but Althea was so pretty that any man would.

It did seem funny, though, that after that dinner Harry made it a point to see the Romleys once a week. He invited them to dinner at his hotel and then they returned the hospitality. Once Kent pretended that he didn't feel like going to dinner with Harry and urged Althea to go. She refused and he was content. Everything was all right. Kent's suspicions died.

In March, Kent had to go to New York on business. It would take only a day to transact the affair, but his presence was necessary. Althea wanted to go, too. She made quite a point about going.

Kent said it was foolish. He had always been economical and slow to squander money. The fare to New York, he explained, was enough with which to buy herself some hats or something useful. It was absurd to throw it away on a tedious ride, and he'd be back shortly.

But he wasn't back shortly. The business dragged. His continued presence was vital to his future success. It was three weeks before he stood again in his own hallway and set down his bag.

THERE was a nearby inn with lax principles.

ALTHEA kissed him and burst into tears. He patted her soothingly. Poor dear, she had been lonely. If he had known how long it was to be he would certainly have taken her. She was so glad to see him and so eager to wait on him. Her eyes were bright with something he had never seen in any woman's eyes before.

That night she sat on his lap and hugged him. "I love you," she said, "but I've been alone and I'm lost when I'm alone. I don't know how to amuse myself."

It was all very strange, he thought, but he laid it to the extreme loneliness she must have felt without him.

He had been home two days when the letter came. It was a typewritten letter and unsigned:

> Harry Glynn was not in his room at the hotel on the night of the tenth. He did not come in till morning. Your wife was absent from your house at corresponding hours. There is an inn with lax principles not far from here. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Kent stared at the letter. Somehow, on that sheet of ugly words and meanings he saw what he knew to be the truth. She had been unfaithful to him, and had been recognized probably by some mischievous attaché of the inn. He saw it all now. Her tears at their meeting, her eagerness to be of service to him, and the look in her eyes which had been contrition. She was sorry—but what good was that?

He paced the floor feverishly. She was not in, otherwise he would have shouted for her and perhaps killed her when she fluttered across the threshold of his room. It would be a joy to shake the lying, faithless life out of her, then to step over her as she lay on the floor and go find Harry Glynn. It would be pleasant to kill both of them—to know that they couldn't do this to him again. If she were only here!

For an hour he walked the floor with mad haste. His blind rage disappeared. He forgot that he had thought of murder. His mind dwelt on confronting Harry and Althea. He wanted to hear their story. Then he wanted to beat Harry to a pulp and throw Althea to him.

ALTHEA burst into tears when she saw him.

If anybody had ever told him that Althea would do this! Then suddenly it seemed to Kent that somebody had told him she would. He remembered his mother's letter.

He went to his bureau and threw articles left and right in an effort to find that letter. He found it and ripped it open. One line stared up at him from the paper. Only one line:

> My son, I was never unfaithful to your father.

He threw the letter from him. That was his mother's message. A smug, self-satisfied assurance that she was a creature far superior to Althea. She, superior! She who had made his father's life wretched and unhappy and empty.

BUT wait! Kent picked the paper up and read the solitary line again. There was the key to her message. His father's unhappy life. She had never been unfaithful to him, but just the same they had been miserable, tortured, and remote from each other.

Then fidelity was not the biggest thing in marriage. There were other things. The little things, he had noticed so many years ago, like being glad over a football game.

He and Althea had been happy and in key with each other, but she had gone to another man. On the other hand, his mother had remained faithful and still had not secured happiness for herself and her husband. Was it possible that fidelity was not the biggest thing in marriage? Was this his mother's message to him? With that one line did she say a volume of infinite truth?

He had only to remember the gloom-soaked house, his father's china-clown expression, and his mother's bitter little smile to believe that, after all, comradery at the library table might be more important than fidelity to the marriage bed.

It occurred to him as he passed through the foyer that perhaps that thoroughly unpleasant woman—his mother—had been able to see two feet ahead of her nose.

THE END

Ten Years Ago—*How th* Cleared *the*

A Backward Look at the Stirring Record of Our Army's Wartime Escort

An Article by
FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 54 seconds.)

THERE was war by sea as well as by land. There were "gobs" as well as doughboys: gobs who cleared the sea track for the doughboys.

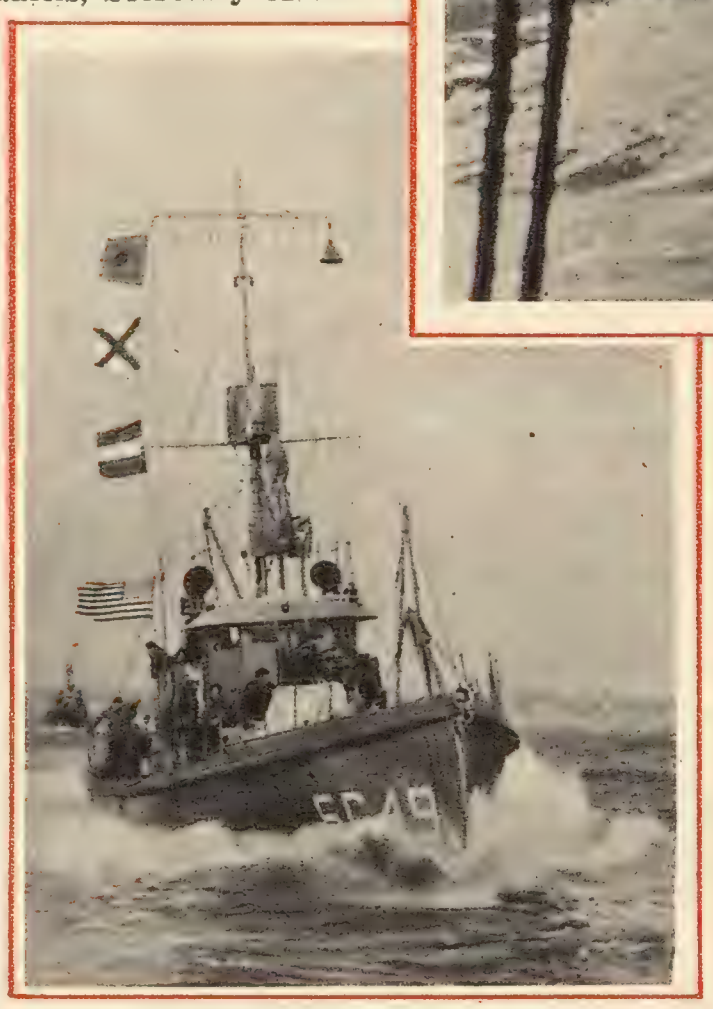
Their job began in April, 1917, after a most historical conversation which exploded a bomb. Facing Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe, First British Sea Lord, was a tall, gray-bearded, gray-haired eagle of a man. He had been "Mr. Davidson" on a steamer's passenger list from New York.

Foreseeing that our entry into the war was inevitable, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, had secretly sent Rear Admiral William S. Sims in citizen clothes, under an assumed name, to England. Then no time would be lost in learning what naval aid we could give the Allies. War was declared while Sims was at sea.

Now Sims would have the "inside dope" behind the curtain of censorship from Jellicoe. All that Sims knew of the submarine situation he had read in the press. The British public saw nothing to be alarmed about in the reports in which the Admiralty took it into its confidence. These gave the number of ships over and under 1,600 tons sunk each week.

A quiet little man, Jellicoe. Without raising his voice he told Sims the truth in sailor candor. It was far removed from Winston Churchill's fantastic talk in 1914, when England was going on with "business as usual," while the soldiers and sailors were left to win the war. Churchill boasted that the British navy would dig out the German navy "like rats out of their holes."

However, the weaker German fleet was secure behind the mighty fortress of Heligoland, whose guns, with 30,000 yards range, could beat British battleship guns, with 20,000 yards range, into the sea before they could land a single shot.



One of the little subchasers, built in a hurry by America, which crossed the Atlantic under their own steam to fight the submarine.

With superior battleship force, Britain still held the surface of the sea as she had for centuries. This superiority had given her India and her colonies; protected her trade routes and her merchant shipping bringing the little island her food supplies; her gold and diamond fields; and all her sources of wealth overseas.

But now Britain must also command under the surface. A new maritime weapon had found the weak joint in her armor—which was over her bowels. This weapon was striking from under the surface at British merchant ships; and at neutral ships too, which factor brought us into the war.

The figures had not included neutral ship sinkings. They were correct about the number of British ships sunk. Not in numbers, but in tonnage of all ships was the real test.

And so came a day when the undersea wolf could not pick off the surface sheep he must fight—and the splash was heard round the world. Photo shows view States destroyer following the explosion of a depth charge dropped overboar

In February, 1917, it had been 536,000 tons; in March, 603,000 tons. At the present rate it promised to be 900,000 tons. This staggering fact, told to Sims, could not be publicly told lest it encourage the Germans to greater effort.

"It looks as if Germany is winning the war," remarked Sims after he had digested the bomb.

"They will, unless we can stop these losses—and stop them soon," Jellicoe replied.

"Is there no way to stop them?" Sims asked.

"None that we can see now. We need all the assistance we can get."

At the April rate of sinkings, Britain, already on rations, would be starved out in six months. By November she would have to yield.

This was the news that Sims had to send home to Washington, soon to be followed by word from Pershing that we must train and equip an army of 2,000,000 men and put them in France to beat the German army.

EVERY man and his supplies had to come through that submarine zone. Richest prey of all—a transport crowded with soldiers. Sims took the measure of his problem as Pershing took the measure of his.

At Bruges, in occupied Belgium, the German U-boats had their nest. They came by the canal from the coast to Bruges to refit; and so departed, crews refreshed for another raid.

They had ample sailing range for their task;

Navy Path

unmolested. Fang for fang from the stern of a United to destroy a German U-boat.

could carry enough food for their crews. Ravages were limited by the number of torpedoes they could take on each cruise; for a U-boat could tally only one ship at the most for each torpedo.

When a U-boat emerged from the canal, it often took five or six German trawlers to clear a path through the floating mine field which the British navy laid for its reception off the coast. Once clear, the U-boat—on the surface when no enemy was in sight, and submerging at the sign of danger—cruised on across the North Sea, picking up any easy prey.

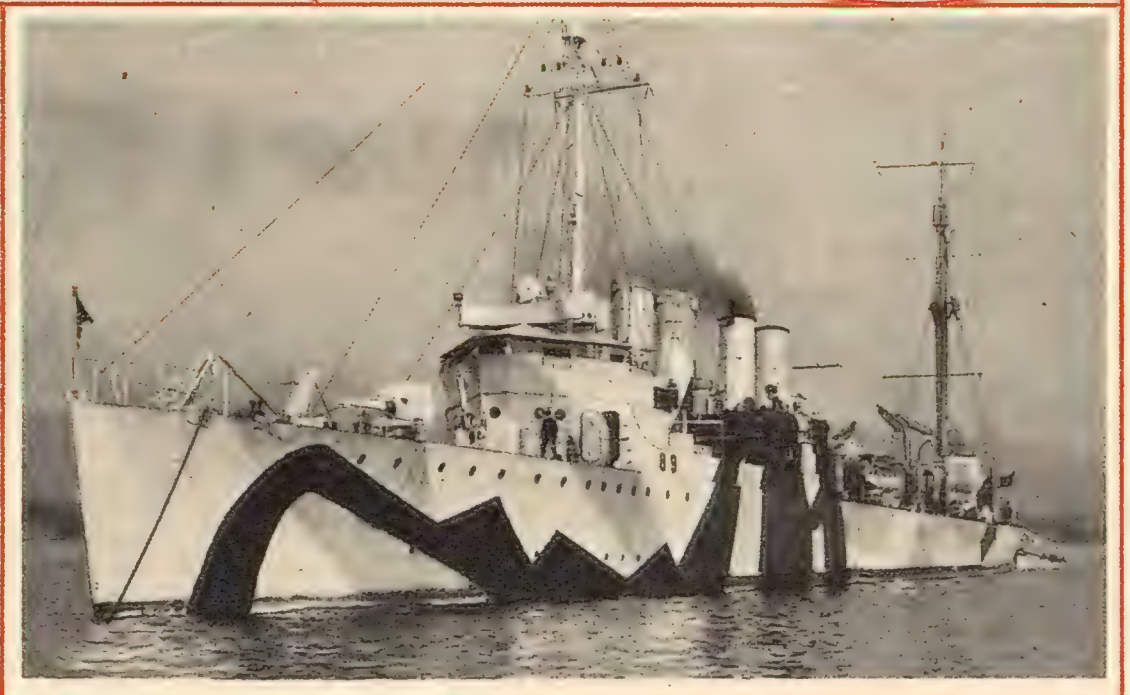
Then it went around Scotland into the converging tracks of world shipping from the earth's ends into British waters. A rich hunting ground, with 5,000 of Britain's sea market-wagons going and coming every week.

A fair sight of a fat target from the periscope, aim taken, and then the soapy streak of a torpedo through the water, ending in an explosion that sent ship's vitals and human vitals skyward. The U-boat had no room to take on board survivors in lifeboats or clinging to life buoys. It passed on to the next killing, this wolf of the sea, slashing the throats of its victims without waiting to gorge.

THE Allies saw the U-boat as an assassin of noncombatant women passengers and children. U-boat commanders and crews saw their part as fighting to starve England to keep Germany from starving; carrying war against enemy women and children in reprisal for war against their own.

Let civilian women keep off the sea! This was bitter war for starvation or the mastery of the world.

The British trawled away the mines that the U-boats dropped in the harbors. Destroyers rushed to the scene when the wireless sounded



Camouflage—another aid in thwarting the U-boat. Above is U. S. S. Ringold painted with "dazzle" design. Camouflage was used to give a false impression of a ship's course, while mines dropped in the North Sea (at top) formed a barrage to pen in U-boats.

a U-boat attack. They convoyed the big ships with vital war cargoes.

The destroyer had come into an active part while the battleship marked time. Originally it was designed to ward off the attacks of torpedo boats. It had taken the torpedo boat's place as a torpedo carrier; increasing in size; swiftest warrior afloat; slender, sharp-nosed, with guns to fight destroyers and make merchant ships yield, and speed to run away from ships with heavier gunfire.

It is the race horse of the sea—the bucking broncho of the sea, as any man knows who has ridden one in rough weather. It has both the broncho's leap and his wiggle.

Rushing at thirty knots an hour toward the telltale German periscope, the target for the rapid fire of its guns, it could force the U-boat to submerge. But the U-boat only lay "doggo," biding its time until a merchant ship with no guardian destroyer was in sight.

Guns mounted on slow, lumbering merchant ships were of little avail. The periscope, no larger than half a match at the distance of accurate torpedo range, was a hopeless target which submerged at the first shot. The only purpose served in arming merchantmen was to force the U-boat to use a torpedo instead of sinking its prey by gunfire.

Britain found she had nothing like enough destroyers. Her first call to us was for more. Our first flotilla was a glad sight to the war-weary eyes of British naval men — who knew so much better than the public their need—when it arrived at Queenstown, with its crews eager to get into the game. And what a game it was to be!

"They look a little light," observed a critical Briton of our destroyers.

"Wait and see what they do," was the laconic answer.

What could they do? Only re-enforce British destroyers in the old methods, which were not enough to turn the tide. They had only joined a party of desperation, with the cards stacked against them in that vicious hide-and-seek warfare in which the hunter was blindfolded and the prey had turned hunter with eyes uncovered and body water-covered.

How the North Sea mine barrage prevented German submarines from entering the Atlantic. Stars indicate German naval bases.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TEN YEARS AGO—HOW THE NAVY CLEARED THE PATH
Continued from Page Seventeen]

For the destroyers were not getting the U-boats. Germany knew that. She was increasing the number of them. Had she known the whole truth she would have concentrated more energy on her building program.

The public cry was to scotch the U-boats in their nest. So direct, so logical, so simple—this plan. But naval experts knew that it was as impracticable as for an Allied soldier to get through the German trench lines and present the Kaiser with a bomb for breakfast.

Forty thousand inventions and plans for beating the U-boats had been studied by the British Admiralty. Not one was feasible. The idea that took form was to strike the U-boat where it lived under the water. Its steel shell was thin as paper; its complicated machinery easily deranged by a slight shock.

But how put the explosive against its side when it was hidden from sight? The heaviest shell glanced off the water.

After nearly two years of war, the "depth charge" came into vogue. As the U-boats loaded up with torpedoes in their nest, so the Allied destroyers loaded up with the "ash cans" in port. Each ash can had 300 pounds of T. N. T. A row of ash cans on the stern of the destroyers—ready to slip; in addition, howitzers which fired depth charges.

A new zest now in the hunt, as the destroyers plunged and twisted their way through the seas that swept their length, while sailors held fast to the trolley loops of the life lines that ran from stem to stern.

Not just something to shoot at now. The tiny periscope beckoned the lookout to gleeful call to ash-can dropping. Wireless from ships of an attack brought destroyers to the scene at thirty knots.

The wake of a submarine torpedo revealed the location of the U-boat under water when the shot was fired. Oil where she had submerged was another indication. Steaming fast to escape the effect of the explosions, the destroyers dropped their ash cans in a pattern to explode at varying depths controlled by the water-pressure fuse.

At home America was not only answering the call for land victory at this hour when everywhere the German armies were on Allied soil. She was not only training a huge army and manufacturing its supplies—and building ships and constructing railroads and piers in France to get that army to the front—she was answering the call for sea victory, without which defeat was certain.

Remember that, when you see a man in a little white cap and broad-bottomed trousers. America was building destroyers, subchasers, naval airplanes, and her plants were striving to keep up with the prodigal demands for T. N. T. for the ash cans on the naval front.

A flotilla of our own submarines came to join the British subs in fighting the U-boats. This was rattlesnake against rattlesnake. A sight of an enemy periscope, and away to the attack—with the U-boat's own weapon, the torpedo. The sub proved to be the deadliest enemy of the sub, but, unlike the destroyer, could not be used for convoy purposes.

U. S. Official photo

Loud the Kamerad chorus! Cease fire! An "ash can" against the U-58's side had wrecked motors, cut fuel pipes, broken rudder control, and left her captain the decision between surrender and death. He surrendered—after opening her sea cocks—and she sank while we were fishing the Germans out of the water.

The gob who had beaten seasickness on the destroyer knew what it was when he was introduced to the motion of the sub, with the waves under water. He knew what the German submarine crews endured. He knew shell shock in a moist steel case under water when a depth charge got one of our submarines by mistake.

Nothing in the trenches beat life on a submarine, or on a bucking destroyer in the stormy North Sea either; not to mention on the little subchasers, hastily built and crossing the Atlantic, God knows how, under their own steam.

OFTEN their commanders were men who had never done any sea duty until the regulars trained them out of the raw. But, rah-rah-rah! this was where their college education counted in getting the elements of navigation in a hurry and where something else counted in them and their crews. Call it guts and, early in a gray stormy morning, nerve.

"Those kids with no experience can never navigate those slivers across the Atlantic," said an old hand. "Not one will arrive."

"Go down the port and see them," was the answer. "The first bunch have just all showed up."

In other words, you can do it if you've got to. And fighting to prevent losing the war before our army was made, and then giving it clear passage when it was made, was a "you've got to" job.

Consider the little subchasers in the British Channel, where, despite all the barrages, the U-boat was doing much damage.

Our subchasers had that new underwater listening device which we developed from a plaything into practice. They heard all kinds of sounds, from water swishing through wrecks to porpoises at play; but the one they wanted to hear and which the gob on the watch—waiting, waiting for an aural "bite"—learned to know, was a submarine propeller's sound. No millionaire after salmon or tarpon had anything on him in piscatorial thrills.

When the sound came, then wireless to neighboring chasers to know if they had heard it. If they had, then triangulation for a "fix" to locate the sub; summons to all hands that there was hunting to be had; and a fury of depth charges.

Came, too, five of our great battleships, under Admiral Hugh Rodman, to join the British battle fleet, ready for the German battle fleet, which was now too hopelessly outclassed to risk coming out again.

Came, too, our naval airplanes. They could see the U-boat under water as you, looking down from a bridge, see a fish in a pool. They, too, carried depth charges. One plane dropped one fair on a periscope; but that bomb turned out to be a "dud" and did not explode. This was a prime hard-luck story of our naval campaign.

A prime good-luck story was that of a sailor on a destroyer whose grip was broken from the trolley by a colossal wave. His captain gave him up for lost. But when the flotilla was back in port to refit, he thought he saw a ghost coming up the gangway. The ghost saluted to report for duty. The wave had washed him on board another destroyer.

A prime bit of heroism in the long list of that drudgery on the bucking bronchos for which the hunting game gave superhuman zest: The white streak of a torpedo was seen making for the destroyer Cassin. It looked as if, with all her agility, she could not dodge it. Gunner's Mate Osmond K. Ingram sprang for the stern.

He was blown to pieces by the explosion of the torpedo, but saved the Cassin from complete destruction by slipping the depth charges. So she was towed into port.

Most revolutionary of the changes of method in resisting the U-boats, after our entry into the war, was the convoy system. For nearly two years British merchant skippers had been "asking for trouble." England's food supply was being sent to the bottom as easily as slitting open a flour sack.

The British navy had proposed in vain to British skippers that a number of ships should gather at a given spot in the sea beyond the submarine zone and then come through it protected by a screen of destroyers. Human nature was against this simple and obvious method—sea-brine-pickled human nature—British human nature with the same kind of British stubbornness which made British soldiers hold on in the Flanders mud against the German army.

No new tricks for old sea dogs. They said they could not navigate their ships in forma-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Admiral Hugh Rodman. *Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss.* *Lieutenant A. S. Carpender.* *Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe.* *Rear Admiral William S. Sims.* *Captain Reginald R. Belknap.*

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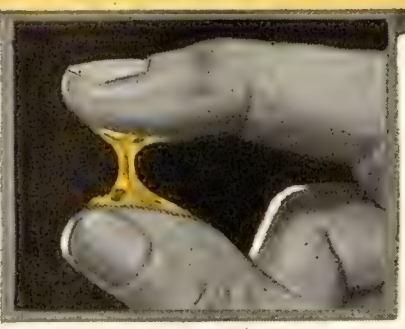


IN ALL GRADES

TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

tion, naval fashion. It was not their tradition, their business; and they knew their business and would attend to it, and let His Majesty's navy attend to its business by digging the U-boats out of their nests.

Was the skipper of a new 10,000-ton, fifteen-knot ship to drag along at the speed of a 2,000-ton, eight-knot tub to please some gold-braided nut at the Admiralty? The fool plan might do for slavish foreigners, but not for British freemen.

They weren't to be herded like sheep in a convoy. Each man takes his own chances with his ship, and lets others take theirs. Who was afraid of the Germans, anyway? Skippers who had had their ships torpedoed stuck to the same view.

"Why not try it?" spoke the voice of the new ally. Try anything once, was the way of the younger nation. Sims was adding the weight of his appeal to the British Admiralty's when British waters were littered with more wreckage than at any time since the war began. Try it! An American gave them a dare that touched their pride. They took it.

Just to show that it could not be done, the skippers tried once. They tried it honestly, in rivalry of seamanship, while they growled good salt-sea growls. Their ships did keep their formation. None ran into another; none fell out. Who said that British merchantmen had anything to learn about navigation from naval officers? Once the plan was adopted, they stuck to it as stubbornly as if there never had been any other way.

THE innovations of the depth charge and the convoy system were the prime dependence to get the break against the U-boats. Now the German undersea wolf could not pick off the sheep one by one in the pasture. The shepherding surface wolves could meet them fang with fang.

If the commander of a U-boat tried to fire a torpedo through the destroyer screen at the convoy, at too long range for accuracy, he might be wasting a precious torpedo, while the torpedo's wake gave away his location.

If he dared the bold stroke of passing under the destroyers, rising inside the screen for a sure shot, then not one but all the destroyers had him close. They darted toward the spot where the periscope had been seen and in practiced team play spread their pattern of depth charges to jolt the U-boat whichever way it turned under the water.

Were we getting many U-boats now? Did the depth charges often fatally hit their mark?

Victors on the surface of the sea saw battleships sinking under their hits as the boxer sees his adversary getting groggy under his blows. Victors on land saw the stream of prisoners coming back from the mopped-up dugouts and the wreckage from artillery fire. But the depths of the sea held the fate of U-boats rocked by the underwater explosion of ash cans.

But not in one sensational instance. Our destroyer Fanning, Lieutenant A. S. Carpender commanding, had sped for the spot where a "finger"—the small new type—had been seen. After it had dropped its grist of ash cans, five, ten, fifteen minutes passed with no sign on the surface of any splinters from the submarine's wooden decks to show damage had been done.

Then appeared the tilted stern of a U-boat, and afterward its whole hull; all in as methodical a manner as if it were rising in a German port. The commander stepped from the conning tower, followed by the crew out of the hatch.

Our gobs' eyes blinked, sought their gun sights; they opened fire, then held it, and grins spread over their faces at that vision risen from the deep. All German hands up! Loud the *Kamerad* chorus! Cease fire!

An ash can against the U-58's side had wrecked motors, cut fuel pipes, broken rudder control, and left her captain the decision between surrender and slow death in the steel case that would be a tomb at the bottom of the sea. But surrender only of himself and crew, not of his boat. He had her sea cocks opened and she sank while we were fishing the Germans out of the water and giving them dry clothes.

More significant of the effects of the depth-charge tactics than the taking of a single U-boat was this confession of her captain. Through his periscope he had seen that he had a close, sure shot at the engine room of a big merchant steamer; but he had not had time to aim a torpedo when he also saw a destroyer within easy striking distance.

Human nature responded to instinct in making a quick dive to get out of reach of the ash cans, just as a soldier would dive for a dugout when the big ones began to come over.

Next Week—

A Remarkable Interview with

Hindenburg

A FAMOUS American journalist takes us into the presence of Germany's Grand Old Man.

Paul von Hindenburg, at eighty, is President of the German Republic. He is almost the only survivor of the old régime who remains in power.

Now he lets America know that he learned something about democracy in 1918. He tells how a new nation is being molded in Germany—a nation schooled on the athletic field and in the gymnasium instead of in military maneuvers.

Watch for

Forging Swords into Dumbbells

By George Sylvester Viereck

The ash cans were weakening the morale of crews in the German suicide service, which wanted a little show for its white alley. The days of easy pickings were over, but not yet had we gained the break. Still monthly tonnage sunk exceeded tonnage built to replace it. Losses were down to 548,000 tons by July, 1917; to 345,000 tons by September, when the world was building only 300,000 tons a month.

And America was building ships, too, having to make shipyards first in which to lay the keels.

She was bringing her fleet of cargo carriers from the Great Lakes for their salt-water baptism. She was sending more destroyers; and more little subchasers, which were all along the French coast and concentrating in the far Mediterranean against the U-boats there. We were training merchant crews to man the transports which were to bring over the army.

And we were building mine layers. Before the war neither the British navy nor ours thought much of mines. Our battleships would defend our coasts. It had never occurred to us that we would be operating in European waters to keep the U-boats, which had upset so many naval calculations, from preventing us from landing 2,000,000 soldiers in France.

Candy factories as well as wire factories were turning out mines. Enough T. N. T. for the mines of the new North Sea barrage as well as for the ash cans! One American plant made 25,000,000 tons in six months to help blow the Kaiser into a peaceful mood.

Nothing too big for a big country which its 100,000,000 people had made an ant hill in war service. Try anything to make money, energy, and resources serve imagination. It was staggering—that proposition of a method to fence in the U-boats if we could not get them in their nests. Nothing less than to lay 120,000 mines, stretching 240 miles, between Scotland and the Orkneys, and keep the U-boats from reaching the Atlantic.

Three thousand officers and men on that job under Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss and Captain Reginald R. Belknap. Four of our mine planters could each lay 860 mines in three hours when they got their stride. The British laid 13,000 and we laid 56,000.

"I suppose that you are organizing something, being an American," said an Englishman, touching with sure stroke our dominant characteristic.

Organizing all that warfare against the U-boat. In his room at the British Admiralty, Captain Byron Long, U. S. N., directed by wireless the movement of all the merchant convoys, all the destroyers, in their comings and goings on the huge map sections of the world's seas. One space in the sea off England for the merchant ships; another, with convoy headquarters at Brest, for the convoy of troopships to France.

By March, 1918, when the smashing gains of the German troops (described in a previous article, Ten Years Ago This Week) prompted a desperate call for re-enforcements from our training camps, the submarine sinkings were 350,000 tons. It was still more shipping than was being built.

WE had soldiers ready now. The foreseen question: "Could we get them across?" had become of the acute present. In May and June, when another German drive advanced to the Marne and started the evacuation of Paris, ship losses were under 300,000 tons monthly against 400,000 tons of the new shipbuilding. Our great troop movement was under way.

Brother in navy blue from the convoying destroyer's deck saluted brother in khaki on the zigzagging camouflaged transports. Doughboys out of the sardine box of the transport, away to the waiting horse cars; out of the horse cars to stretch their legs on the march to the front!

But the seaman on our transports saw no French towns, villages, or gardens. He was back and forth over the same old sea, ports shut and darkened, not a match to be struck in the close air, always the chance of a torpedo. We did not lose a single transport outward bound with its host of soldiers.

By September, 1918, when our army was fighting at St. Mihiel, U-boat sinkings had fallen to less than 200,000 tons monthly against 500,000 of the new tonnage. The navy then had 25,000 officers and men in European waters.

Time was to show that the Allied effort got 200 submarines whose crews of 5,000 knew more agonizing deaths than rats in cages held under water. The crew of one U-boat, hopelessly foundered on the bottom, committed suicide to hasten the certain end.

The U-boat service certainly required guts. A little more punch, a few more U-boats in the summer of 1917, and the Allies would have lost the war.

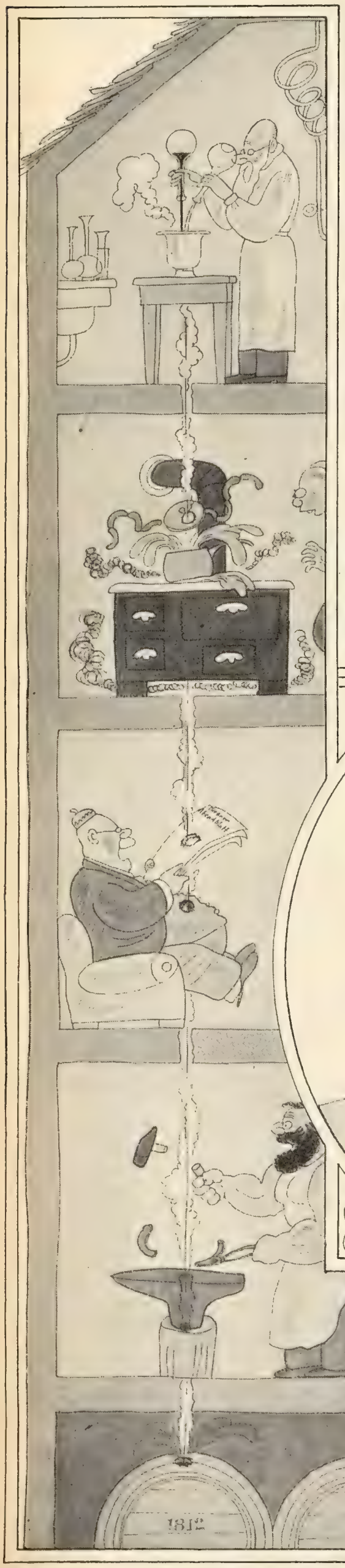
Our gobs did their unseen, unglorified work silently in hard, grinding, night and day vigils, with few sensations to offer, while we read of the land battles. The navy cleared the track. If it had not, 4,000,000 shock troops in our home camps could have done no more damage to the German army than spitballs fired at Berlin from Sandy Hook.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

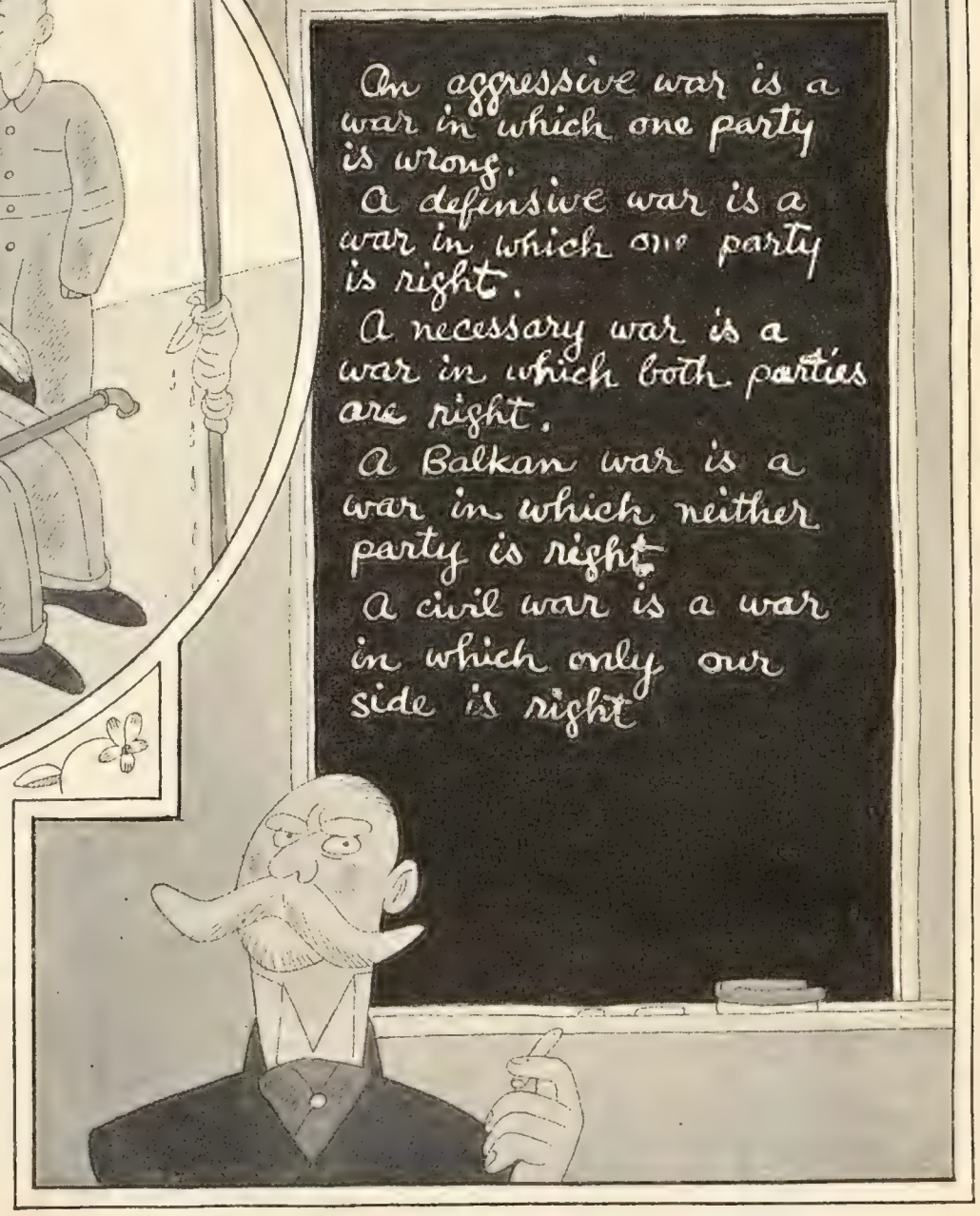
By RALPH BARTON



AFTER A LIFE OF EXPERIMENT, German professor discovers an acid that will eat through anything.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE. What the 1st of May will be like when the spherical houses designed by Dr. Birkenholz of Dresden are universally adopted.

FIRST REPORTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT greatly exaggerated. Our experts, studying workmen's habits through hidden periscopes, find that a great number of plumbers, first reported as idle, are really working.



THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS writes down a few definitions of the various kinds of war for the use of its members.

Days that Would be Gone Forever

had I not taken the one precaution that keeps them alive today

WHAT a thrill I got as I watched my two boys play their first games of baseball.

"Whenever they'd hit the ball, or catch a fly, or fan a batter, I was so proud I wished the whole world could be there to see them. Those were the happy days.

"But how quickly they passed. Overnight my boys became 'young men.' It was no longer baseball—it was golf and tennis. I watched them still . . . with all the intense interest of a father . . . but it just wasn't the same.

"I began to realize then how wonderful those baseball days had been . . . the days when they were 'just kids.' And I realized another thing also: those snap-shots I had taken were now more precious than rubies. Year after year they keep the old days alive. Incidents that otherwise would have faded from my memory, I am now able to recall clearly and joyfully. And only today I got another thrill. Imagine how I felt to see my son and *his* son chuckling over a picture *I* had snapped in the dim, far-distant past."

, , ,

Some day you will want to remember your children as they used to be. When that day comes are you going to regret that you didn't take more snap-shots? Are you going to be one of the unfortunate few who have no pictures to remind them of life's most precious moments? How is your youngster going to feel later on when his friends proudly display snap-shots of their childhood—will he have to make excuses for *you?*

Of course, you don't want that to happen. Nobody does. You probably *intend* to take pictures, but never seem to get an opportunity. And why? Because you have neglected to keep your Kodak loaded! Because you haven't kept it in a handy place—one that couldn't be overlooked when you went out with your children! Just those two precautions make all the difference.

As for not owning a Kodak . . .really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snap-shots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

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28

A $500,000 Hunch

Mother Machree Continues Mr. Fox's Tearful Campaign

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 36 seconds.)

SOMETHING over a year ago a conference of tremendous significance must have been held at the William Fox studios in Hollywood. The gathering assembled to decide upon the Fox product for 1928.

War epics, supercomedies starring two comedians, underworld-cabaret stories, and hot sex stuff had been discussed and dismissed. The conference was desperate when the Fifth Production Supervisor arose and suggested that the studio should concentrate on mother love.

The meeting broke up with wild cheering. The salary of Supervisor Number Five was raised to $500,000. Four Sons was the first supermother-love outcome of this conference.

Mr. Fox's newest maternal extravaganza, Mother Machree, is the second. More mother-love specials are en route. Not a heartstring is to be left untorn.

Mother Machree is based on a ballad written by Rida Johnson Young, Ernest Ball, and Chauncey Olcott some twenty years ago. Surely you know Mother Machree: "Oh—God bless you and keep you"?

Now, a song may seem a pretty frail framework for a movie. True, the story is a little naïve and you are asked to swallow some whopping coincidences. But it is designed purely as sob material. The widowed *Ellen McHugh* comes to America with her little boy.

She wants him to grow up into a fine gentleman. So she permits him to be adopted by the prim head of a fashionable school for boys and girls. *Ellen*—who, of course, is *Mother Machree*—becomes a servant in the home of the aristocratic *Cuttings*. What happens? The boy grows up to love the daughter of the *Cutting* household.

A sob in every scene, at least. Neil and Belle ready to make a few hearts throb.

There you have the story. *Ellen* always hovers in the background, unable to tell her boy of her love. Always a tear behind the brave little smile. Only when he enlists does young *Brian* learn of his real mother's identity.

In the end—after the director takes another fling at the World War—everything is ironed out. *Brian* gets his heiress. The *Kilkenny Giant* (Victor McLaglen), who followed *Ellen* to America and became a cop, gets his *Ellen*.

Ellen McHugh, as played by Belle Bennett, famed in celluloidia for her touching *Stella Dallas*, suffers a lot and seems to be the only member of the cast, except the younger set, to grow old.

As a gulp producer Mother Machree isn't one, two, three with Four Sons. Both were directed by John Ford, just now Mr. Fox's pet director. Ford made the Irish story ahead of Four Sons, and possibly that is why Mother Machree's suffering isn't as complete as that of *Mutterchen Bernle* in Four Sons. Ford was a little inexperienced. Some sobs eluded him.

Miss Bennett left me cold as *Mother Machree*. By the way, I always thought that Machree was a name like Jones or Goldberg. The term really means Mother of My Heart.

The real honors of Mother Machree go to Philippe de Lacy, the sensitive-faced youngster, who again proves himself the best child actor in pictures. Philippe, you remember, is the child who was picked up in a wrecked French village after a German bombardment in Four Sons. It was Philippe, too, who gave such charm to the first half of The Student Prince.

This time Philippe grows up to be Neil Hamilton. Hamilton has improved a lot since D. W. Griffith found him and gave him the rôle of the grocery boy in The White Rose.

Neil is twenty-nine. He hails from Lynn, Massachusetts. It was only after he had lost his job in a New Haven factory that he came to New York to seek his fortune. For weeks Hamilton lived on the proceeds of a fifty-dollar Liberty bond.

Pretty soon he was posing for such artists as Fisher and Flagg. Then, in 1917, about the time of his marriage, Neil got his job with "D. W."

There is a Movietone background to Mother Machree. Hamilton even sings the ballad to his sweetheart—or maybe it is a neat case of doubling.

Speaking of the Fox Movietone reminds me that its sound-film rival, the Warner Brothers' Vitaphone, is using synchronized trailers to introduce its coming pictures. Thus you may observe and hear Conrad Nagel tell you about the merits of his next film, after which you see some sample flashes. Could anything be more effective?

Not the rocky road to Dublin, but the lachrymose lane to Queenstown. A scene from Mother Machree showing Belle Bennett, Victor McLaglen, Philippe de Lacy, and, in the foreground, Neil Hamilton.

Do you know that—

Another banned drama is coming to films? . . . Marshall Neilan is going to film Michael Arlen's The Green Hat in England, with Blanche Sweet as *Iris March*? . . . Thomas Meighan's first film for Caddo Production will be Bartlett Cormack's underworld melodrama, The Racket? . . . James Cruze, the director, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn? . . . Cruze will direct William Haines in Excess Baggage?

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

The 14th 15th and 18th AMENDMENTS

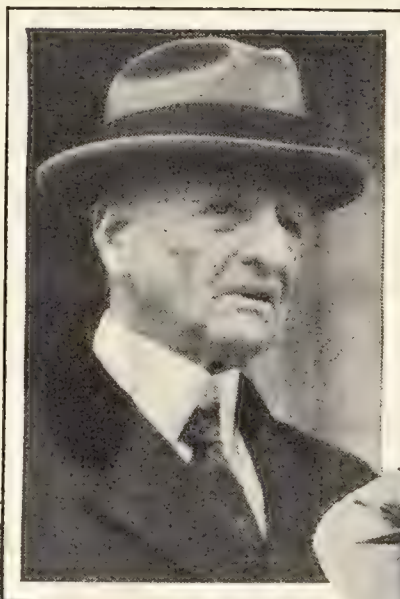
A Senator's Views On How the First Two Have Fared in the South

By
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

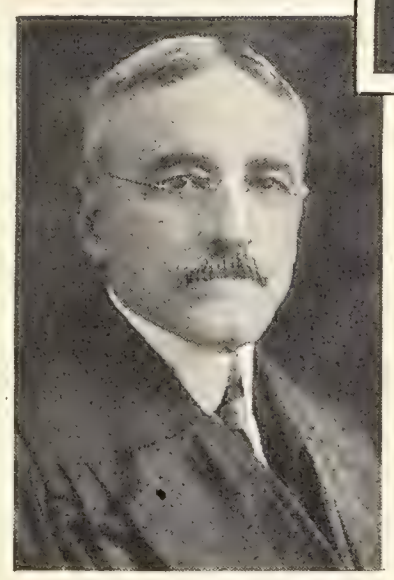
(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

DIXIE has effectively nullified the Fourteenth Amendment, LIBERTY disclosed last week. Senator Walter F. George of Georgia frankly admitted that, in so far as Negroes are concerned, the South observes the letter but violates the spirit of the Constitution. He saw no analogy in the case of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Senator Carter Glass, in this concluding installment, reveals the South's attitude on the Fifteenth Amendment—and pays his respects to those arguing that the prohibition amendment should be similarly treated.



P. & A. photo
Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.



Wide World photo
The late Supreme Court Justice Ward Hunt, who assailed subterfuges thwarting Negro suffrage.

DIXIE, according to Senator Carter Glass, doesn't want colored persons within her borders to exercise the right of suffrage. Furthermore, the Virginia statesman bluntly announces, Dixie has no intention of permitting the Negro to vote. She has her reasons.

And it was to learn these reasons that I asked for an interview with this distinguished representative of Southern thought, to read to him for his comment certain United States Supreme Court decisions which, upholding lower courts in Dixie, have effectually extinguished through the six and a half decades since Appomattox the hopes of Negroes to vote in the Southern States.

The stage idea of a Negro type, as depicted in Lulu Belle. Above: Daniel Chester French's statue of the Republic.

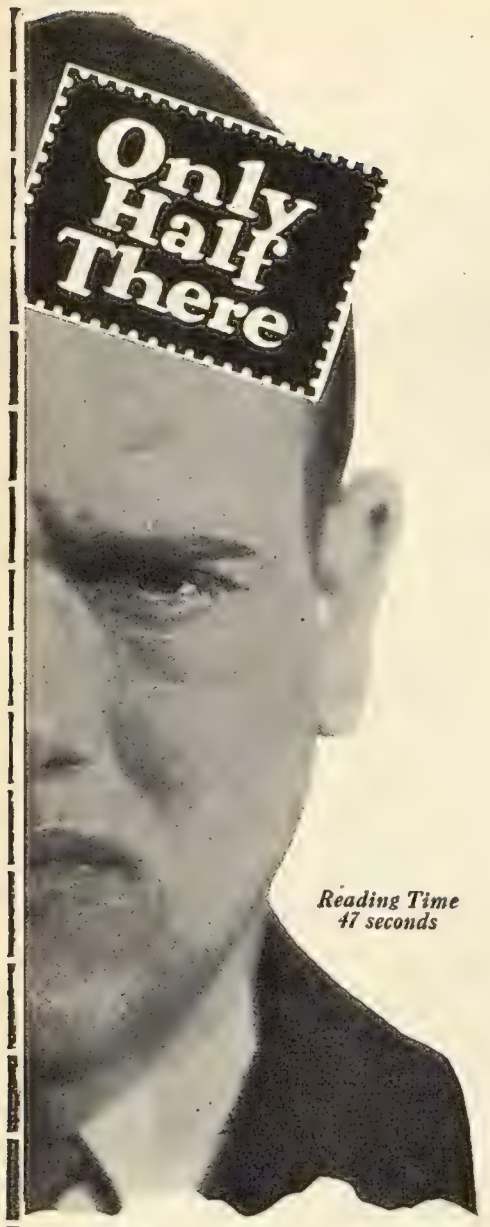
"White supremacy," says Senator Glass, "is too precious a thing to surrender for the sake of a theoretical justice that would let an African deem himself the equal of white men and women in Dixie."

"I have here, Senator," I began, "certain verdicts handed down by our court of last resort in cases affecting colored suffrage in your part of the country."

"What difference will it make what I say about them?" the white-haired, ruddy-faced Virginian retorted. He was lying in bed in his Washington hotel, suffering from an infected foot.

"Well, certain of your friends in the North insist they have a right to disregard the Eighteenth Amendment, since your section of the country has disregarded the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amend-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Reading Time 47 seconds

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[THE 14TH, 15TH, AND 18TH AMENDMENTS
Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

ments for nearly seventy years."

"I know what they're insisting on up North," the fiery Southerner snapped. "And I've never heard supposedly adult human beings utter such monumental nonsense in all my life! There's no more relation between what we do down South with those war-time amendments, and what the liquor-loving crowd would do with the Eighteenth Amendment, than there is between the Copernican theory and the tax on putty in Peru. But—go ahead with your decisions."

Whereupon I proceeded with the following harvest of my researches among Supreme Court opinions as affecting the franchise rights and privileges of the colored citizen in the Southern States. Senator Glass, propping his head on his arms and a rumpled pillow, responded with a snort of acquiescence when I told him about what may be a startling discovery to the ordinary reader.

The odds are a thousand to one that you, the reader, would lay precisely those odds that the Fifteenth Amendment conferred on the Negro the right to vote. Well, don't bet: you'll lose. In numerous cases the Supreme Court has held that that amendment conferred the franchise on nobody! Not a single voter was added to the country by that amendment.

It does not invest any citizen with a new right within the protecting power of Congress. It leaves to the States, as before its incorporation in the Constitution, the regulation of suffrage and of the qualifications of the voters with the single restriction that the States shall not make color or race or previous condition of servitude a reason for discrimination.

AND, while the Fourteenth Amendment provides a punishment for its violation, Senator Glass is partly right when he says that the Constitution provides no penalty for the disenfranchisement by the South of its colored inhabitants. Yet this statement is only a half-truth, because the Revised Statutes of 1870 (as we shall see) do purport to set up a penalty for such evasion of the plain intent of Congress and of the nation—that the recently emancipated slave and his descendants should enjoy equal ballot privileges with his erstwhile master.

The decision by which the nation's highest court specifically excludes the Negro from the polling booth, as far as its effect is concerned (as I read aloud to Senator Glass), was succinctly worded by Supreme Court Justice Rufus W. Peckham in Pope *vs.* Williams (193 U. S. 621) when he said, on April 4, 1904, what had been said in other ways as far back as 1876. A Maryland election official had deliberately refused the ballot of a colored man, and Justice Peckham responded:

"The privilege to vote in any State is not given by the Federal Constitution or by any of its amendments. It may not be refused on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but it does not follow from mere citizenship. In other words, the privilege to vote in a State is within the jurisdiction of the State itself, to be exercised as the State may direct, and upon such terms as to it may seem proper—provided, of course, no discrimination is made between individuals in violation of the Federal Constitution."

The multiplicity and "legal soundness" of loopholes to deprive the Negro of the franchise are manifest. But, long before this decision distinctly interpreted the *meaning* of the Fifteenth Amendment, the same object had been achieved by other decisions.

It seems the precedent for all time was set in two decisions which the Supreme Court handed down on March 27, 1876, eleven years after Appomattox—Chief Justice M. R. Waite reading both of them, but not without encountering a flat contradiction in brilliant dissenting opinions.

In United States *vs.* Hiram Reese and Matthew Foushee (92 U. S. 214) we find the denial of the ballot to colored voters so amply protected that the Reese case has served for half a century as a standard for succeeding justices in similar proceedings.

ON January 30, 1873, William Garner, a Negro, tendered his ballot to three election inspectors at a Lexington, Kentucky, municipal election. Among other qualifications which the city charter required of voters was the payment of a poll tax of $1.50, to be paid on or before January 15, or two weeks before the election.

Garner tried to pay the tax. It was refused. On election day he again offered it to the three election inspectors. One of them was willing he should vote, but the other two candidly observed that "no nigger should vote" that day. Friends conducted Garner's prayer to Washington, and the Chief Justice ruled:

"If Congress has not declared an act within a State to be a crime against the United States, the courts have no power to punish. Looking at the statute [the Act of May 31, 1870, giving effect to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments] under which the indictment was returned against Reese and Foushee, the two election inspectors, we find the first section provides that all persons, otherwise qualified, may vote, without distinction of race or color. This simply confers a right, without providing a punishment for its violation.

"The second section provides for the punishment of any officer . . . who shall omit to give all cit-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

IF Congress obeyed the Fourteenth Amendment, and reapportioned representation of the Southern States in the Lower House of Congress, not in accordance with population but in accordance with the votes actually cast, the Southern States would lose sixty-four Representatives, as follows:

STATE	*Present number of Representatives*	*Would have if reapportioned*
Alabama	10	3
Arkansas	7	4
Florida	4	2
Georgia	12	3
Kentucky	11	10
Louisiana	8	2
Maryland	6	5
Mississippi	8	2
North Carolina	10	7
Oklahoma	8	6
South Carolina	7	1
Tennessee	10	7
Texas	18	9
Virginia	10	4
	129	65

Picture by E. W. Kemble

The Case in Question—"Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep."

These Trucks go hunting in African Jungles

and the hunter calls for more Internationals

Gentlemen.

Kindly quote me the price on a 1-ton and 1½-ton International Truck chassis to be delivered to Mombasa, British East Africa, for use around Arusha, Tanganyika Territory

I have just returned from a hunting expedition in Central Africa. We had two International Special Delivery Trucks which I bought last year from your agent at Nairobi These gave us excellent service and satisfaction and although we made 9000 miles through dense forest and over mountains, without the vestige of roads, they never left us in the lurch

I am enclosing a few snapshots taken close to Lake Tanganyika giving you an idea of what we had to go through

Yours truly,

J. N. BOSHOFF

When you equip yourself for a big-game hunting expedition into the wilds of the Dark Continent, put the difficult job of transportation up to International Trucks. That's our advice, and if the idea sounds fantastic keep in mind that it's also the advice of Mr. J. N. Boshoff of California.

Mr. Boshoff *has been there,* with all the paraphernalia of the African explorer and with International Trucks—"9000 miles through dense forest and over hills and mountains without the vestige of a road." And having braved the fevers, bagged his trophies, and brought his party of Europeans and natives back to port, he is keen to go again—and with International Trucks!

The Internationals that pursued the gazelles and elephants through the wilds of Tanganyika are Special Delivery Trucks, built for nimble and speedy hauling. Thousands of this popular model are hauling less adventurous loads the world around with equal success.

For other jobs and other loads, whether it be in Boston or San Diego, or in the far corners of the six continents, there are Internationals to fill the bill exactly. Speed Trucks, 4 and 6-cylinder, 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton. Heavy-Duty Trucks, double-reduction and chain drive, 2½ to 5-ton. For information on any model, or on the full line, please write the address below.

In addition to trucks the International line also includes Motor Coaches and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. International Service is rendered by 160 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and by adequate representation in foreign countries.

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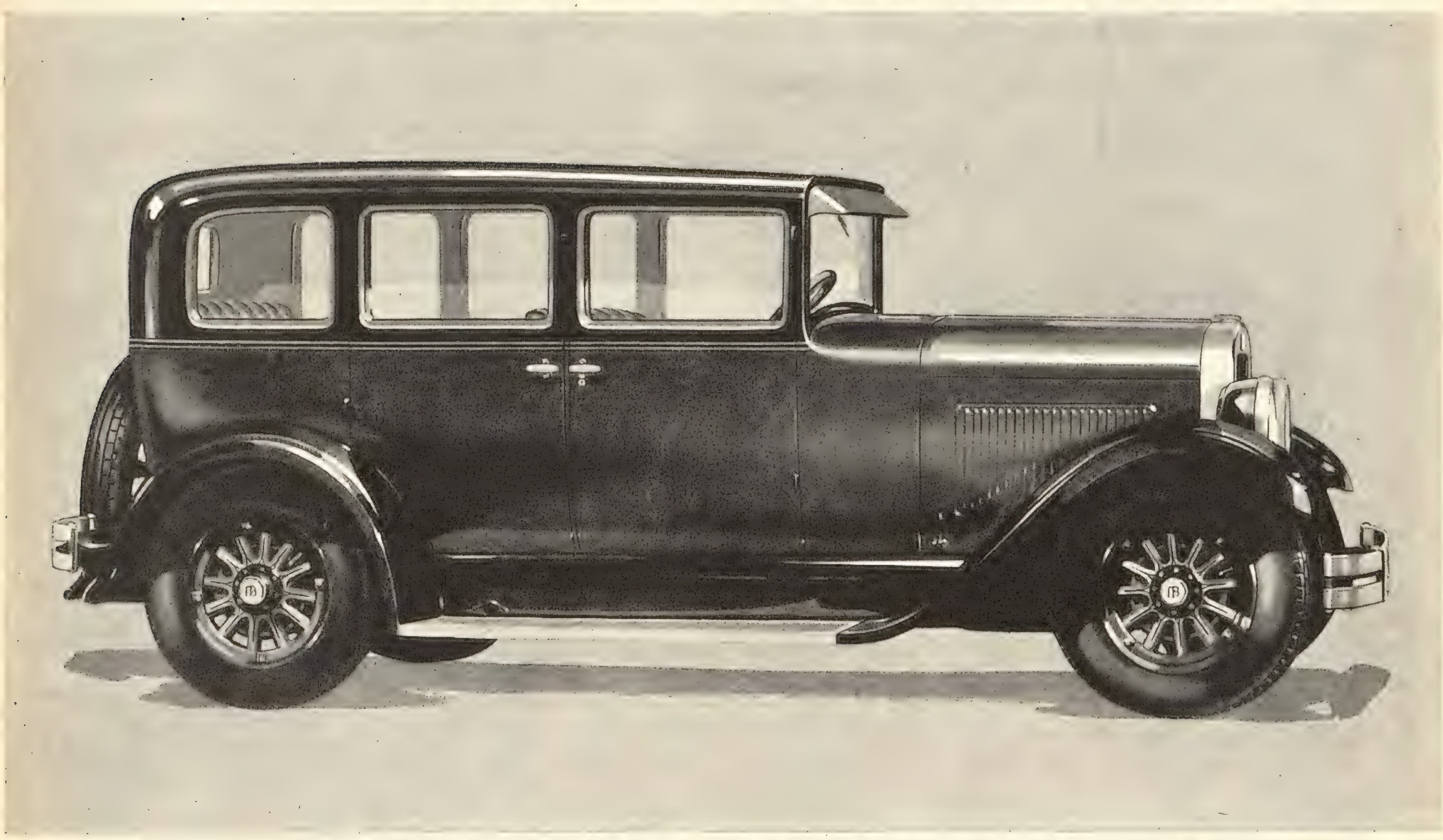
606 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

THE FINEST PERFORMER UNDER A THOUSAND DOLLARS



UNIQUE RATIO OF WEIGHT TO POWER ACHIEVES AMAZING RESULTS

Another brilliant achievement by Dodge Brothers — the new and immensely popular Standard Six! The fastest car — with the fastest get-away — selling under a thousand dollars!

Providing the ideal combination — tremendous power without excess weight. And providing it with *safety* — thanks to the rugged character of Dodge construction and the masterly balance of Standard Six design.

Outpointing a host of costlier cars, in speed, power, smoothness and snap. And as graceful and roomy a Six as advanced body art has yet produced.

All necessary appointments provided, including Midland steeldraulic four-wheel brakes.

A Six that millions have hoped Dodge Brothers would build — yet an infinitely *finer* and *faster* Six than anyone ever believed possible at this astonishing price.

Drive it and *prove* it!

STANDARD DB SIX

$875

COUPE F.O.B. DETROIT

4-Door Sedan, $895

DODGE BROTHERS STANDARD SIX

ALSO THE VICTORY SIX $1045 TO $1170 AND THE SENIOR SIX $1570 TO $1770

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]
izens the same and equal opportunity to perform such prerequisite or qualification of voting. This does not apply to the election inspectors, whose only duty is to receive and count the votes of [qualified] voters."

The third section—it may be abbreviated—provides for the punishment of any election officer who shall wrongfully refuse to receive and count, or give effect to, the vote of any qualified citizen. And the fourth section provides for the punishment of any person who shall, by bribe, threats, or intimidation, hinder, delay, etc., any citizen from doing any act required to be done to qualify him to vote, or to vote at any certain election.

NOW, the casual reader would think these Congressional acts covered the case of Garner, wouldn't he? We shall see that Garner, to use a modern and expressive phrase, was licked before he started!

After reciting the above, the Chief Justice proceeded to rule that Congress had not been sufficiently specific in "providing by appropriate legislation" for the punishment of the offense charged in the indictment; and that "to limit this statute in the manner now asked for would be to make a new law and not to enforce an old one." And the Circuit Court's indorsement of the election inspectors' demurrers was affirmed and judgment rendered for them.

But this was not to pass without a ringing denunciation by Justice Ward Hunt, on the same bench. He first vigorously condemned the subterfuges here employed to keep the colored vote away, because he glanced down the years and envisioned what this majority opinion was going to mean to the millions of Negroes who would try thereafter to cast their ballots in Dixie.

Justice Hunt cited the fact that the Federal statute specifically provided that where a voter had "offered" to qualify and was refused, he was as much entitled to vote as if he had been allowed to comply with the local law. The Lexington collector had declined point-blank to accept Garner's $1.50 on the sole ground that he was colored. And two of the election inspectors likewise refused to accept the money.

The Supreme Court's finding, in a part of the opinion not quoted here, that the Federal law applied only to the act of a State, and not to the act of individuals, was faulty, Justice Hunt believed, because a State can act only through its employees, and the acts of these election inspectors, since they controlled the affairs of the State, were in fact binding on the State.

Congress, Justice Hunt went on, intended the poor, unlettered, friendless freedman to have the right of suffrage, and said so plainly, providing adequate means of punishing—

". . . not so much that these trespasses be punished as that the peaceable citizen may be protected. Punishment is the means; protection is the end. The arrest, conviction, and sentence to imprisonment of one inspector of an election, who refused the vote of a person of African descent on account of his race, would more effectually secure the right of the voter than would any number of civil suits in the State courts, prosecuted by timid, ignorant, and penniless parties against those possessing the wealth, the influence, and the sentiment of the community."

Out of numerous similar decisions, one more shall be touched upon. It was handed down in Williams *vs.* Mississippi (170 U. S. 22) on April 24, 1898, as follows:

Henry Williams, Negro, was convicted of murder by a white jury in Washington County, Mississippi. He got before the Supreme Court on the claim that he was harmed by the State Constitution, which was repugnant to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. Among his allegations these appeared:

The Mississippi Constitution provides (Sections 3643 and 3644) that election commissioners shall appoint three election managers, who shall be the sole judges of an elector's qualifications to vote. There is no appeal from them.

The Constitutional Convention that drew up the basic code of 1892 was composed of 134 members, only one of them colored—though, under prior laws, there were 190,000 colored voters and 69,000 white voters. The convention refused to submit the new Constitution to the voters, but ordered it adopted and called immediately for an election. The new Legislature then assembled and passed laws discriminating against the blacks; and, of course, no blacks were called to serve on the grand and petit juries which disposed of Williams' murder charge.

The prisoner further alleged that, in direct violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which provides for reapportionment if certain citizens are deprived of the franchise, Mississippi still had [in 1898] two Senators and seven Representatives in Congress, and that, since the adoption of the objectionable laws, no reduction had been made in this representation.

Section 241 of the 1892 Constitution sets forth the qualifications of voters: all males except idiots, insane persons, and Indians not taxed, who are citizens; twenty-one years of age; resident in the State for two years, one year in an election district; duly registered; and who have never been convicted of bribery, burglary, theft, arson, obtaining money or goods under false pretenses, perjury, forgery, embezzlement, or bigamy; and who have paid all taxes, etc.

PLAINTIFF also quoted the Mississippi Supreme Court's opinion on that new Constitution:

"Within the field of permissible action under the limitations imposed by the Federal Constitution, the convention swept the field of expedients to obstruct the exercise of suffrage by the Negro race. . . .

"By reason of its previous condition of servitude and dependencies, this race had acquired or accentuated certain peculiarities of habit, of temperament, and of character, which clearly distinguishes it as a race from the whites. A patient, docile people; but careless, landless, migratory within narrow limits, without forethought; and its criminal members given to furtive offenses rather than the robust crimes of the whites.

"Restrained by the Federal Constitution from discriminating against the Negro race, the convention discriminates against its characteristics and the offenses to which its criminal members are prone."

Not a bad argument in behalf of equity toward the colored race from a Supreme Court in Dixie, is it? Not a bad arraignment, is it, of a new code which made it impossible for the Negro to vote, because of the power it conferred on white men to see to it that the Negro could not possibly qualify as a voter?

Yet here is what the United States Supreme Court, after quoting the foregoing more fully than it is quoted here, decided, via the voice of Justice Joseph McKenna:

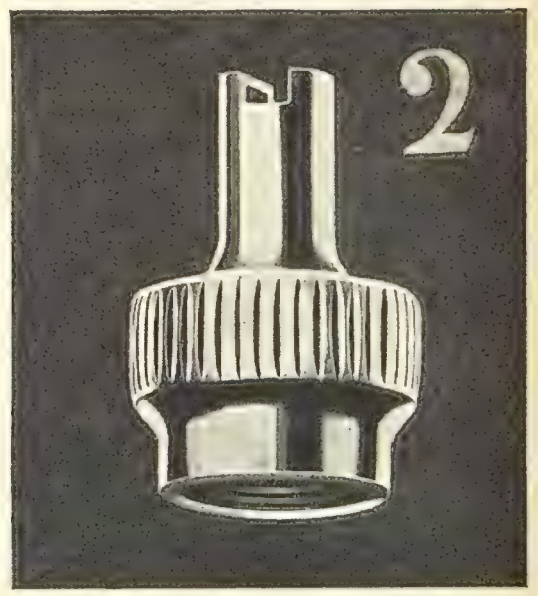
"The question is to decide if the State Constitution is repugnant to the Fourteenth Amendment. . . . In a recent case we held that to justify a removal from a State court to a Federal court of a cause in which such [racial] rights are alleged to be denied, such denial must be the result of the Constitution or laws of the State, not of the administration of them. It is not asserted by plaintiff that either the State Constitution or its laws dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by E. W. Kemble

Says Jim Crow: "You belong back in my cyar!"

How *experienced motorists* CUT TIRE EXPENSE



EXPERIENCED motorists are reducing their tire expense by following these simple suggestions:

FIRST: They see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every tire valve.

SECOND: They make sure they have an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap screwed down tight by hand on every valve.

Should the valve inside become worn or damaged, this cap prevents escape of air at mouth of valve until a new inside can be inserted.

Always carry extra Schrader Valve Caps and Valve Insides in your car for emergencies. Both are sold in red metal boxes of five at 25c a box.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

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Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

"WE changed to AC house current operated radio for the convenience of it," writes a radio fan. "No batteries to fuss and bother about. But we seemed to lose so much in performance that we were thinking seriously of going back to the old set.

Then, on advice of a friend, we installed a set of Archatron AC tubes and now money couldn't buy our AC operated set if we knew we couldn't get another like it."

This is not at all an unusual experience with those who change to Archatrons. They are completely degasified by the exclusive arch principle of construction and evacuation.

Every tube is exactly like another, of uniform electrical characteristics; no matching necessary.

There's an Archatron for every receiver need and a set of Archatrons is guaranteed to give you better radio or money refunded.

For more stations, longer distance, volume, clarity and far longer life, try Archatrons.

"AC"
UX-226
UY-227
UX-280
UX-281

ARCHATRON Radio Tubes

Completely Degasified
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.
Owensboro, Kentucky

[THE 14TH, 15TH, AND 18TH AMENDMENTS
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

criminate in terms against the Negro race, . . . but that these results are effected by the powers vested in certain administrative officers."

The plaintiff had shown, Justice McKenna went on, how registration officers could ask of colored citizens wanting to vote, under Section 244, "any vain or impertinent questions" about the State Constitution to disqualify them; and how the registrar would decline to make available the registration books when colored citizens sought to meet the test and be registered.

"BUT nothing tangible can be deduced from this," continues the decision. "If weakness were to be taken advantage of, it was to be done 'within the field of permissible action,' and the means of it were the alleged characteristics of the Negro race, not the administration of the law by officers of the State.

"Besides, the law and the Constitution are not limited by their language or their effects to one race. They reach the weak and vicious white man as well, and whatever is sinister in their intention can be prevented by both races by the exertion of that duty which voluntarily pays taxes and refrains from crime.

"It cannot be said, therefore, that the denial of equal protection arises primarily from the Constitution and laws of Mississippi, nor is there any sufficient allegation of an evil and discriminating administration of them.

"The only allegation is 'that by granting a discretion to the said officers . . . the rights of colored voters are abridged and such citizens are denied the right to sit on juries.' It will be observed that there is nothing direct and definite in this allegation as to means or time as affecting the proceedings against the accused. There is no charge against the State officers.

"There is an allegation of the purpose of the Constitution to disenfranchise colored citizens, but with this we have no concern, unless the purpose is executed by the Constitution or laws or by those who administer them. If done in the latter way, how or by what means should be shown.

". . . The Constitution and statutes of Mississippi do not, on their face, discriminate between the races, and it has not been shown that their actual administration was evil, only that evil was possible under them."

Well, I suggested to Senator Glass, one might demolish all these fine arguments if one were debating on a street corner; indeed, one might feel a sardonic surprise at the legalistic and cloistered intellects which suggest that if a poor, ignorant, friendless colored man down South will "pay his taxes and refrain from crime" he can vote and enjoy other equalities, when everybody else in America knows different.

And what has Congress done this half-century past to rectify and punish the evil by means of the weapon placed in its hands in the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which definitely commands reapportionment on the basis of the number of actual voters? The Supreme Court, in one of its decisions, has said:

"Congress has never exercised the power, conferred on it by this section, of reducing representation of a State in the House of Representatives. There can be no question of its power, or right, to do so. Of its duty to do so, it alone is the judge. The amendment places the responsibility of enforcing the provision upon that body alone."

When I had finished reading to Senator Glass the foregoing situation, as created by the United States Supreme Court, I thought it desirable to mention to him one or two recent decisions handed down by the same tribunal in connection with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment—the one placing defendants in double jeopardy; the one sanctioning the confiscation by padlock of a building in which ginger ale and ice are sold, if a scofflaw mixes them with liquor he himself fetched in; the one empowering enforcement agents to stop any automobile, and search it, without warrant.

To say nothing of the Presidential edict of 1926 authorizing every State and municipal officer in America to enforce the Federal Prohibition Act, notwithstanding the fact that in United States *vs.* Cruikshank (92 U. S. 543), the Supreme Court, on November 4, 1872, used these words in a decision which helped to deprive Negroes of the ballot:

"Certainly it will not be claimed that the United States have the power or are required to do mere police duty in the States."

"But," cried Senator Glass, who had listened somewhat impatiently to these accumulated evidences of Negro disenfranchisement—"but that sentence no longer applies.

"With the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment the people of this country specifically laid that police duty on the United States—to stop the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor, regardless of what any individual State or any individual citizen thought of it.

"But the whole idea of nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment, because the liquor interests and the liquor-drinking people fancy the South has disobeyed the Fifteenth Amendment, is colossal nonsense.

"It is miserable Northern drivel for politicians and editors to talk about enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment, when it has not yet been violated by the South. There is not one single instance of a Southern State passing a law which violates a Federal statute. No State in the South has disenfranchised a single colored citizen because he was colored. Only Congress can disenfranchise anybody, and it never has, except for treason or other crime.

"HOW, then, can a Southern State, or all the South, keep a Negro from voting, except by legislation inimical to the Federal Constitution? And no State ever has. Even if certain officials kept a colored man from voting, that doesn't mean the State has erred against the central government. And the aggrieved party has his right to action against that official. He has no right against a State which has not discriminated against him.

"What is the sense of talking about the United States enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment, even if we did violate it? How would they enforce it?

"I'll tell you something about the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, and how they came to be incorporated in the Constitution. The rabid Northern haters of everything in the South determined to crush our white civilization. Between 1866 and 1869 there were no Southern States. We were an enemy territory occupied by Northern military forces. Virginia was Military District Number 1.

"The Fourteenth Amendment was adopted to enfranchise the black slaves, in the hope that they would take possession of the white South and destroy it because of the rebellion. It was adopted in the passions of war, and hatred, and sectional jealousy; and if it had succeeded it would have been the utter ruin of one-third of the country.

"On this ruin would have been erected an Ethiopian state, brutish, sex-inflamed, profligate, corrupt, composed of blacks not one per

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Monumental Nonsense —And Who Wins?

"One to every Ten—that's my rule"

says Damon Runyon

When your taste gets lazy and your favorite smoke seems to have lost its appeal—it's time to take a Luden's

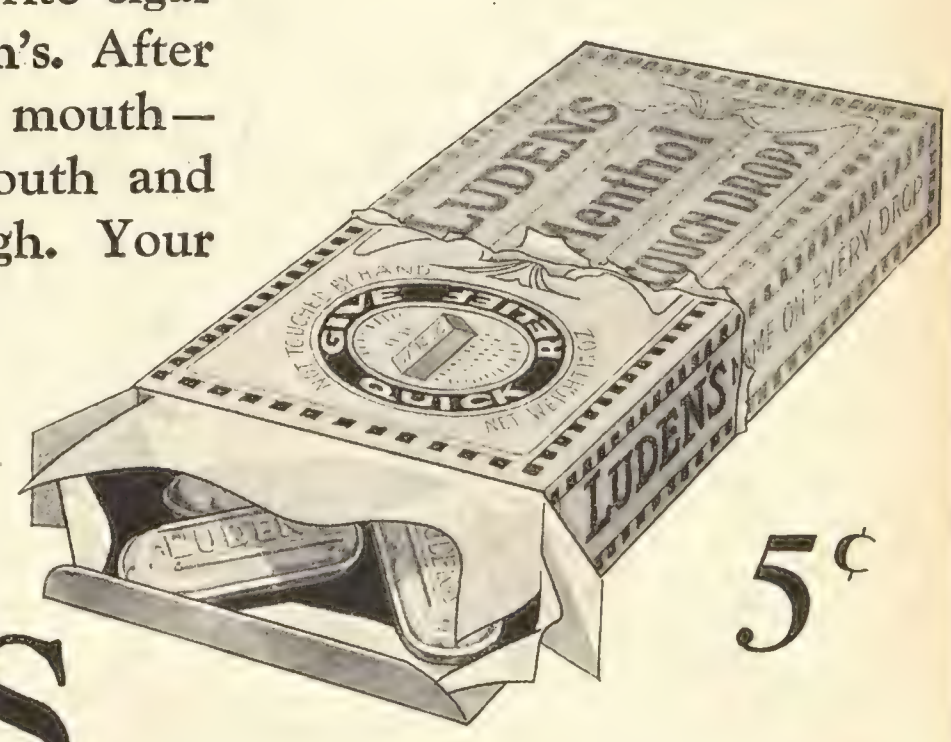
Damon Runyon
Sport Writer on the
New York American
Says:—

"Cigarettes are my favorite smoke and I've learned how to enjoy them. I stick to my favorite brand and when I find the edge is off of my smoke taste I just slip a Luden's into my mouth and freshen things up. After a Luden's your mouth always feels so cool and clean and your next cigarette is up to expectations. About one Luden's to ten cigarettes is my formula."

Damon Runyon

You, too, should know this new way to insure throat protection and smoke-satisfaction. At your favorite cigar store—or anywhere—buy a package of Luden's. After smoking ten cigarettes slip a Luden's in your mouth—let it dissolve—instantly it cools, refreshes mouth and throat. Soothes any irritation—ousts any cough. Your eleventh cigarette tastes as good as the first.

Buy Luden's at cigar stores, candy stores, drug stores, newsstands, everywhere—in the triple-sealed yellow package—5c.



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LUDEN'S

Make the eleventh cigarette taste as good as the first

FREE, *7 COOL* shaves for you. Different from all others. Use coupon below.

Easy *and Quick*

A cool soothing shave

SAY to your druggist: "Let me try Ingram's." He will give you seven *cool* shaves with our compliments . . . enough to test Ingram's for a week.

There is nothing else like Ingram's . . . The pioneer *cool* shaving cream. The instant it touches your face . . . you feel the difference. The difference is not a scent . . . it's a sensation. After the shave . . . you need no lotion. Ingram lather takes care of that. It has a clean, pleasant odor that men like.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy *cool* shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream . . . twice as many as last year . . . three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the drug stores in your town have 7 Free *Cool* Ingram Shaves for you. If you find that too many men have been ahead of you, we'll see you through. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 cool shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
362 10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

The other fellows beat me to it. My druggist is all out of the 7 free *Cool* Shaves you offered me. Will you please see me through, as you promised.

Name .....

Address .....

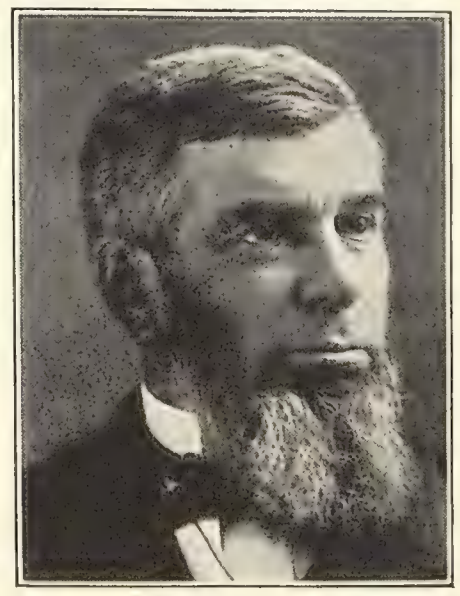
.....

[THE 14TH, 15TH, AND 18TH AMENDMENTS
Continued from Page Thirty-two]

cent of whom could pretend to read, and dominated and controlled by white wretches beneath contempt.

"It was adopted at the point of a bayonet. No Southern State voluntarily ratified the unspeakable provisions of this nightmare of an amendment. Of course we did not let the manumitted slaves vote! Crushed and despairing under the iron heel of whites who hated us, we resolved to perish before we would let these colored ignoramuses control our white supremacy through the ballot box.

"The Fourteenth Amendment was crammed down our throats with the bayonet. But why wasn't the second section enforced by the North when they had us prostrate and helpless? Because reapportionment, at that time, would accomplish exactly what it would accomplish today.



P. & A. photo

The late Chief Justice M. R. Waite, who read two opinions which set precedents in the Negro question.

"It would cut the representation in Congress of every Northern State, in some cases far more than it would affect ours down South.

"Take Massachusetts, for example. The Federal Constitution says that only treason or other crime shall prevent a citizen from voting. But what does Massachusetts do? It has ballot qualifications which have to do with lunacy, paupers, educational requirements, a poll tax, residence in State and county and township. In other words, Massachusetts freely violates the Federal Constitution by making prospective voters qualify in numerous ways neither contemplated nor covered by the Constitution. How, then, can the representation now enjoyed by Massachusetts be defended?

"EVERY State in the Union equally discriminates against certain of its citizens. All are equally guilty of violating the Fourteenth Amendment. Why doesn't the North go ahead and order reapportionment as provided by the second section of that amendment? It is to laugh!

"Finding that the Fourteenth Amendment could not be enforced to the letter, the North hypocritically cleansed its conscience before the bar of history and the judgment of posterity by adopting the Fifteenth Amendment—and then, like a coward, refused to provide a penalty for its being ignored. In other words, the North kept the record clear for the Negroes to read, if they ever learned how, and then, finding the common sense of the North reasserting itself, promptly forgot all about these miserable, non-enforceable wartime amendments.

"The people of the original thirteen Southern States curse and deride and spit upon the Fifteenth Amendment—and have no intention of letting the Negro vote.

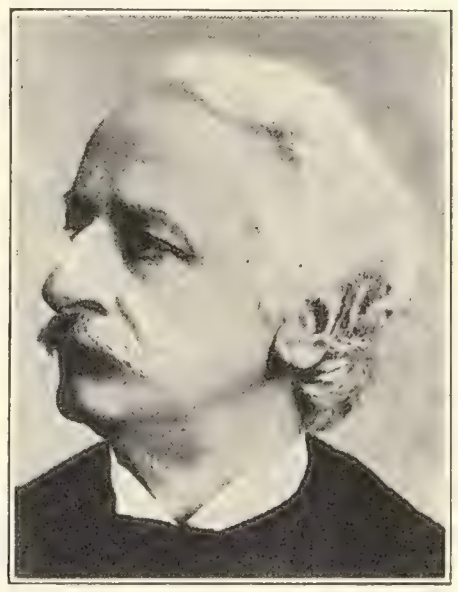
"We obey the letter of the amendments and the Federal statutes, but we frankly evade the spirit thereof—and purpose to continue doing so. White supremacy is too precious a thing to surrender for the sake of a theoretical justice that would let a brutish African deem himself the equal of white men and women in Dixie.

"AS to the Eighteenth Amendment and its nullification, I want to say now, that if the North can find some way to keep within the letter of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act and still get its booze, it's all right with me what it does with the spirit of the law.

"It just so happens that brighter minds drew up that amendment and the dry statute than drew up the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, and I imagine the liquor interests will have a hard time getting their booze under the terms of the dry measures.

"Down South we regret the Fifteenth Amendment as a curse to progressive government, because in resisting it we have become a one-party section. It would be far better if we were not correctly called the Solid South; if we were split into two parties or more. But you can be sure that we shall continue to be a Solid South as long as any effort is made to let the blacks dominate us via the ballot box.

"As to President Coolidge's edict empowering municipal and State authorities to enforce the Federal prohibition law, I think it decidedly ill advised, a flagrant example of executive futility and an invasion of duties as defined by self-sufficient and sovereign Statehood."



P. & A. photo

The late Associate Justice R. W. Peckham, who passed upon Negro discrimination.

THE END

Smith and Hoover—what are their Presidential prospects? In next week's Liberty, James C. Young discloses some remarkably keen deductions from a contrast of the two. Don't miss it!

He isn't *Faithless* or *Unkind* — *but* Oh! so irritable!

"HONESTLY, for days—for weeks at a time, even, you aren't fit to live with! . . . I'd rather you'd throw the lamp at me and get it over with. . . Certainly, I love you! But . . . "

So run her thoughts—or perhaps her tongue!

Yet, in a way, he isn't to blame. It's so hard to realize how our physical condition affects everything we do. So amazing, the way clogged intestines can change freshness to fatigue—energy to irritability!

Even when you do realize it, you hesitate about the remedy. A choice between "health foods" that take months to act—and ordinary remedies that leave you limp and exhausted!

And here, in a nut-shell, is the reason Feen-a-mint was perfected. The work of a famous European scientist and a thoughtful American physician, it gives you at last the simple answer to the problem of constipation.

Feen-a-mint is different from anything you ever imagined a laxative to be like. In the first place, it is just like a bit of delicious mint chewing-gum. You don't swallow it—you *chew* it.

This is important. Because you chew it, its laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes *part* of the digestive fluids—does not disturb digestion. It acts *with* the body, not *against* it!

The result is laxative action so gentle there's not a trace of cramping or griping—yet so wonderfully thorough that you feel like a different person!

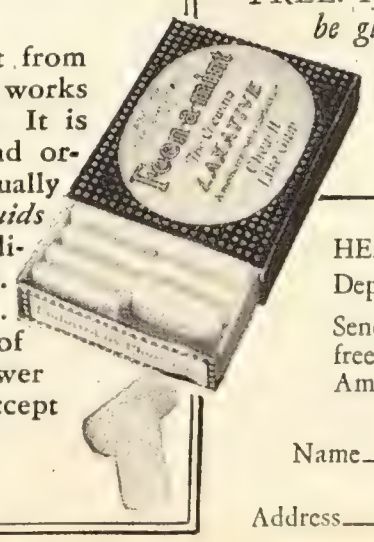
Feen-a-mint strikes at the very root of nervousness, headache, bad breath, poor complexion, lack of energy. It brings relief in hours, instead of weeks . . .

Yet it acts without shock to the system—leaves you fresh, eager, buoyant!

Already millions of people have found Feen-a-mint preferable to all other means of combating the evils of constipation. Your own first experience will show you clearly *why!*

Feen-a-mint is different

FEEN-A-MINT is different from "health foods" because it works in *hours*—instead of *months*. It is different from salts, oils, and ordinary laxatives because it actually becomes *part of the digestive fluids themselves*. Does not disturb digestion or shock the system. No cramping or griping. Leaves you energetic instead of exhausted. It is the *right* answer to constipation. Do not accept imitations!



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Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint — also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name_____

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All Flags!

A Tale of the Carolinas' Cruelest Buccaneer

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by Norman Price

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

"Damnation!" yelled Teach. "I take any and

FROM the tavern door I heard a voice saying to the landlord of the Eden Arms:

"I am looking for a thin, yellow-haired, freckled boy who came from Topsail Inlet to wait upon Governor Eden."

The burly landlord came to the taproom window, which was open, and poked his fat face inside.

"Freckles," says he to me, "Colonel Rhett inquires for you."

I got up from the settle and went outside, and saw a handsome young gentleman, very elegantly dressed, sitting upon a fine gray mare by the horse block. So I pulled off my new beaver hat to him, and was very glad that it was new and thrice cocked.

I don't know why he was amused at me.

"Good morning," said he gayly. "I regret that I forget your name, my son, but I remember your freckled description. You are the boy called Freckles, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Servant to Tom Cocklyn, landlord of Lost Ship Tavern at Topsail Inlet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said he smilingly. "Hop up on my horse behind me and I will carry you to Governor Eden, who has news for you."

He was so handsome, so gay, so fashionably attired, that, being a girl—though all the world, except Mr. Ross, supposed I was a lad—it pleased me to be seen riding pillion behind so gallant a horseman.

So I scrambled up behind him and clasped both my thin arms around his body; and the beautiful horse moved out along the river in a sort of dancing step, as though happy to carry us.

"So," says he, "you are tap boy to old Tom Cocklyn who is the greatest rogue unhung between Cape Fear and Currituck."

He laughed when he said it, and I laughed, too, as he turned his head to look at me over his beribboned shoulder.

Says he, speaking now more gravely:

"Governor Eden tells me you are only child to the late Captain Topsfield, whom Israel Hornygold, the pirate, murdered on the high seas, and then most barbarously burned, together with your mother and the plundered ship."

"Yes, sir," said I in a low voice.

"Do you know who I am, Freckles?"

"Are you the same Colonel Rhett who sailed northward in chase of the sea-rogue Captain Rackham?"

"I am. And your friend Mr. Ross, in The Moth, sloop tender, sailed in my company. And he told me of his esteem and affection for yourself."

I went hot, then cold, then became voiceless, choked with an emotion so new, so deep, that it left me dumb and bewildered.

"Jack Rackham escaped us," said he. "I think he sailed south, and am following him. But if I do not discover him this side Cape Fear, then I shall return to Ocracoke Inlet and search for that great fool Stede Bonnet, who is too ignorant to navigate and too vain to admit it."

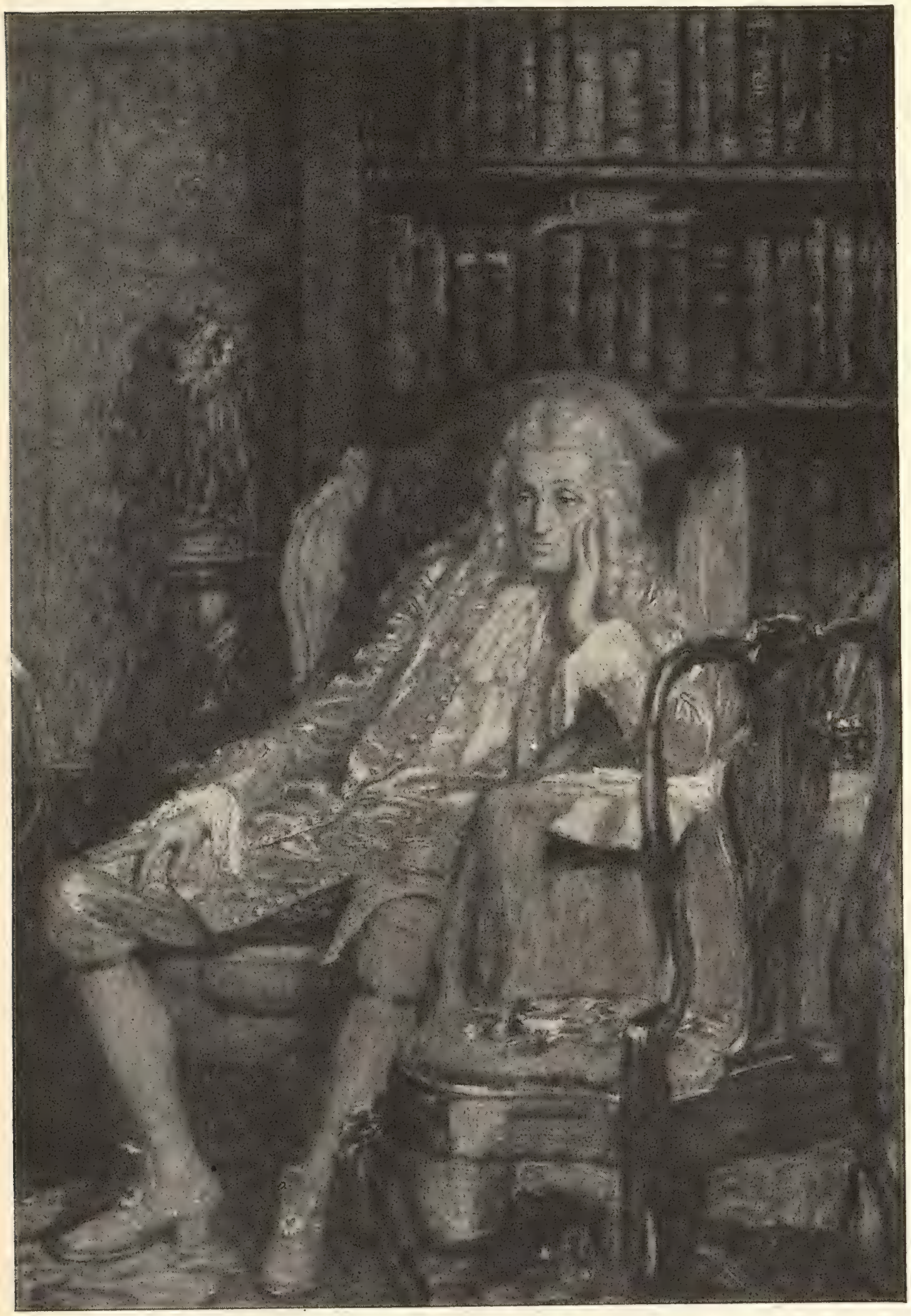
"And—and Mr. Ross, sir," I ventured—"will he return here presently?"

"He and I parted off the Virginia capes, and he stood for Maryland, hoping to find Jack Rackham cruising in those waters. But I think that Calico Jack sailed south again. And may even pay a call on your master, Tom Cocklyn, at Topsail Inlet."

WE now had arrived at the Governor's mansion, and I slipped off the horse and ran to hold Mr. Rhett's stirrup as he descended.

"You are a well mannered youngster," said he, and gave me a sixpence; for which civility I thanked him as politely as I knew how.

"Well, Freckles," said he in his smiling way,



all flags, and spare only a black or bloody one."

"I know something of your history, and hope better things for you than to serve Tom Cocklyn as a tavern drudge. So fare you well, my lad, and serve God and Governor Eden and Mr. Ross; and between the three you should reap a reward of some kind."

He was laughing when he rode away. I took off my new beaver hat to him, and he waved his gloved hand—from the silken cuff of which floated ruffles of blond lace as exquisite as patterned cobwebs.

Being a girl and no boy, I noticed such matters to admire them, and all apparel which is costly. Which I conceive to be a very innocent inclination and not sinful vanity.

WELL, I went to the door and knocked, and a servant in yellow livery, piped, faced, and turned up with purple, opened for me; and, no doubt having been adverted by the Governor, conducted me up the stairs and into a pretty bedroom.

"Master Topsfield," said he, "His Excellency desires you to lodge here, instead of at the Eden Arms, until such time as Mr. Ross can return in his sloop to carry you back to Topsail Inlet."

I was so astonished that I sat down upon the bed's edge and gazed dumbly upon the footman.

He said, speaking with a sort of disdainful kindness, but wrinkling his long and pointed nose at me as though sniffing an odour not perfectly agreeable:

"His Excellency desires that you signify to me when you wish to eat; and your food will be served to you in your bedchamber."

That was far too much for me who, when fed at all, had been contented with a crust and a cheese rind in Tom Cocklyn's ratty pantry.

I muttered that any food would be acceptable; and then my eyes, travelling about the room, noticed a Chinese box standing near the bed's foot. I could smell the perfumed lacquer of it and the sandalwood.

To this box the footman now walked majestically, opened it, and displayed within it a suit of silken clothing, shirts, drawers of madras, clocked stockings of silk, pretty buckled shoes, and—oh, Heaven!—a little looking glass, a cake of scented soap in a box, an iron to curl gentlemen's hair, a comb, scissors, and a box of pomade which, when opened, filled the whole room with an elegant roselike odour.

Never before, I think, had any lad—much less a girl disguised as one—possessed so beautiful a wardrobe of clothing and such fashionable necessaries which were suitable for a young gentleman of quality, but scarcely for a ragged pot boy in Tom Cocklyn's tavern.

I said to the footman, in a voice which trembled a little:

"May I wait upon His Excellency Governor Eden to thank him?"

"His Excellency," said he, with his nose in the air, "permits you to approach him in his pleasaunce."

"What is that?" I inquired.

He gave me a glance of suffering patience. "His Excellency's flower garden," he explained.

And then he marched away down the stairs, and I fell upon my knees to examine and caress the clothing in this wonder box.

ON my washstand was a big earthen pitcher in a large glazed bowl. So I filled the bowl with water, stripped off my clothes, and, with my scented soap, bathed me until I smelled as fresh and sweet as a garden. Next I trimmed me and curled my hair.

Then, having dressed in my silken suit, I ran down the stairs and out into the garden, where, beyond the drifting fountain spray, I discovered Governor Eden seated in a willow chair, reading a book called The Art of War.

When near him, I removed my new beaver hat and made him my manners very carefully.

He looked up with that haggard smile of his, indicated a stool near him, and I bowed to him again and seated myself, and instantly expressed, as politely as I knew how, my undying gratitude for his bounty.

"Freckles," said he, wanly amused, "Colonel Rhett fetched that box of clothing in his sloop out of Virginia, and for it you are beholden to Mr. Ross, and not to me."

My heart began to beat violently, and I felt the swift heat burn my face at mention of Mr. Ross' name.

His Excellency said: "Mr. Ross seems very particular concerning you, Freckles; and he sends word to me by Mr. Rhett that it would infinitely oblige him if I offered you a chamber under my roof until he can return to take you aboard The Moth. . . . And so I have done."

I managed to thank His Excellency again, who looked at me out of kind but melancholy eyes in a sort of sad approval.

"Your manners are genteel, my boy," said he, "and do credit to the worthy sea captain whose son you are. . . . And also, no doubt, to the careful training of a devoted mother. . . . One matter is becoming clear to me—that to serve in the taproom of The Lost Ship is no fit business for a lad like you."

He considered me in silence for a while.

"Tom Cocklyn is a rascal," he said. "He is an old pirate, and took advantage of the Royal Proclamation to receive the King's pardon. But old pirates never die honest men. Sooner or later Tom Cocklyn will take the sea again, as do all such pious rogues who once have seen the gallows' shadow, and have taken fright at it and crawled into sanctuary. . . . I know them, Freckles. . . . It is fear that turns them honest, not repentance. . . . Fear does not last. It cannot. Fear kills; or it fades, dies out, and is forgotten. . . . Freckles?"

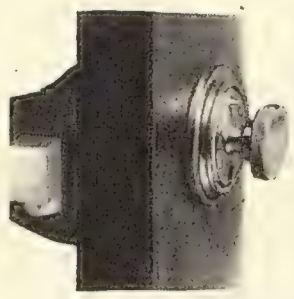
"Sir?"

"Fear is the cruelest and most dreadful af-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"What— *No Keys?"*

"DUDLEY Door Locks *Don't Need Keys!"*



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[ALL FLAGS! Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

fliction that ever besets mankind. No suffering, no torture on earth, can compare to its atrocity. . . . Many will tell you that love is the most powerful of human emotions; others maintain that hate is more powerful still. . . . But *I* tell you that fear is far more formidable than either; and rules more subjects than do love and hate. . . . And is a punishment so terrible that no threat of hell hereafter is as awful as the hell in which man's living mind agonizes under the grip of fear."

MY curious gaze was fastened upon this man's strained and pallid face; and my natural surprise changed to consternation as I saw his worn features alter and become ashen and haggard while he spoke to me concerning fear.

I think his emotion carried him farther than he meant, and that he now read as much in my expression; for he checked himself and forced a mirthless smile. But I saw how painful was the effort.

"Well," said he, "this is a solemn discourse for so lovely a day under these soft skies of Carolina. So think no more of such ugly things as fear and death, Freckles; and let us employ these gentle hours in profitable pleasures. . . . For me a book is the happiest refuge from care. In my library are books; and, if you are neat, and understanding, and handle them with caution and clean fingers, you may go thither and choose for yourself a volume to amuse you."

I promised fervently; and, asking his leave, jumped up and ran into the house, and came to the library, where was an array of books that astonished and excited me.

After long search and delicious hesitations, I chose a book called The Secrets of Cathay, and crept to my bedroom with it; and there, seated upon the bed, very delicately opened and turned the wondrous pages.

It was one of the happiest days of my life; and sometimes I read in my book, and sometimes let my eyes wander over my new silken breeches and stockings, and, again, touched the silver buckles on my new shoes to admire them.

Thought wandered; my lost gaze roved about the sunny bedroom, where flowered curtains stirred in jasmine-scented winds; and I thought ardently of Mr. Ross until, under my fine new shirt and my small breasts, my heart became very violent again.

IT pleased me to be seen riding pillion behind so gallant a horseman.

At noonday, feeling hungry, I went timidly to the lower floor, and there asked a servant if I might have a little food.

Oh, Heaven! They fetched to my chamber upon a lacquered tray a young roasted pigeon upon a couch of honeyed rice, a salad, oranges and guavas in thick cream, and a large canary-tinted goblet of cut glass full of white muscat wine called muscadel, and scented like a garden.

When they removed the Chinese serving tray I was completely full of this exquisite nourishment, and felt of my body complacently, hoping that I was becoming a little rounder and ran a little less to ribs.

HEARING a man's rough and very vulgar voice in the garden below, I went to the window and looked down between the curtains.

There was the Honourable Charles Eden, our Governor, seated under a magnolia tree; and near him, upon the settle, squatted a huge and hairy man.

He was the most remarkable looking man that ever I had laid eyes upon—brutally built, yet in shambling fashion and not well proportioned. His legs seemed somewhat weak and short, but his arms were muscular and enormous. Above his belly, which was a paunch, a mighty chest and neck supported a head which was much too small and wizened, and would have seemed like the hideous and withered head of an idiot, only for the amazing growth of hair and beard upon it.

The hair was thick and greasy black, and fell upon his shoulders. But the beard—oh, my God!—it sprouted under his eyes and covered all his face, coarse as a horse's tail, and was braided into a score of little pigtails, each of which was tied with a bow of different coloured ribbon.

Two of these greasy braids he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1 *A new, form-fitting shape*—non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.

2 *Softer wrapping, fluffier filler* eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.

& **ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.**

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

New, form-fitting Kotex

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

Doctors, nurses cooperated

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

Features exclusive to Kotex

Kotex and Kotex only offers these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. At all drug, dry goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX COMPANY, 180 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

Here's a cap that *stays* where a cap *should* stay. Try it!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

"Leaves Faces Fit?" Certainly. Why not? It ought to. Eighty-eight years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin have gone into its making.

Its lather is quick and thick. It prepares both skin and beard so perfectly that the razor's work is made as easy and smooth as a razor's work can be.

It will not turn a dull blade sharp. You could not use it satisfactorily with a jackknife. But it makes dull blades *seem* less dull, and sharp blades sharper.

And super mild, (yes, *super mild*) it soothes while it softens; freshens facial tissues; gently, thoroughly cleanses facial pores. *Leaves Faces Fit!*

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . .
. . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then—a dash of AQUA VELVA! Made for after-shaving.
Keeps the face Fit all day.

ALL FLAGS!
[Continued from Page Thirty-eight]

wore looped over his ears, which stood wide of his head and were extremely large and thin and full of blood vessels.

Never had I gazed upon a human creature so instantly and completely offensive to my eyes.

And that although his apparel was truly magnificent. From his wide ears hung great jewelled hoops; his thick fingers were crowded with rings; fathoms of gold-linked chains embraced his neck. And, as for the rest, he wore a laced shirt of finest lawn, vest and wide sea pants of cherry-coloured silk, and a kind of skirted jerkin of cloth of gold over a green-and-orange sash.

Into that sash were thrust two Moor's daggers in hammered gold sheaths; and these were the only weapons in his sash. But from his shoulder belt hung six silk cords, and from each cord dangled a pistol!

Now, there was no need for me to wonder who this fearsome man might be. I knew instantly, and recognized him from descriptions upon many a tavern notice and many a broadside and printed ballad.

For this monster could be no other than Edward Teach, sometimes called Ned Thatch, and known generally as Black-Beard—the wickedest, cruelest, boldest, and most impudent pirate who ever harried Carolina.

NOW, what on earth was this great rogue doing in our Governor's garden?—talking to His Excellency with boisterous familiarity, roaring with mirth, devouring food, guzzling wine, pulling at his long pipe amid vast clouds of smoke, cursing, damning, spitting, using language so foul and lewd that I will not deprave my page by setting it down.

The Governor sat there, deathly white, sunk back deep in his willow armchair—a strange, crushed, tragic figure, striving to make some countenance to this impudent villain; even trying to smile.

Oh, holy angels!—what a sight there on the grass among the magnolia trees and pretty flowers in the sunny splendour of the afternoon!

Now, suddenly, both men turned their heads; and there came past the garden, along a gravel road, a company of sea-rogues in their gaudy finery, barefoot, half naked, and every man rolling before him a great hogshead of sugar, which they stowed in a storehouse near to the blacks' quarters: hogshead after hogshead, dozen after dozen—all of vast value in Carolina—until I had counted sixty.

When the last of the sugar was stowed away and the sea-wolves had departed along the gravel road, Mr. Teach got up out of his chair and clapped Mr. Eden upon his shoulder, and seemed in a monstrous fine humour, though the Governor gazed at him like a dead man.

Then His Excellency also rose, and together they came toward the house. I heard them below, talking together. Then up the stairs

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

they came, still in conversation; and into the room adjoining mine, which was the Governor's privy study, although I did not know it then.

Whether the Governor thought I was in the library, or even remembered me at all, I do not know; for, although he spoke in a strained

I fell upon my knees to examine and caress the clothing in this wonder box.

tone and low, Mr. Teach roared and bellowed with no discretion whatever; and what was said I could scarcely avoid hearing, even if I had wished to close my ears.

NEVER did I listen to such horrid cursing and damning and swearing and foul words as interlarded nearly every phrase this filthy pirate uttered. Yet he was not at all angry, but merely in most excellent humour—and seemed to banter Mr. Eden, jesting at his expense in a fashion which made me wonder if he had some dreadful kind of power over this pale and delicately nurtured gentleman of quality and refinement.

"God curse my eyes!" says he. "Why should I fear Alec Spottswood of Virginia when I have so staunch a friend in you, Charles Eden? Why should I concern myself with that damned old buzzard Nick Trott—or with Rhett—or with Charles-Town—God blast the hell-spawned city!"

"I pray you, moderate your voice, Mr. Teach," interposed the Governor.

"Dammy, why should I? I care not who knows I'm here in Edenton—or who knows that my ship is here *to take all flags!* Why should I care, when I am protected by the Honourable Charles Eden, Governor of—"

"Would you shout it from the housetops and bring me to ruin, Mr. Teach?"

"I ruin you! Not all the devils in hell and all the she-devils who cook souls in hell's kitchen could force me to do you an unkindness who are friendly to poor old Edward Teach, and will ever protect him against all the cursed navies of the American Colonies and all the damnable station ships of the hell-born Royal Navy in North America!"

He was plainly in boisterous and mirthful spirits. He hummed, he spat, he burst out into vile songs and snatches, and made a shuffling noise with his painted boot heels as though dancing.

"Well," says he, "I have fetched you sixty barrel of sugar, two pipe of Madeira, two of Oporto, twelve bales of figured, striped, and plain India silks, five bars of refined Arab gold, and fifteen keg of Morocco silver."

"I tell you," said Mr. Eden in a low, tense voice, "I wish none of these—"

"And *I* tell *you* that you shall have them!" roared Teach. "Because you have earned them; and I always pay my reckoning! It is too late, Your Excellency, for you to sicken of our bargain, or ever to deny it. You shall hold fast to it; and so shall I, by God! When I sail, I sail to take all flags! And you shall remember that any man who takes my ship and me takes, with both these, enough evidence to ruin and beggar *you* and send you to London Tower!"

MR. EDEN said, in the ghost of a voice:

"I have no intention of playing you false. I ask only that you leave these parts and operate elsewhere—"

"Damnation!" yelled Teach. "I operate where it suits me! I will have you understand that I am a man who does always what pleases him. I take any and all flags, and spare only a black or bloody one. I kill where I choose—whom I choose. I slay when offended. I slay sometimes for pleasure and when not at all offended—"

"Will you moderate your tones?"

"Listen, damn you! Two weeks since I took a Portuguese muletta, off the Virginia capes. He had not offended me. Do you know what I did to him? I sliced off his nose, both ears, both lips, and my cook fried them, and I made the Portugee captain eat his own ears and nose and lips, and then shot him in the bowels because I ordered him to smack his lips, but he had none to smack!"

Such hellish laughter I never before heard as the awful mirth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GIVE US

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MENTHOL-COOLED SMOKE

$4,000 CASH PRIZES

A swift rise to fame quite naturally leaves a broad wake of comment.

Thus with Spud . . . a year ago only a cigarette idea . . . today, the most discussed sensation in cigarette sales.

Never a cigarette that brought so many different reactions from so many different people!

What is *your* opinion of this cigarette that actually and noticeably cools?

Do you liken Spud's first puff to a "veritable whiff of coolness"? Does the next puff, and the next, continue that coolness? Is the final result a lastingly moist-cool throat . . . even after the third pack?

The skipper of a famous ocean greyhound argues that Spud's first puff is like "a deep breath on the quarter-deck."

A Yale man vows that Boola-Boola throats never rang so loud and clear now that Spud sits securely on the Yale fence.

A young Chicago matron says Spud is found on all North Side bridge tables . . . because Spud enjoyment and Spud fragrance can last twenty-one rubbers as well as one.

We want all the Spud experience we can get . . . the more personal the better. Disregard our own pleasant theories and claims. Give us *your* opinion.

We have $4,000 to tempt you into writing. You have 559 chances to win.

Come on! Set aside five or ten minutes . . . light a Spud for inspiration and go to it!

1st Prize		$1000
2nd Prize		500
3rd Prize		250
4th Prize		100
Next 5 Prizes	$50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes	20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes	10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes	5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes	2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling $4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising and Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1—Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes. 2—Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript. 3—Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky. 4—Envelope must be postmarked before midnight June 30, 1928. 5—No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned. 6—In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for. 7—Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final. 8—Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky., *Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer*

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FREE BOOKLET

It gives entertainingly, the story of Spud Cigarettes and what people have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger."

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If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below:

☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20¢) ☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose $1.00)

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Name of Dealer .....

To the man.. whose shirts SHRINK SHRINK.. SHRINK....

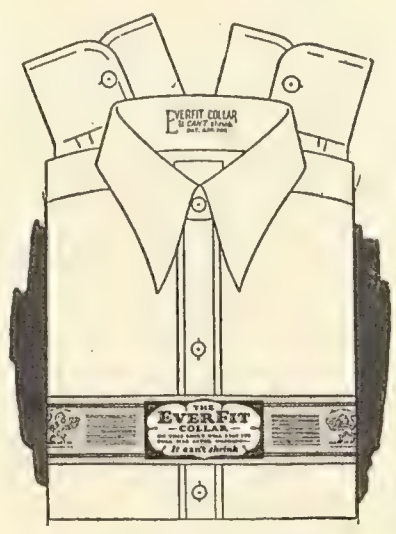
The collars of these new-type shirts* CAN'T *shrink, pinch, or lose their fresh-tailored style

THE new briskly-styled, deftly-tailored Shirtcraft Shirt can never pinch your neck, never crease, never lose that crisp neck-fitting freshness.

On them you will find the neck-emancipating Everfit Collar (It *can't* shrink).

Shirtcraft Shirts with the Everfit Collar can now be bought in a wide variety of fabrics, in white, solid colors and stylish patterns. Broadcloths, Oxfords, and Madras with collar attached or separate collars that will not, *cannot* shrink. For example, Neuglo Broadcloth shirts at $1.95. Hyglo Broadcloth at $2.45, Mel-o-glo Broadcloth at $2.95. Scores of others in the same attractive price ranges.

They are sold by good merchants everywhere. If you want to know the name of a store near you, a postcard brings it to you by return mail. The Shirtcraft Company, Inc., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Look for this paper band around the shirt.

SHIRTCRAFT

tailored SHIRTS *with*

[ALL FLAGS! Continued from Page Forty-one]

which burst from the maw of Mr. Teach.

"I'll tell you another joke," he cried. "I had all my officers to wine in my cabin; and when all were very merry I pulled two pistols and, crossing them, closed my eyes and fired at random. And my quartermaster fell dead and my mate lost a leg, which went green on him—oh, my God!"

HE was suffocating with laughter, and stamping with his boots and slapping his thighs.

When he was a little recovered: "Well," says he, "I leave you, Charles Eden; but first shall tell you where I design to go and what I mean to do. I shall sail to Charles-Town in South Carolina to take all flags and all nations. And there seize upon such shipping as I discover in the harbour; and show to the city my four flags, which are my black colours, a bloody ensign at the main, a black pennant, and a death jack.

"Then, by God, I shall go ashore, and ruffle it in the streets of Charles-Town; and I shall have out of that city a fine chest of medicines worth a thousand pounds or more; and shall not pay a farthing for it but, if refused, will hang every man, woman, and child aboard what prizes I have taken; and you shall hear Charles-Town howling a hundred miles as you sit below in your pretty garden!"

"If you do that," said the Governor, in a ghastly voice, "all North America will rise against you."

"If you betray my purpose to a living soul," roared Black-Beard, "you share my fate! Otherwise," he cried, with a dreadful laugh, "let all North America set sail and chase me, and be cursed and damned to them and to the whole damned world beside!"

I heard him get up from a chair, and the floor creaked under his weighty bulk as he walked to the door.

"Adieu, Charles," he said. "For your silence, when I come again to Edenton, I bring you costly presents. Women too, if you choose. No? Well, then, my taste is different; for I have married twenty wives, and have ruined some, tortured some, made sows of others, and cut throats of the rest. And in two days more I shall marry my twenty-first—she is only sixteen—when I arrive at Topsail Inlet. And, having sported with her, shall deliver her to my crew for their amusement—"

"You filthy dog!" said the Governor—"who is it you mean to marry at Topsail Inlet?"

"Well, I'll tell you that too, Charles. There's a yellow-haired and freckled tap boy who serves Tom Cocklyn's guests in his tavern there; and Francis Farrington Sprigg had it from Israel Hornygold—before Ross took him—that this same tap boy is no boy at all, but a girl in boy's clothing; and was Captain Topsfield's child, whom Hornygold burned in his own ship, The Fancy Nancy.

"And that's my twenty-first bride to be, Charles—and God help her when I'm through with her!"

NEVER a word answered the Governor. And so presently, and loud in mirth, Mr. Teach went a-clumping down the stairway, stamping through the hall below, until the noise of him grew distant and died away when the front door closed behind him.

But, in the street outside, he paused to turn and yell back at the silent house:

"All flags, by God, and all nations!"

Then silence fell upon that doomed mansion.

I would not vaunt myself, yet may say this much: that it was concern and fear and pity for Mr. Eden, and no terror for myself,

that urged me to run to His Excellency in the adjoining room. There I discovered him huddled in a deep chair, crushed, speechless as a dead man.

Down upon my knees I dropped, and took his thin hand and kissed it; and he lifted his head to stare at me out of sunken eyes that seemed blinded.

"Sir," I said, "what indiscretion you may have committed I know not, and am very ignorant of.

But I know that you have been loved by our good folk of Carolina in days gone by, and are reputed to be greatly approved by His Majesty the King of England; and therefore must be both honourable and good. And so I am come to assure Your Excellency of a poor servant's faith and loyalty and love, which is all the gift I have to offer you."

He leaned forward presently, and, taking me by the shoulders, kissed me on both cheeks—which amazing honour astounded me.

"So you heard all," said he. . . . "I had forgotten you. . . . And did you listen, also, to what this fellow said concerning you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it true that you are a girl and no boy, Freckles?"

"Yes, sir."

After a silence: "Can Your Excellency attempt nothing against this known pirate?" I asked.

But he gave me the heartbroken look of a damned man, and I knew he must be, somehow, entangled and in that monster's power.

Now I understood something of that worldly hell called fear, of which this wretched man had lately spoken. But such a passion of love and pity for him overwhelmed me that I began to weep and caress his hands.

"LET me help," I sobbed. "I can perhaps entrap this common enemy of mankind at Topsail Inlet, and set a signal for the station ships to take him—"

"Child," said he, "would you chance the horror with which you heard him threaten you?"

"As for that, sir," I replied, "I can fend for myself, who have learned cunning sufficient to survive every violence and starvation—"

"No. My God, no!" said he.

Then he rose and began to pace the floor.

"It has come to a pass," said he, "where I cannot go on. Whatever betide, I cannot go on in this fashion—"

He turned on me:

"Once," said he, "when ruin threatened and I needed money, I was tempted; and trafficked with pirates—with Edward Teach and with Tom Cocklyn. . . . And these have blackmailed* me ever since. . . . No; I cannot go on in this manner. . . . Already there is suspicion of me in Carolina that I do nothing to stop Edward Teach in his impudence and plundering, yet hang others who are caught sailing On The Account. . . . Oh, God, if I only knew how to come at this monster and not perish with him in his ruin!"

"SIR," I cried, "will you call on the Governor of Virginia?"

"I dare not send any man out of Carolina on such a mission, which must utterly condemn me in my own colony if it become known."

He began to pace the room again like a hunted creature.

"Sir, may *I* go?" I cried.

At that he turned on his heel and came toward me, taking both my hands. A pale hope flared in his faded eyes.

"What would you say to Governor Spottswood?" he demanded.

"I would say that Carolina cannot cope with this monster unaided."

I felt his hands tighten over mine—cling to them.

"How would you go to him?" he whispered.

"Give me a horse."

"The Tuscarora Indians would murder you."

"Then give me a sloop!"

"You must go alone."

"A pinnace, then, with lateen! A canoe—anything! For I am bred to the sea, sir, and never have feared it in all my life!"

"I cannot ask it—"

"You need not, sir, for I offered first, and beg it, now, as a favour."

At that his wasted features quivered, and he sat down on his chair and took his head between his hands.

I ran to my room, dressed me in the wool clothes given me by Mr. Ross, laid away my finery in the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE came past the garden sea-rogues rolling great hogsheads of sugar.

*Black-Beard surrendered to the King's Proclamation and was given a certificate by Governor Eden. Which was lawful. But Black-Beard had taken an English vessel in piracy, pretending she was Spanish. The blackmail dated from the Court of Vice Admiralty, which adjudicated unjustly this prize to Black-Beard at Bath-Town.

Ready? . . here's Instant, Sure Response.

THE Ronson De-Light flashes into action at the first press of your thumb—your smoke is lighted almost before you know it!

Just one swift motion, simple as pressing a light-switch! Not a chance to smudge your glove or tear your thumb! Nothing to lift up.

The Ronson De-Light is a real man's and woman's lighter; with the precision of your watch, the sturdiness of your car—*always* ready for *instant* action! Yet so small, so compact that it parks in the snuggest-fitting vest, the daintiest purse!

The Ronson De-Light is made for men and women in a wide variety of beautiful finishes, a comprehensive series of pocket, table and desk models, priced from $5 up. Get yours—today—at any of the better cigar, jewelry, drug, haberdashery, cutlery and department stores and sport shops.

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Put Agfa to a real test—any test. You will notice the difference immediately! More beautiful lights and shades—more natural pictures—perfect in tone and detail. It is faster and more sensitive. You can take pictures earlier or later in the day—even on dull and rainy days—if you use Agfa Film.

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Use any make or size of camera. There are four classes of subjects, many prizes in each class. The classes are: (1) Baby Pictures; (2) Rainy-Day Pictures; (3) Fair-Weather Pictures; and (4) Unusual Pictures. You have nothing to do but send in pictures . . . no story to write . . . no study required. Get out your camera and start it clicking . . . you may easily be a winner.

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New York, N. Y.
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Agfa

[ALL FLAGS! Continued from Page Forty-three]

Chinese box, and came again to His Excellency.

"Sir," said I, "have a care for my beautiful garments, which I have laid away again in the lacquered box. And give me a little minted money, if you please, so that I lose no instant, but run to the water stairs and hire me a canoe, and provision it, and so get me into Virginia as soon as may be."

He seemed dazed; but he took a heavy purse of gold from his pocket and gave it.

"When I come again," said I, "I hope to come aboard Mr. Ross in The Moth, tender. And, if I miss him, then I shall come aboard any craft Virginia may send us to take this great villain, called Black-Beard, in all his wickedness."

He sprang up, took me in his arms, and kissed me. Then he sat down with his face in both hands, and I saw the great tears falling between his fingers.

Well, I left him, and ran to the water stairs, and there, for six pieces of eight, I hired me a canoe of a Minorcan waterman, which craft had also a lateen to hoist when needed.

Then to the Eden Arms, where I borrowed a chart and a compass; and purchased and stowed away in my canoe a sack of hard bread and a great cheese, a candle, a hatchet, a hank of spare cord, six fathoms of rope, flints, tinder, a brass pistol, a horn o' powder, bullets in a bag, and a little can of priming powder. These, with sweet water in a little cask, I stowed aboard.

THERE was a fine, bright wind on the river. I hoisted sail and sped away like a very swallow across the sound, Kitty Hawk bearing dead ahead. All night long I sailed, and so into Currituck; and, next day, out the inlet and around False Cape. The third day, by the Virginia capes I sped to the great reaches of the James, near dying of weariness, having slept only at the tiller, with one eye on the sheet.

And here on the lower river I raised a sail which presently I made out to be a sloop. Then—oh, heavenly angels!—a wild surmise excited me, and I made all sail to overhaul this vessel, and loaded and fired my pistol till it became too hot to handle.

For now I knew it was The Moth I chased and was swiftly intercepting.

When I came near, the masthead hailed me, and I sobbed out Mr. Ross' name. So near insensible was I that when they lifted me on deck I could scarce see or speak, only seemed to know when *his* arms cradled me and carried me below.

"Nancy," he whispered—"Nancy Topsfield!"

I roused me with a last effort.

"Before I sleep," said I, "this is the best news I have out of Carolina: that Edward Teach has sailed to take *all flags!* And stands for Charles-Town. And Governor Eden calls Virginia to Carolina's aid!"

"You poor and gallant child," says he, in infinite pity. "Carolina, fearing her own Governor, hath already sent petitions to Alexander Spottswood. And Virginia takes the sea."

"OH, God," I whimpered, "then our Governor is undone and his heart and honour break!"

My brain swam. I laid my head against Mr. Ross' breast to steady me.

"Help him," I whispered.

"If he be guilty—"

"He is. But God forgives him. And so shall you. . . . Sir, will you stand for Charles-Town?"

"Yes," he whispered, "or for anywhere on earth you wish—Nancy Topsfield."

I smiled, and my lips parted to speak words I never uttered, as every sense within me succumbed, deep drowned in sleep.

Nancy, pressed aboard a pirate ship and captured as a sea-rogue! That's her startling dilemma in The Crazy Jade. You'll learn about it in next week's installment in Liberty.

Timing

TIMING is important in everything—on the golf links, in baseball, football, and other sports, and in almost everything in life.

You see a big-muscled 200-pound man go up and slug at a golf ball and drive it 150 yards.

This is because of wasted energy. A 125-pound golfer comes up and drives the ball 250 yards with apparently no effort. He has a sense of timing.

Even business requires timing. The sap who tackles a customer at 9 o'clock on Monday morning, when his desk is covered with mail and he is irritable after Saturday's and Sunday's dissipations, has no sense of timing. The smooth salesman who approaches his customer on Tuesday afternoon, after he has the first two days' work out of the way, usually makes a sale.

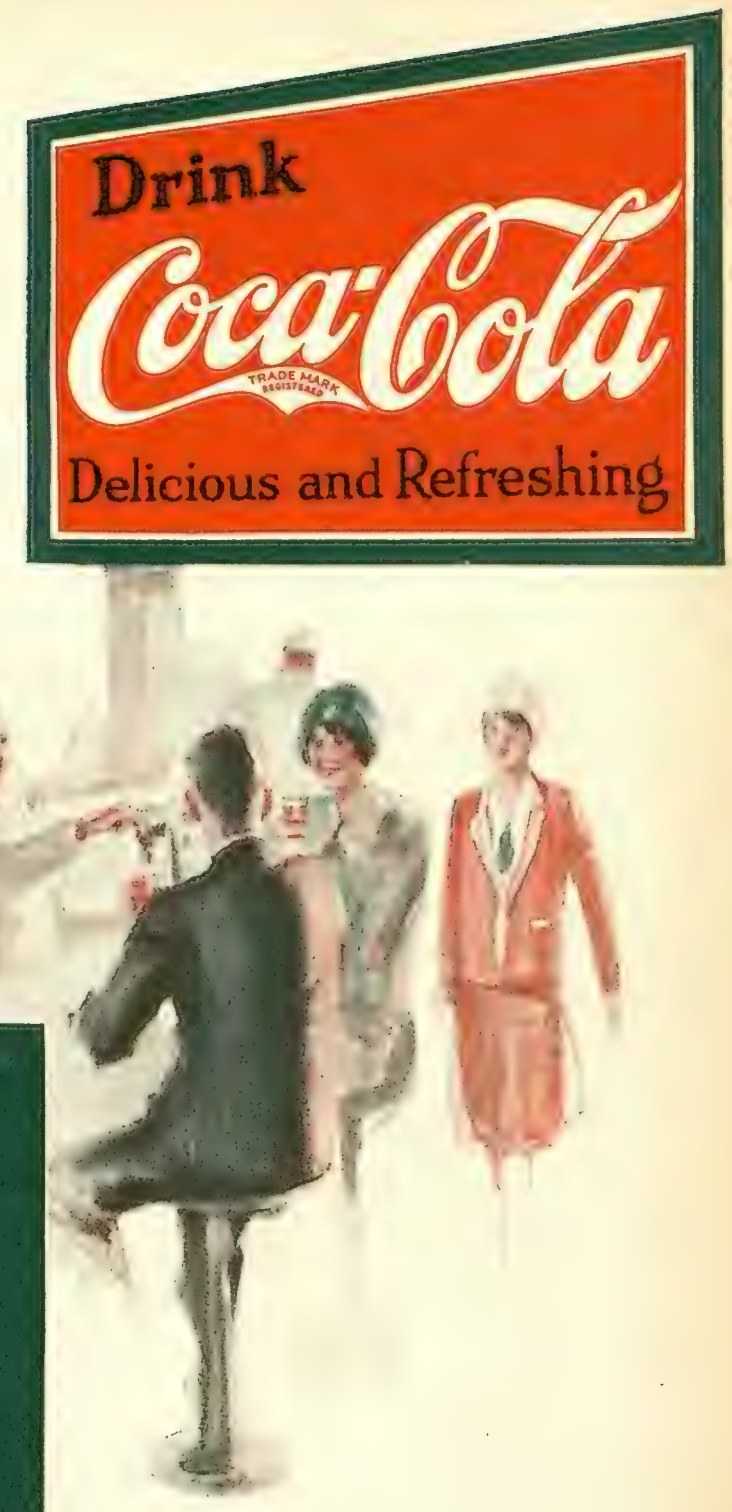
I was impressed by the importance of timing by comparing two dentists. One is an extractionist who devotes all his time to pulling teeth. He took out two of mine and his timing was so perfect that the suffering was reduced to a minimum.

Another dentist, who has had little experience in pulling teeth, got hold of one of mine, put his knee on my chest, struggled and pulled and wriggled until he almost pulled my jawbone out before he got the tooth.

He had no sense of timing whatever, and he will never get a shot at another one of my teeth.

R. B.

The drink you read about "*refreshing*"



8 million a day

Good news! Good news! A refreshing drink. The little red signs point out that it's around the corner from anywhere. ❀ ❀ ❀ It takes a refreshing drink to refresh. With Coca-Cola's delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup, ice-cold carbonated water and a little finely chipped ice, stirred with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" warns of tender, weakened gums that threaten the health of your teeth!

YOUR teeth may be as white as ivory—yet faced with grave and serious trouble. There may not be a cavity in your mouth, or a filling in your head, yet you may need the attention of a good dentist and the use of the correct way of caring for your teeth.

For your gums may be tender—they may even show a tendency to bleed. If your tooth brush "shows pink"— even slightly or occasionally—it is a sure sign that something is amiss. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning of weakened gums, a very possible forerunner of more serious and more stubborn troubles to come—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and perhaps even the less frequent pyorrhea.

Talk with your dentist. Get his advice. He will give you the gist of the profession's viewpoint in some such terms as these:

"Gum disorders start right in your own home. In your kitchen—on your dinner table—you will find the cause of the trouble. For the food you eat is to blame.

"It is too soft for the teeth and gums. It lacks fibre and roughage. It gives the gums no friction, no stimulation, no work. The blood does not circulate properly through the tissues and the gums become anaemic and undernourished."

But your dentist can do more than explain the cause of the difficulty; he will point out to you, too, the proper preventive.

Gum troubles, dentists say, start with the foods you eat

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

invigorates and tones the gums while it keeps teeth sound and white!

DENTISTS propose a simple way to counteract the bad effects of our diet upon our gums. It is a gentle massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—performed faithfully, twice a day, at the time you brush your teeth.

And thousands of dentists order the use of Ipana for massage as well as for the usual cleaning with the brush. For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic well known to the profession.

So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its ability to make your teeth clean, white and beautiful.

Modern soft foods deprive our gums of needed exercise

But a full-size tube contains more than one hundred brushings and will last over a month—long enough for Ipana to show its benefits to your gums. So make this fairer test with a large tube from the nearest drug store. Get it today and let Ipana start its good work for you tonight.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-482
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

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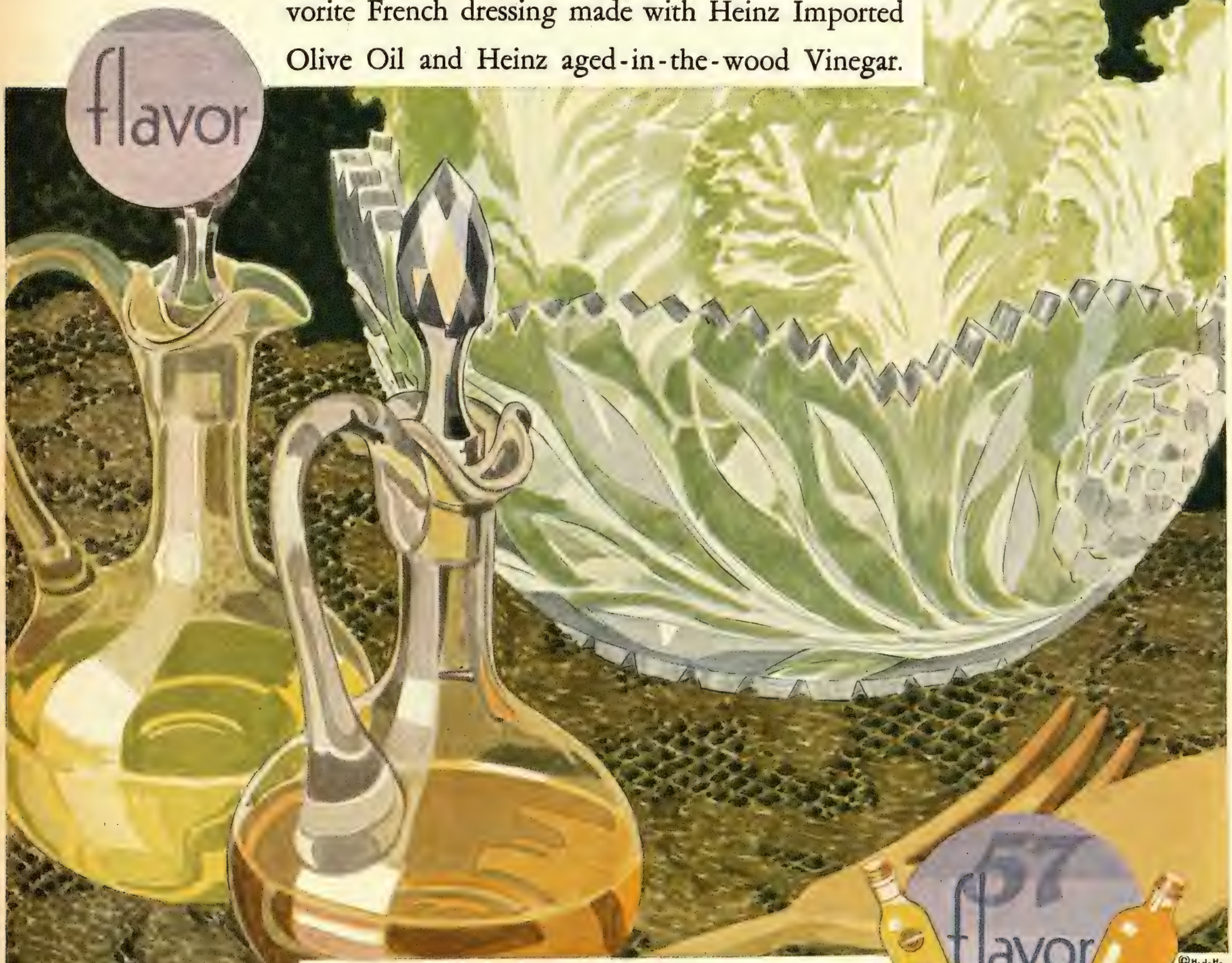
Cool, crisp leaves of lettuce, or romaine, or endive . . . dressed in a smooth, flavory blend of mild and mellow vinegar, with its tempting, aromatic bouquet—and this pure olive oil pressed from ripe olives in old Spain. How the tender green leaves sparkle and glisten—freshened and flavored and made altogether delicious with your favorite French dressing made with Heinz Imported Olive Oil and Heinz aged-in-the-wood Vinegar.



We always agree with people who insist that only a real imported olive oil has the true olive flavor . . . You see, Heinz Olive Oil *is* really imported. In sunny old Spain near Seville is the Heinz olive oil establishment. There from the choicest of the purple fruit that ripens on the olive trees we press Heinz olive oil . . .

No olive oil can be finer or more delicately flavored, for none is made with greater care or from choicer olives.

Then there's the true *vinegar* flavor.

Take Heinz Cider Vinegar. Do you wonder why again we use only the juice of whole, sound apples—and age it in wood from one to two years.

It's the only way you can get that mellowness, that aroma, that absence of raw sharpness—that *flavor*—that you find in Heinz Vinegar.

For Heinz quality must be maintained. No distance is too great; no method is too troublesome; no time is too long for Heinz in the search for flavor . . Heinz Salad Booklet sent free on request . . *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ VINEGAR—HEINZ OLIVE OIL

U. S. Official

The end of two French observers.

Leaves *from my* WAR DIARY

By

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

The St. Mihiel Drive—Massed Air Attacks—Luke Goes Into Action

U. S. Official

Changing a balloon's location.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 56 seconds.)

IN the four preceding installments of his personal record of the World War the author described events subsequent to the March, 1918, drive of the Germans, the Chemin des Dames push, the bombing of Fère-en-Tardenois, the repulse of the German attack of mid-July, 1918, by the Third Division on the Marne. The article last week told of the counterattack of July 16 when the First and Second divisions broke the Ludendorff Line near Soissons.

PART FIVE

September, 1918.

WE are now able to bomb the communications of the enemy, so that we hope to hold up their movement to such an extent as to allow our ground troops to capture great numbers of them, which we can do by attacking and bombing their wagon trains, motor trucks, and railroads, piling them up so that the roads cannot be cleared away, and destroying road centers where the roads go through towns so that quick marching cannot be accomplished.

We have three conditions to face: one, to provide accurate information for the infantry and adjustment of fire for the artillery of the ground troops; second, to hold off the enemy air forces from interfering with either our air or ground troops; and, third, to bomb the back areas so as to stop the supplies for the enemy and hold up any movement along his roads.

The shape of the front—that is, the St. Mihiel salient—furnishes an interesting situation. It projects into our line in the shape of a horseshoe, rather a sharp one at the toe, to be sure. This point of the toe is located at the city of St. Mihiel. The Germans pushed in here in 1915 and occupied it in an attempt to isolate Verdun and surround it so as to cause its surrender.

It must be remembered that the most direct line of advance from Germany into France is through Coblenz, Treves, Verdun, Nancy, and then straight toward Lyons, where the centers of population and factories of France are located.

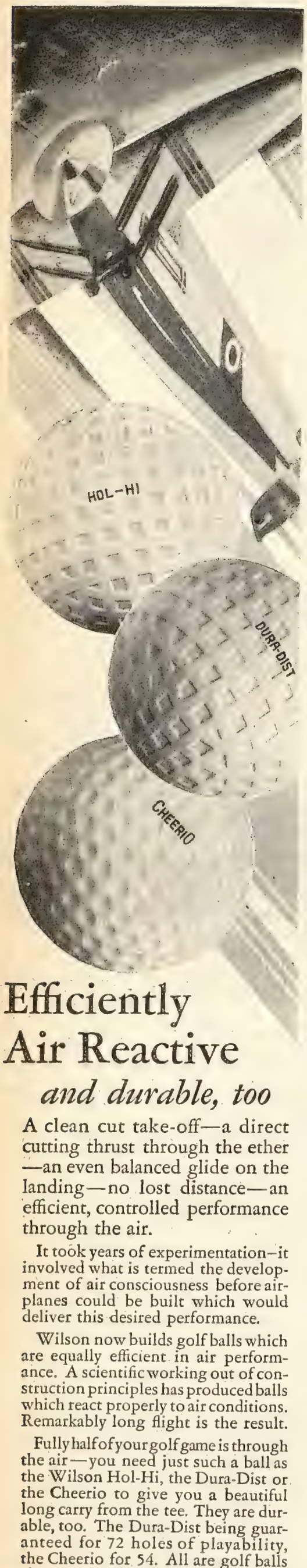
Drawing by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

Conversely, if we can advance into Germany by way of Treves and Coblenz, we also shall have the shortest line through this great gateway into the country of the Teutons. Now our American Army, acting under its own chiefs and holding its own sector of the line, is charged with the duty of advancing into the Treves gap and, by pushing on, to threaten this great open portal into Germany.

NO better mission could be given us. It is a difficult one on account of the ground lying to the north of us, particularly in the Argonne Forest; but with our fresh troops, not yet war tired, and with the great force which we are capable of assembling before many months go by, we have the post of honor of the whole campaign.

Certainly the Europeans would not have liked to give us a place of such importance in this contest; but, reduced to the last extremity of their defense by the onslaught of the Germans, they have had to gracefully acknowledge that we now hold the whip hand, and if the war is to be won by the Allies, it is the Americans who are going to win it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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and durable, too

A clean cut take-off—a direct cutting thrust through the ether—an even balanced glide on the landing—no lost distance—an efficient, controlled performance through the air.

It took years of experimentation—it involved what is termed the development of air consciousness before airplanes could be built which would deliver this desired performance.

Wilson now builds golf balls which are equally efficient in air performance. A scientific working out of construction principles has produced balls which react properly to air conditions. Remarkably long flight is the result.

Fully half of your golf game is through the air—you need just such a ball as the Wilson Hol-Hi, the Dura-Dist or the Cheerio to give you a beautiful long carry from the tee. They are durable, too. The Dura-Dist being guaranteed for 72 holes of playability, the Cheerio for 54. All are golf balls abreast of the times.

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

At most places the line is more or less straight, and the Air Service acts out from it more or less homogeneously all along the front. Now we are attacking a "salient," so I intend to change the ordinary procedure and employ massed air attacks against the vital points in the enemy's rear. In this case we can hit first from one side of the salient and then from the other.

IN the present case I shall have a preponderance in the air for at least two days before the Germans can concentrate. I have, therefore, issued orders to the French Air Division that they will attack entirely by brigades, nothing smaller. There are two brigades of about 400 airplanes each in the division. One brigade will habitually attack twice a day on the right of the salient, entering it from west of Pont-à-Mousson. The bombardment will attack Vigneulles, Conflans, and Briey.

At the time their gas is beginning to run out, the Second Brigade of the Air Division will attack the same places from the left of the salient, crossing the lines in the vicinity of Génicourt and Fort Haudainville. In this way, while the Germans are resisting one of our brigades and fighting it, I shall catch them in the rear with the other brigade.

Our bombardment wing, consisting of the Second and Third Pursuit Groups, with the bombardment group, will act out from the head of the salient and will attack Vigneulles. We have done everything we can with this new bombardment organization, but they have not yet had the experience required to make them proficient.

Our bombardment group is not in good condition. It is poorly commanded, the morale is weak, and it will take some time to get it on its feet. This is largely due to the fact that when I was away in Château-Thierry the Ninety-sixth Squadron was left behind in the Toul area.

A certain major, who was then in command of one of the air squadrons, flew over into Germany with what ships he had available for duty.

He lost his way in the fog and landed in Germany with every ship intact. Not one ship was burned or destroyed, and the Germans captured the whole outfit.

This is the most glaring exhibition of worthlessness that we have had on the front.

The Germans sent back a humorous message which was dropped on one of our airdromes. It said:

> We thank you for the fine airplanes and equipment which you have sent us, but what shall we do with the Major?

I know of no other performance in any air force that was as reprehensible as this.

Needless to say, we did not reply about the Major, as he was better off in Germany at that time than he would have been with us.

A Dolphin plane. Drawing by Clayton Knight

THE day for the attack drew near. Joralemon had done wonderful work in locating our great air host, preparing its airdromes, and getting its supplies. Colonel De Witt, G-4, of the General Staff, had helped us to the limit. On September 7 the French Air Division reported and took its place.

We moved the air forces in to their airdromes with the greatest secrecy possible so as not to let the Germans know how many airplanes we were assembling. We were careful not to make too great a display over the front; but, on the other hand, we kept our pursuit patrols working up as high as they could go, about 20,000 feet, so as to prevent German reconnaissance.

Wartime scene on one of the French airdromes near the St. Mihiel sector.

In our advance airdromes, such for instance as at Souilly, I had camouflage or fake hangars constructed with fake airplanes in front, so that if the Germans took pictures of them it would look as if a certain number of aircraft were there. Each day I had the position of these camouflage airplanes changed.

I issued orders, among others, to the Eighty-eighth Squadron, commanded by Major Christy, to occupy the airdrome at Souilly. They were to come up from Luxeuil near Belfort, and arrive at Souilly just before dark, so as to put their airplanes into the hangars immediately and in this way escape observation from the enemy. During the night of September 9 I had real hangars put up exactly where the camouflage hangars had been.

IN every other case the organizations, flying low, arrived just before dark and immediately hid themselves. Christy, however, apparently did not get the spirit of the order. He arrived with his squadron in broad daylight, leading it himself, lined it up on the field, then took his own ship with the best observer and actually made a reconnaissance away over Metz, and got away with it.

He was lucky not to have been killed, but it disclosed our whole position at Souilly. The enemy then knew exactly what was there. It was a very brave act, but absolutely the wrong thing to do. I told Christy what I thought of it. (Christy never did anything like that again; in fact, he developed into one of the best commanders that we had on the front.)

September 12 had been decided upon as the day of our grand attack. It was the greatest army ever assembled under the American flag—400,000 men with about 3,000 cannon facing the enemy. Our air force consisted of nearly 1,500 airplanes.

Of course, the Germans knew that we were going to attack them in the St. Mihiel salient. Their power of offensive and initiative passed after the battle at Soissons. St. Mihiel was a dangerous place for them to hold; in fact, they could not; all they could do was to delay our operations.

They, therefore, had no intention of holding it, and had put in, in addition to a few of their first-line organizations, a lot of second-line troops and Austrians, in which were included many Honvéd (Hungarian) regiments.

In my personal reconnaissance with Major Armengaud over the

lines on September 10, I noticed considerable movement to the rear, which indicated that the Germans were withdrawing from the St. Mihiel salient. What was my surprise and consternation to find at the meeting of General Pershing's staff, on the evening before the attack, that our chief engineer recommended that we delay the attack because there had been considerable rain.

This, he said, held up our light railways used for getting up artillery ammunition. The question of adequate water for some of the troops would be difficult, and a thousand and one things which could not be done were mentioned.

I was surprised to see that several officers present agreed. I was the junior member of the staff, and when it got to me for my opinion, I told them very plainly that I knew the Germans were withdrawing from the St. Mihiel salient, as I had seen them personally; that our troops were now in position for the attack and were keyed up to it. Furthermore, I said, there was not going to be much of a battle at St. Mihiel; our troops might be better off without artillery, as they would probably shoot a good many of our own men anyway; and all we had to do was to jump on the Germans, and the quicker we did it, the better.

General Pershing smiled and ordered that we attack.

On September 11 I assembled the officers from every major organization of the Air Service within our great force—British, French, Italians, and Americans. I read them their orders.

THE morning of September 12 dawned dark and cloudy, with intermittent rain. Clouds hung low and the visibility was very poor. Nevertheless, our Air Service, with that of our Allies, went over the lines, and I was much pleased with the fact that virtually no German airplanes got over our ground troops.

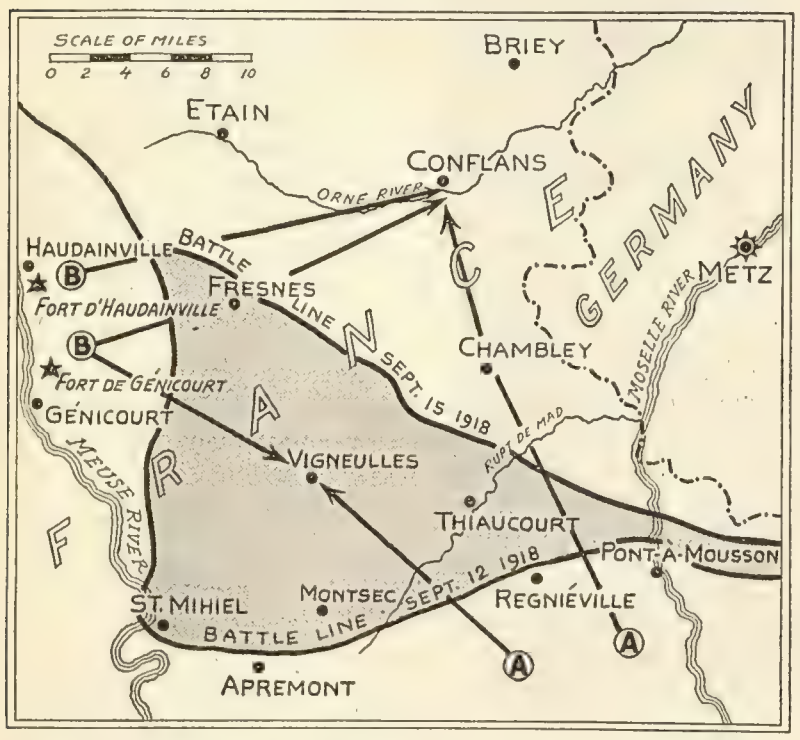
We forced the German airmen to fight away back of Vigneulles and Conflans, thirty miles away from our ground troops. We had many combats at these places during the day. On September 13 we could see that the enemy was concentrating all his available air power against us because he was losing too many prisoners. The Germans did not care whether we took the St. Mihiel salient or not, but they did not want to lose a lot of prisoners and equipment.

Our air force, however, by attacking their transportation trains, railroads, and columns on the roads, piled them up with débris so that it was impossible for many of their troops to get away quickly, resulting in their capture by our infantry.

The British, under General Trenchard, tore into their airdromes, smashed up their hangars, and forced them to fight at all points.

BY September 14 the German Air Service began to appear in great force and we had a tremendous number of combats. There was one fight which I wish to mention particularly, because it illustrates the terrific destructive power of pursuit aviation when acting against bombardment aviation.

On September 14 one of our bombardment squadrons belonging to a French group failed, on account of poor visibility in cloudy weather, to meet the pursuit aviation that was detailed to protect it. Nevertheless it proceeded to bombard the objective.



Map shows how the Allied fliers caught the Germans first from one side, then the other. (A) The planes attacking from the southeast. (B) Those attacking from around Génicourt. The shaded area shows the ground taken by the doughboys.

There were eighteen airplanes in the squadron, fifteen being two-seaters and three of them being three-seaters. The three-seaters were equipped with six guns each, and, as far as volume of gunfire was concerned, were the most powerful airplanes on the Western Front. They were unable to maneuver as rapidly as the single-seaters, however.

The three-seaters were supposed to be for the protection of the two-seaters; that is, these powerfully gunned airplanes were expected to fight off the enemy pursuit while the bombers concentrated their whole attention on dropping bombs on the targets.

The squadron flew in a V formation. One of the great three-seaters was on each flank and one in the opening behind. When this squadron crossed the line on the way to its objective, it was passed by a patrol of twelve German pursuit airplanes, flying one behind the other, about 500 meters above it.

The German patrol deployed in line formation behind the bombardment squadron. Four of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Teeth so white

YET...

4 out of 5

get Pyorrhea

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Dissolved in water, Sal Hepatica makes a bubbling, sparkling drink, refreshing to the taste, invigorating in its effect. The best time to take it is in the morning upon arising or a half hour before any meal.

Keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert with this bracing saline. Look at your tongue every morning. If it is coated—if you awake tired and depressed—make yourself internally clean by taking Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve the headaches and other ills traceable to self-poisoning.

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

enemy airplanes attacked the three-seater which was behind, and sent it down in flames. The other eight kept up a long-range fire at the squadron so as to derange its aim while dropping its bombs on the city of Conflans. At the same time, anti-aircraft artillery opened fire at the vanguard of the squadron, while the German pursuit ships attacked the rear.

While anti-aircraft guns failed to hit any of the airplanes, their bursting shells allowed the German pursuit organizations, which were now concentrating for an attack on the squadron, to see where they were.

All the bombs were dropped on the objective and the return flight was started to our lines. Just as the turn was made, a fresh enemy pursuit squadron came up, immediately deployed, and attacked the rearmost plane and shot the observer through the leg. He continued the battle, however, and hit one enemy plane, which fell in flames.

THE formation was now well on its way back, when a third enemy squadron attacked from in front and to the left. The bombing squadron was now being attacked from underneath, above, and on the same level.

The great, lumbering bombing machines huddled together as a flight of geese might when attacked by falcons, the pursuit airplanes diving at them from all directions, firing their machine guns, then zooming up in the air or turning over on their backs at a speed of about 200 miles an hour, taking an erratic course to avoid the fire of the big ships, and then resuming their position for attack again.

By this time the big three-seater protection plane on the left had been shot in one of its engines and started slipping down. Immediately when it left the formation it was jumped on by three German machines. In a moment it was shot to pieces and disappeared in flames.

Fighting now had become terrific. More German machines were constantly joining their comrades. The signals made by the artillery projectiles bursting in the air, and the radio on the ground, told the German aviators that our bombardment squadron had no pursuit protection and was an easy victim.

The attacks of the German pursuit ships were carried on up to within fifty feet of the bombardment planes.

The next airplane to be hit was No. 13, a two-seater, which caught fire and dropped its movable gasoline tank. It dived at a sharp angle, turned over on its back about 200 meters below the squadron, lost its left wing, and then crashed to the ground.

At this same moment a German pursuit ship was shot down, on fire. No. 2 bombardment airplane was hit in the gasoline tank in the upper wing, and caught fire; but the machine, flaming like a torch, kept its position in the formation. The machine gunner was magnificent in his courage, fighting the hostile airplanes while the flames slowly crept up around him. The plane continued to fly for about 200 meters, leaving behind it a trail of fire about twice as long as the ship itself.

Drawing by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

An anti-aircraft gun in action.

Pilot and observer by this time were consumed, and the airplane dived to its doom. At about that time a German Fokker plane, diving vertically with its engine full on, lost both its wings. Now the whole right wing of the squadron had been shot down and a rearrangement of formation was made so as to get the remaining machines into V formation again.

Machines Nos. 9 and 14 were then both hit at the same time, No. 14 catching fire. The pilot of No. 14 stretched out his arms toward the sky, and, waving his hand and saying farewell to the remainder of the squadron, went to eternity. No. 9 machine disappeared, and as it did so an additional German pursuit machine retired from the combat, crippled.

No. 15 machine was now having a hard time keeping up with the formation. Its gasoline tank had been perforated by bullets, its aileron control cut, and its rudder hit. However, it kept up.

By this time the squadron had come back to our lines, and was joined and protected by our pursuit aviation. The combat in its intensity lasted for forty minutes, and of eighteen airplanes which had constituted the squadron only five remained.

Most of the crews were wounded and their planes perforated in all parts by bullets. They had never once broken their formation or failed to obey the orders of their leader. They furnished an example of military precision and bravery which is required of all airmen.

(These pilots were not equipped with parachutes, which might have saved many a good man, nor did they have radios with which to call for assistance to their comrades not far off. In those days we did not have such things. Today it is inexcusable to send men into combat without these two great protective measures.)

I MENTION this battle to show the character of training that is necessary for our people in the air. Combats of this kind during intense operations are a daily occurrence.

The Battle of St. Mihiel was really over on the first day, and every objective had been accomplished. I was glad to see that our tanks did so well, because I am convinced that in the future the tank will be the only means of advancing on the ground against a well intrenched and determined enemy. George Patten rode into St. Mihiel on the back of one of his tanks away ahead of any other ground troops in the vicinity. This is the kind of stuff that we need.

We have won a great victory at St. Mihiel. We have actually advanced about two or three miles on the ground. We have not had to move any of our airdromes or to change any of our air arrangements. The Army might fight for a month and not get too far away from the support of our present aircraft locations. This is not getting to the interior of Germany. What does it amount to, except killing thousands of our men and the enemy's?

The tanks are growing in importance every day. The British

obtained a great victory on August 8 by a tank attack. The headquarters of German divisions were captured even before the alarm reached them.

Never has a ground attack succeeded so well as did this one, and I hope that our Staff will not prevent an adequate development of our tank service, just because it is something new.

As soon as our battle was over we began preparations for moving into the Argonne. Our green troops did all sorts of things that they shouldn't, some of which required decisive action.

The following order of September 16 is amusing, as it shows how easily the Germans obtained information about our troops:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
FRANCE

16 September, 1918.

FROM: Chief of Staff, First Army, A. E. F.
TO: Corps Commanders, First Army, and Commanders Army Units, First Army, A. E. F.
SUBJECT: Violations of Orders.

1. Certain uncoded messages sent in violation of G. O. No. 103, c. s., G. H. Q., A. E. F., by a unit of this Command during exercises in a back area, and intercepted by a control station of the First Army, could have been, and probably were, intercepted by the enemy, furnishing him with the identification of the unit and its location. Corps and Division Commanders are cautioned to make full use of their listening-in sets and control stations to detect violations of the General Order mentioned, with the view of preventing valuable information being given to the enemy, as well as with the view of taking disciplinary action against the offenders.

2. It has been reported that during the recent offensive by the First Army certain prisoners were robbed of jewelry, money, and other personal belongings. Stringent measures will be taken by all concerned to prevent any further recurrence of such disgraceful conduct, and commanding officers will be held strictly responsible for the discipline of their units in this connection.

By command of
GENERAL PERSHING.

Our balloons did very well in the St. Mihiel battle. Although not used to the extent that they should have been by the ground troops, they rendered splendid service under Paegelow.

The observers in the baskets showed great bravery in remaining aloft under all conditions, night and day, and in some cases, where their balloons were burned by hostile attacks, jumped from their baskets in parachutes.

The enemy balloons, however, although they did little actual good to their troops, were a source of constant irritation to our ground troops. If a soldier on the ground sees any hostile aircraft in the air, no matter how impotent they may be, he at once conceives the idea that everything he does is seen and immediately reported, and, as a result, the enemy can direct his artillery fire against the reserves that are coming up from behind to help him.

AIRCRAFT really exert an uncanny influence—on new troops particularly, and even on old ones—and quite rightly, because many of these things are so. The balloons, however, can see much less than airplanes.

In view of this comment about the German balloons bothering our ground troops so much, I called up Major Hartney, Commander of our First Pursuit Group, and had him come to my headquarters.

I told him that the orthodox way of attacking balloons by approaching them in various directions, and then pushing the attack under cover of the sun or of the forest, or some other method of obscuring the approach of the actual attacking airplanes, was pretty well understood by the Germans.

Frank Luke, the Balloon Buster, and (above) the last sausage that fell beneath his flaming bullets.

I mentioned to him that at night the balloons were pulled down to the ground and remained in their nests, and that they arose early in the morning with their envelopes damp and, therefore, would not burn readily when hit by our small .30 - caliber flaming bullets. In the afternoon, as the sun is in the west, we have to go pretty far into the enemy's country to approach the balloons under its protection.

I told Hartney to go back and figure out a new way of destroying the balloons and that I did not care how he did it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Heed this Warning

Stomach upset, headachy, nervous . . . after 3 days on the road

An enemy rides with you

. . . You'll find safe relief in this delicious "Chocolated" laxative

OVERNIGHT Pullman jumps, changing drinking water, restaurant meals . . . it's small wonder that the man who travels, invariably rides with a sworn enemy of health and energy. For under such circumstances life is too irregular; the stomach is upset, and so the body rebels. It becomes stagnated with the destructive backwash of faulty elimination.

Now modern science brings you Ex-Lax, the safe, sure laxative that will help to keep you free from this insidious condition at home and on the road.

You Eat It Like Candy

When trouble first flashes its warning sign, take this modern laxative that tastes like candy. Take it at night before retiring. In the morning you'll awaken feeling fresh, alert and vigorous.

Made of pure chocolate, Ex-Lax is treated with a harmless, tasteless laxative agent that helps to bring relief and sweep noxious poisons from the system—without griping or upsetting the stomach.

Take It Without Fear

And you can take Ex-Lax, freely, night after night, if need be. For it will never form a harmful habit. Ex-Lax is safe. Doctors prescribe it both for children and grown-ups.

Get Ex-Lax, the "Chocolated" laxative, from your druggist, 10c, 25c, and 50c. Also for more obstinate cases, he sells Ex-Lax, "Fig Flavor," delicious nuggets made from the choicest fresh Smyrna figs, 15c and 35c.

Make This Free Test

We are so sure that you will like Ex-Lax, that we want you to try it at our expense. Just fill in and mail the coupon. We'll send you a trial box of this safe, delicious laxative—free!

NOW MAIL COUPON FOR FREE EX-LAX

for constipation

EX-LAX

"it's the candy"

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Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dept. L-428 A

Please send me, without obligation on my part, a free trial box of Ex-Lax, the safe, sure laxative that tastes like candy.

*Name*_____

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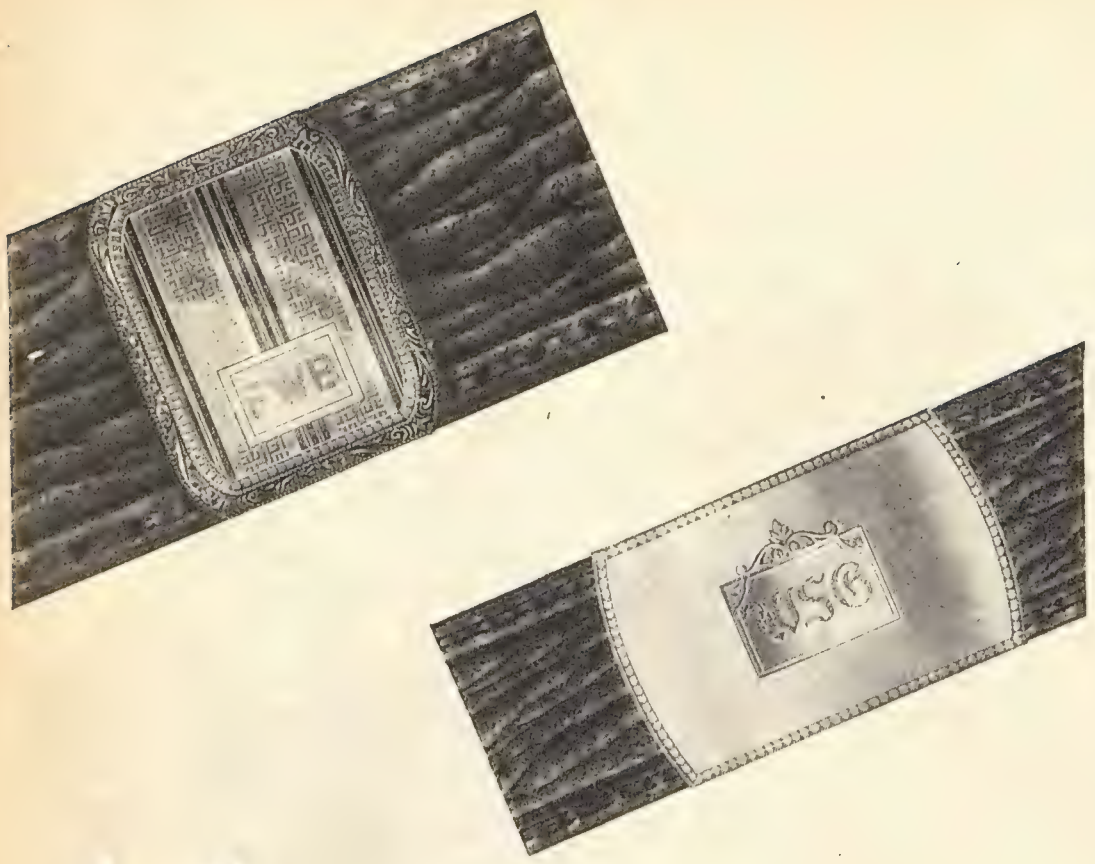
*City*_____ *State*_____



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You've never seen another belt buckle quite like these by Wadsworth!

Permanently non-slipping, with a special patented grip that locks itself tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

Offered in sterling silver or in 14-kt. white or green gold filled, of the same quality required in the making of high grade watch cases.

Designed with the same artistry, fashioned with the same exacting standards that have made Wadsworth Watch Cases the consistent choice of the world's leading watch manufacturers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

Just as your jeweler can tell a good watch case at a glance by the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside, so you too can quickly judge a belt buckle by the same mark stamped on the back.

See the Wadsworth Belt Buckle. Compare it with any other buckle you have ever known. Then let your jeweler point out *additional* reasons why you should prefer a buckle by Wadsworth, either as a gift for someone else or for your own use. Find out what a belt buckle *can* be!

You will find that your jeweler has a pleasing variety of designs for you to select from, in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chains.

Prices: sterling silver, $4.50 to $7; 14-kt. gold filled, $9 to $12. Sets: sterling silver, $9 to $12; 14-kt. gold filled, $15 to $20.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Kentucky, Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

Hartney, who is an enthusiastic and able man, kept cocking his head from one side to the other, saying, "Precisely, precisely," as I gave him the instructions; but all of the time he was thinking how it would be possible to devise methods which had not been tried in the last three years.

THE next morning, September 18, Hartney told me that he had a solution. Upon returning to his group, he had gone and looked at the position of various balloons, and had also sent some selected pilots to do the same thing. They also had discovered the ground nests of several German balloons.

Hartney's solution of the problem was to go out with only two pilots, one to stay above to protect the lower one. The lower one was to fly along close to the ground and shoot the balloon in its nest, just at dusk or even after dark.

U. S. Official

A balloon in its ground nest protected by camouflage.

Accordingly, Hartney equipped the airplanes of Lieutenants Wehner and Luke with eleven-mm. or .45-caliber machine guns, which fire a large flaming bullet. He told me that he would attack that evening at dusk, and for me to look over toward the place where the German balloon was. If I saw a large fire, it would indicate that the balloon had been successfully attacked and was burning.

I did so, and exactly at the time appointed the fire occurred. Later another one occurred.

That evening Hartney called me up and said that Luke and Wehner had destroyed two balloons, and in addition Luke had shot down an enemy airplane just south of Verdun. He had come down close to the ground, where the airplane fell, so as to make sure of the capture of the pilot. This was indeed wonderful work.

I told Hartney to continue to destroy all the German balloons, and he responded: "Yes, sir; there won't be one left on the front in a few days."

This proved to be almost correct. The Germans moved all their balloons back and put dummy balloons up, with nobody in them except a straw figure, to try and divert our attention. These they surrounded with great numbers of machine guns on the ground, which they hoped would shoot down our planes, lured to the dummy balloons.

The Germans did not pull the dummies down to earth when we came near them, but left them in the air, hoping in this way to fool our people.

Unfortunately, Wehner was killed almost immediately.

U. S. Official

Major H. E. Hartney.

Luke, acting alone without Wehner, was shot down in enemy territory, and unfortunately was killed while defending himself with his pistol. He had obtained more victories than any other pilot during the time he was on the front.

Our problem in the Argonne is quite different from what it was at St. Mihiel. There we had a salient which projected into our lines. Here we have a more or less straight front, except on our right flank at Verdun, which is refused or sloped back and to the right.

This gives an excellent opportunity for the German Aviation to attack us in flank in the air. This nearly always leads to a rear attack. It is even more serious in the air than is a similar attack on the ground. During the Battle of Verdun in August, 1917, I saw the German Aviation come in from the right of Verdun and shoot down the French balloons without mercy, and also cover the French lines with their reconnaissance planes everywhere.

I know that this same thing would happen to us when once the battle starts. Therefore, as far as enemy reconnaissance and work over our own ground troops by German planes is concerned, I have to watch our right flank. In St. Mihiel, on account of the shape of the front, I had an opportunity to send heavy masses of the air force into one side of the salient, then into the other side, keeping the enemy constantly occupied.

HERE, being unable to do this, I have decided to mass our offensive aviation on the main axis of liaison, or the center axis of advance of the whole army. This line runs from Epinonville to Romagne to Banthéville. This is the area through which the highroads that supply the German army come from the north.

Our object in doing this is to destroy the German stores of ammunition and supplies in the area behind the army, to attack any infantry reserves coming up, and also to force the air fighting well into German territory.

I think that the time has come, as our air reenforcements are rapidly moving up, when we can push the fighting farther and farther into the enemy's country. From an air standpoint, the two important places on our flanks are Dun-sur-Meuse on the Meuse River on the right, and Grand Pré on the edge of the Argonne Forest, and the roads north of it, on our left.

In the next installment General Mitchell describes the Argonne, the Allied fliers' air raid on Damvillers, and the famous Lost Battalion episode.

In Defense of CADDIES

A Champion's Experiences with the Wise Men of the Links

By
GLENNA COLLETT

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

Not until she relaxed would the Scotch caddie let Miss Collett take a club.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 24 seconds.)

"THERE are no good caddies; some are worse than others!"

This golfing maxim was salvaged, it is said, from the testimony of a choleric duffer on trial for homicide after the mysterious disappearance of the small boy who had carried his bag. The youngster, who had a habit of whistling around the greens, was last seen fleeing into a thicket closely pursued by his employer, who was brandishing a mid-iron.

A jury of golfers who had never broken a hundred, and who therefore were quite familiar with the perversity of caddies, brought in a verdict of acquittal. The district attorney, chairman of the caddie committee at his club, stated privately that he thought a finding of justifiable homicide would have been more in keeping with the facts, but that, nevertheless, he felt the ends of justice had been served.

I have never had an impulse to do away with my caddie. I have had impulses, to be sure, but they have been somewhat less drastic. But perhaps I have been fortunate in my bag carriers. I tremble to think what I might have done had fate ever given me the terrible black boy who caddied for E. A. Valentine of Chicago in a foursome at Belleair Heights, Florida, a few winters ago.

The match included Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice, Valentine, and another who has escaped my memory.

Valentine's caddie was an overgrown colored boy, none too bright in appearance. For a few holes he was not especially noticeable, except in his invariable failure to be near when Valentine wanted a club.

"Here, boy!" Valentine would call before each stroke, and sometimes two or three calls would be necessary to startle him out of his reverie. Even then he would shamble over with exasperating deliberation.

Although this occurred on *every* stroke, Valentine bore it all in a Christian spirit. When the boy tangled his feet in the bag and fell against him as he was addressing the ball, he was only slightly annoyed.

"You know," he said mildly, "I don't believe he has been caddying very long."

"And he'll not be caddying much longer," said Lardner.

A hole or so later Valentine had a good drive, and his caddie, with unwonted energy, hurried down the fairway. When Valentine came up to the ball he found it buried level with the turf. Someone had stepped on it.

"Rastus," said Valentine severely, "did you step on that ball?"

"Mah name's Gawge," said the caddie.

"Well, whatever your name is, be careful of your feet hereafter."

George kept sullenly silent and reached into the bag, drawing out a putter, while Valentine dropped another ball.

"No, George," said Valentine patiently; "I think a mashie would be a better club for this shot—it makes a rather long putt."

George advanced with the bag held awkwardly in front of him, stumbled and fell, sprawled out, and as he got to his feet he stepped on the second ball.

For a hole or two there were no other incidents which might have been considered a *casus belli*. True, George took some practice swings with a brassie and cracked the shaft, but no violent hands were laid upon him. He fell down again while Valentine was driving. Nevertheless, the match went to the final green with George still enjoying life and liberty.

ON the last hole George did everything perfectly up to the green. He kept on his feet, stepped on no balls, was always at hand with the proper club. Such excellent service inspired Valentine and he had a ten-foot putt for a birdie.

George stood at the cup, holding the flag as Valentine drove straight to the hole. The ball seemed sure to drop. But in some manner it struck the toe of George's ample shoe and rolled on beyond the cup.

Valentine started toward him with a firm grip on his putter, but George was laughing violently. Lardner grasped the caddie by the arm and led him to Valentine.

"I want to present an old friend," he said. "Mr. Valentine, meet Mr. Don Parker, the world's worst caddie."

Parker, on a wager, had blacked his face with burnt cork and arranged with the caddie master of the Belleair Heights Club to assign him to Valentine. Lardner, Rice, and many of the large gallery were in on the joke. The fact that many others suspected nothing testifies that some golfers are surprised at nothing a caddie may do.

UNDOUBTEDLY "George" is the logical development of the terrible little boys who may be found here and there in some of our thousands of caddie houses. In fact, some of them have carried for me and bet their nickels against me, perfidious little wretches, making their wagers safe by indifferent service and audible criticism of my efforts.

One of the most famous caddies in America always has been anathema to me. He has never served me (I have seen to that), but various of my opponents have engaged him from time to time, and he has construed it as part of his duties and loyalty to his players to look pityingly at me when I faced a critical shot.

When he had made me thus aware of his disturbing presence, he took the more annoying course of turning his back as I was about to play and walking away with ostentatious indifference.

A caddie who dislikes you is a terrific mental hazard. You cannot escape his scorn. There is a story, legendary in golf, which illustrates this.

"I'm tired of your laughing at my game," a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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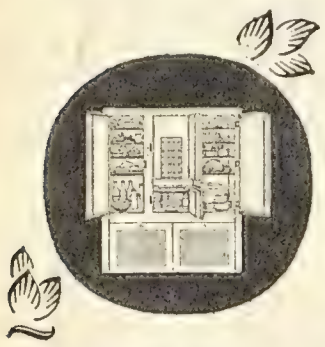

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[IN DEFENSE OF CADDIES Continued from Page Fifty-five]

wrathful duffer told his caddie. "If I hear any more impudence from you I'll hit you over the head."

"All right," said the caddie; "but I'll bet you don't know what would be the right club to do it with."

Miss Cecil Leitch tells of playing with a woman whose sharp temper had not endeared her to the boys who carried clubs on a famous English course. Miss Leitch always had an advantage whenever a knoll hid the green from view of the players. The caddies kicked the balls—Miss Leitch's toward the cup, her sharp-tempered opponent's into a trap.

"We both knew what was happening, but what could we do?" said Miss Leitch. To the great disgust of the two boys, Miss Leitch contrived to waste a stroke on the holes where the caddies had conspired against her opponent.

BUT if you can win a caddie's confidence and respect, there is no more pleasant companion on the links. He is a close observer, a retentive listener, and intense in his likes and dislikes.

He knows and despises the players who are not above improving their lie, or lying about their score. Yet, if you do not discourage him, he is very likely to flatten the grass around your ball when it is in the rough or assist you in other sly ways.

All boys are hero worshipers and so are caddies. Naturally the hopeless duffer is not a hero to his caddie.

When Chick Evans was caddying at a club near Chicago his hero was "Tom," the club professional. The greatest honor that had come to Chick up to that time was his selection as Tom's bag carrier in a sectional tournament. Every night Chick knelt beside his bed and prayed that Tom would win the cup.

It would make a charming story to record that Tom came through, but in the interests of veracity it must be confessed that he was eliminated.

J. H. Taylor, the British professional who won the Open Championship several times, was a caddie at Westward Ho in his boyhood days, and confesses he rather scorned to carry the clubs of duffers.

Once he hid in a ditch to escape serving two famous generals of the King's army who were notoriously rotten golfers.

This discrimination ought not to be quoted against caddies, for they are adolescent golfers. If Hagen and Bobby Jones were playing a match, and Brown and Smith, a pair of duffers, teed off at the same time on an adjoining course, one would be safe in saying the gallery would pay slight attention to the duffers.

As judges of the game caddies have no superiors. From their ranks have come most of the leading players of the world, and their skill was not gained from a study of the form of portly men who go around in 120.

Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Al Watrous, professionals, and George Von Elm, Chick Evans, Francis Ouimet, and S. Davidson Herron, amateurs, are a few of the better known American golfers who laid the foundation of their game in caddie days. Most of the British and Scotch professionals began the game as caddies. James Braid, J. H. Taylor, and Sandy Herd served long apprenticeships as bag carriers.

So it is difficult to accept the golfing duffer's maxim that there are no good caddies. The perfect caddie carried for me at Troon, Scotland, when I met Miss Joyce Wethered in the British Ladies' Championship. In that match, I think, my game reached its height. I was defeated, four and three, but nevertheless I was two under par for the fifteen holes, equivalent to a round of 75 on a good stiff course. That was no mean accomplishment in a women's tournament where scores under 80 are rare enough to be counted on the fingers.

MY caddie was responsible. Without him I would never have carried on to the fifteenth green against Miss Wethered, who was five under par, even fours for the distance, and needed only pars on the last three holes for a round of 72—the finest round a woman has ever played in a championship match.

My caddie was an ancient Scotchman, at least sixty-five years old. Had he not been so spry and alert I would have said that he had passed seventy. Some of these old fellows have carried bags and given sage advice when they were eighty.

But it was not the sage advice of my caddie that bolstered me up. Undoubtedly he knew the course perfectly and I am sure he gave me oceans of excellent advice; but it was utterly wasted, for I could not understand a word he said. He had the thickest burr and most baffling brogue I have encountered—even more unintelligible than what passes for Scotch dialect on the Nineteenth Green, where golf stories are exchanged.

The perfect caddie does not need to weigh you down with advice. His value lies in other directions. On the first tee I dipped into the sand box; but the old fellow, with a gentle but firm motion, opened my hand and swept the sand from my palm.

"Noo, noo," he said.

Always I had been accustomed to making my own tees, because the caddies I had drawn had not seemed to consider that job a part of their functions. But I did not protest, particularly when I found the tee was perfect. My caddie placed the ball on the tee, stepped back deliberately, and pulled a driver from the bag.

Something of his deliberation was communicated to me. I hit a nice ball down the fairway. For that stroke I had nothing to do except hit the ball. It was the first time in my life that a stroke had cost so little effort.

ONE fault which has added much to my score is a tendency to hurry my shots—a handicap which I had heretofore supposed due to hopeless nervousness. My grizzled old caddie divined this delusion immediately.

When I came up to my ball on the fairway he was standing ready with a mashie which I reached for quickly. I turned sharply away from him, but the caddie was holding tightly to the club. He was placid, unaggressive, but resolute. He said something which I guessed meant for me to take my time.

In a moment my grip on the mashie handle relaxed, and as he perceived this he let me have the club. As a result I addressed the ball calmly after deliberately studying the lie and the range. The ball dropped on the green.

Not once during the match would my caddie let me take a club until I had perfect control of my nerves.

When I sank my putt on the first green I stepped toward the cup to recover the ball, but my caddie was already there.

"Noo, noo," he said, as he reached in to get it. Thus I was given to understand that here was a caddie who knew how to caddie, and intended to do his work properly whether his player was accustomed to such service or not.

From time to time he talked to me, but the portent of his words escaped me entirely. However, the effect was soothing. Although I was playing in one of the most important matches of my golfing

"It's a spoon shot," the caddie repeated to Francis Ouimet.

career, and was opposed by Joyce Wethered at her miraculous best, not once did I let nervousness crowd me to ragged playing.

America has no caddies comparable to those old fellows at Troon, St. Andrews, and the other famous courses of golf's homeland.

Grantland Rice (left) and Ring Lardner framed one of golf's best jokes.

There caddying is a profession which has developed into an art—so much so that its exponents sometimes develop artistic temperament.

They give advice when it is asked—sometimes when it is not—and that advice is based upon the best of experience, for many of them have seen most of the famous stars of two or three generations. They know their courses as a mariner knows his charts.

A FEW years ago Francis Ouimet was playing in the British Open Championship and his bag was carried by one of the famous "old boys." Ouimet had made satisfactory progress, although it was plain that the caddie was not entirely pleased with the American star's form. Still, there was no break until one of Ouimet's drives went far off the line.

When he came up to the ball the caddie handed him a spoon. Ouimet surveyed the distance to the green and decided on an iron. He shook his head at the caddie's proffer of the spoon.

"I think I'll use an iron," he said.

"It will never get you there; it's a spoon shot," declared the caddie.

"If you don't mind, I'll use an iron anyway," said Ouimet.

"It's a spoon shot," insisted the caddie, again offering that club.

Somewhat annoyed, Ouimet reached for the bag and drew out an iron. The caddie muttered, slipped out of the straps of the bag, and dropped it noisily on the ground. Then he started for the clubhouse, leaving the stubborn American to shift for himself.

Hundreds of shots he had seen from that spot in some forty years of caddying, and never had anyone, even the great Scotch professionals, got up to the green with anything but a spoon.

Ouimet played his iron perfectly—and was yards short of the green.

"He was right about it," Ouimet said with characteristic honesty. "It is a spoon shot."

One of the gallery carried his clubs the rest of the round. At its close Ouimet looked up his striking caddie and apologized to him.

What had piqued the caddie was the inference, in the rejection of his advice, that he did not know the course perfectly—that he could not estimate within a yard the carry necessary to get up to the pin.

These old caddies do not hesitate to give advice to the best professionals, and are not at all flattered when that advice is followed. There are few caddies on American courses who are qualified to give advice to our best players, although nearly all but the best could often consult them with profit.

There was once a chance that caddying might become a recognized vocation in America, but a ruling of the United States Golf Association directed at "tramp caddies" checked the growth of the movement.

UNTIL a few years ago the important tournaments attracted not only the leading players, but the best caddies as well—mature youths who traveled about the country to carry for their favorite players. When their player won they received a generous share of the prize money and rode to the next tournament in a chair car. Otherwise they "rode the rods."

This body of experienced caddies worked a hardship on the less adventuresome boys. When a National Open or Amateur Championship was held, most of the better known players, who are heroes in the caddie house as Babe Ruth is a hero on the sand lots, were appropriated by the traveling caddies, leaving only the lesser lights for the caddies of the home club. So the United States Golf Association ruled that in all tournaments under its jurisdiction the caddies would be furnished by the club entertaining the tournament.

Another regulation which hampers the growth of a mature group of caddies in this country is the one which makes a professional golfer of any boy who is in service as a caddie beyond his seventeenth

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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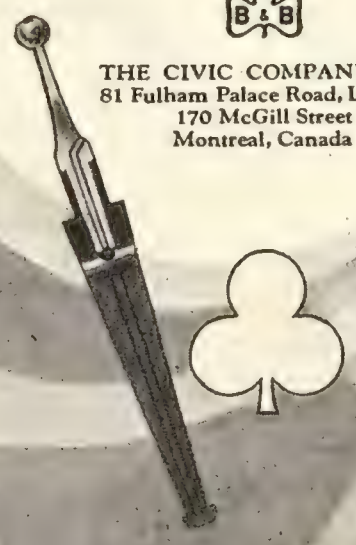

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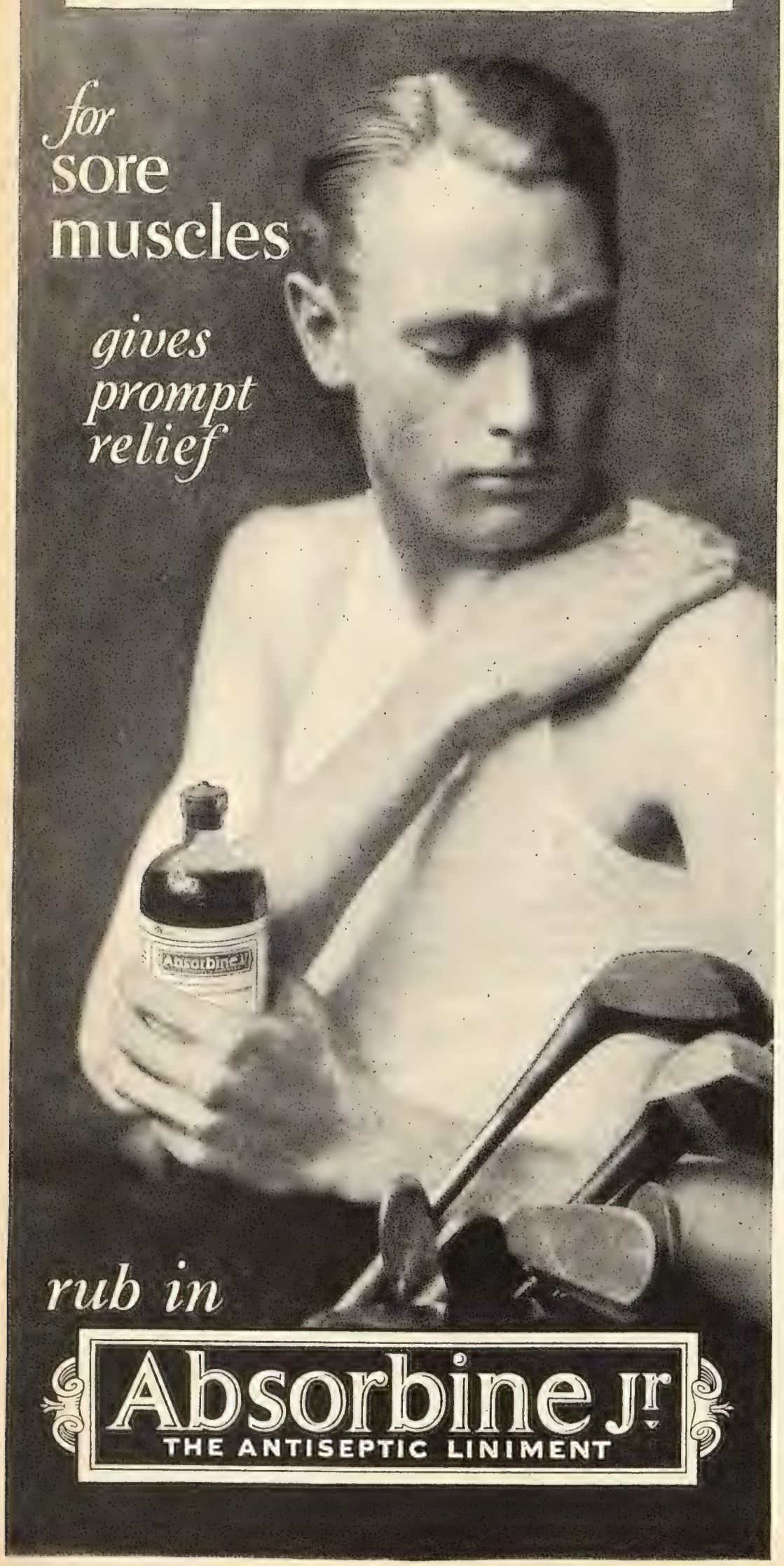

[IN DEFENSE OF CADDIES Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

year. It took Luke Ross nearly that long to win a national championship with Bobby Jones.

Luke is known to caddiedom as "Bobby Jones' caddie." He packed Bobby's bag when Bobby went to his first national tournament in short trousers, and persevered until Bobby finally conquered the jinx.

IN the days before the edict against traveling caddies, many of them had attached themselves to certain players, although most of them had several heroes. Jimmy Ahearn was Walter Hagen's favorite when "the Haig" was winning most of the open and professional titles.

Skip Malone carried for me when I won my first national championship, and ever afterward it always cheered me to get word from Skip that he would be on hand when I teed off. Larry O'Neill was Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd's caddie for several seasons.

King Brady, who attached himself to Leo Diegel; Vincent Sullivan, the favorite of Cyril Walker; Neal Sullivan, who had a leaning toward Mike Brady; Dixie Campbell, who was Willie Macfarlane's "boy"; Jimmy McDonald, who carried for Jimmy Manion when he could; and Frank Minielo, an admirer of Jess Sweetser, were some of the better known of the itinerant caddies. It may be well to remember their names, for some of them may be heard from later in their own right as golfers.

Jimmy McDonald was Hagen's caddie throughout the 1925 season, and made himself so indispensable that he was taken abroad for the British Open. He was sole custodian of Hagen's famous golf bag, which housed, besides its quota of a dozen or more clubs and balls, an umbrella, a clock, ball cleaner and brushes, a case for tees, a thermometer, a wind gauge, a caddie whistle, a rule book, an extra sweater, and a change of shoes.

It may give you an idea of the demands upon a "big-time" caddie to state that Jimmy not only carried this bag, but mastered the use of each bit of its assorted contents.

Don Parker, with face blackened, was "the world's worst caddie."

But the average golfer does not require so much of his caddie. The bag carrier has done enough if he watches the ball, keeps quiet and out of the way, and is conveniently near when you need a club. Few golfers have the finesse to need a thermometer or wind gauge, or the foresight to carry an umbrella and a change of shoes.

J. H. Taylor, in his account of his caddie days, does not mention that he did any thinking for his players.

Quite a few golfers appreciate such qualities in a caddie, and for that reason experiments with girl caddies have been successful. Many French courses have them, and a few in the United States. Harry Vardon has repeatedly expressed his preference for girls "because they are not so talkative."

I have never had a girl carry my bag, but I played in France in a match that introduced them to me. Miss Leitch was in the foursome at Le Touquet, and her caddie was a vivid little maid known to everyone as "Raimonde."

She was sharp-eyed and alert and genuinely interested in Miss Leitch's fortunes. Her "damn" when her player's ball found a bunker became a ritual, and though we smiled at first we did not laugh at Raimonde.

WHY are there bad caddies? Well, here is a true sketch of a golfer: On the first hole he sliced into the tall grass and burst into a flood of imprecations. He dropped another ball and took an eight. On the second tee he lectured the caddie. "I am not here to do your work," he said angrily. "Now keep your eye peeled."

His drive was dubbed, most likely because of his anger. He called the caddie with a snarl and yanked out a mashie, throwing the driver at the caddie's feet. A short putt missed cost a seven on that hole. "Stand off the green when I am putting," he snarled at the caddie.

On the third his drive rested in a divot scar, and, unable to fix responsibility on the boy, he abused the greens committee. "Gimme a mashie niblick and stand over there. Quit moving. Don't rattle that bag."

From hole to hole he abused the boy. "Get back, you're casting a shadow," though the heavens were clouded and the sun hidden. "Stop that chattering," although the boy was silent. "Put that flag down," when it was down.

Finishing the nine holes in 54, he took the bag and waved the caddie aside. "Go back to the clubhouse and tell the caddie master you are not satisfactory. I'll carry my own bag. That's all."

Yet this boy was known as the best caddie of a club near Yonkers. Goodness in a caddie, like beauty, seems to lie in the eye of the beholder.

Caddies in the United States, according to some estimates, earn $10,000,000 a year in fees—and if there are many golfers like the one just described they are underpaid.

THE END

Somewomen tint their hair as nonchalantly as their lingerie.

Hair-Raising Adventures

By EILEEN BOURNE

Drawings by FLORENCE VOSBURGH

Do not delay until your hair is as thin as a French forest.

WHAT makes hair grow? What makes it soft and lustrous? What keeps it from turning white? Anyone who could answer these questions positively for every individual would be worth $1,000,000 in a few weeks. But, alas, there is no such oracle. The mystery of hair is almost as deep as is that of existence.

Yet, in comparison with any other age in history, a tremendous volume of knowledge on this subject is now at hand. And scientists are adding to it every day. Consequently, if you have a shabby head of hair, nine times out of ten you can turn it into a crown of glory. All you have to do is to follow conscientiously the advice and treatment that experts are ready to give you.

Don't wait until your hair is as thin as a French forest. Watch for signs of trouble. They consist of itching, tenderness, the presence of dandruff, lack of new growth of hair, and either excessive dryness or excessive oiliness. Now, if you've spotted one of these symptoms, see if you yourself can determine the cause. Look first at your living habits. A sedentary life, too little exercise and fresh air, poor elimination, nerves, a run-down condition—all these faults of daily existence may be reflected in the condition of your hair. The minute you recover tone and pep, you're likely to find your locks getting lusty once more.

Meanwhile look to your hat. If it is too tight for your head you must cast it from you. Style is style, but a girl can't cut off all the blood supply from her scalp with a skullcap and not feel it. Try to remember to take off your hat whenever you may. Air and sun are as good for hair as for Airedales; and if the rays are too hot, put up a red, blue, or brown umbrella for protection.

Careful brushing removes a deal of dust and dirt.

And what about hygiene? Are your combs, brushes, and scalp as scrupulously clean as they should be? Reflect that any surface, even if only slightly oily, catches the dust; and in dust are germs. Unless you scrub your brushes and combs every day in warm water and soap, they are not really clean. And when you've achieved this standard yourself, don't trust your neighbor too far. Don't borrow a friend's comb, and don't go to a hairdresser who doesn't sterilize all his implements.

Now, as to keeping the scalp and hair clean, matters are not so simple. Many of our advisers are against frequent shampoos—just as many are for them. One French specialist allows his patients the least possible contact with soap and water. Yet this expert is as bald as a marble.

One of his confreres says: "Shampoo every day. I do it, and not only have thick hair, but, though for my age it should be white, it has hardly a sprinkle of gray." And, on the other hand, an experienced and successful beauty specialist here declares that daily washing tends to make the hair lose its color.

When doctors disagree, what can we do but choose the school of thought that seems to work best for individual cases? Most of us actually find that to wash the hair more frequently than every ten days makes it increasingly oily and that to wash it less often is unbearable.

Don't forget, however, that you can cleanse your locks fairly well without washing them. Brushing removes a great deal of dirt and dust. But here, once more, I must remind you that few people know the rules for using the brush correctly. You must lay it gently on the scalp and sweep it out to the very tip ends of the hair. After each stroke the brush ought to be wiped off on a rough towel, to prevent transferring dust from one part of the hair to another.

Next you should apply some cleansing liquid which suits the naturally dry or oily character of your scalp. Inquiry among French and American scalp specialists produces the advice that eau de Cologne has both antiseptic and tonic qualities. For a dry scalp use this recipe suggested by the American authority, Dr. Oscar Levin: a teaspoonful of castor oil, four ounces of 50-per-cent alcohol, and a little perfume or cologne.

OF course, if there's an oil scandal in your home, however, you'll have to take stronger measures. Organize a committee of one and make an honest investigation. Even if you go to a dermatologist for this trouble, he'll give you home work to do. So you may as well try that first and see if it does the trick.

You are apt to have either an oily or a dry dandruff. In either case, the hair may be dry and is almost sure to be thin and lusterless. The ducts are choked and the scalp is scaly and crusty.

Now, if such is the condition, everybody agrees that frequent shampoos are absolutely essential. If the usual procedure doesn't entirely remove the scales and crusts, use tincture of green soap and scrub with a nail brush. Moreover, you must go in for that strange inconsistency of curing oil by more oil. This is necessary in order to soften the surface of the scalp. Rub warm olive or almond oil thoroughly into the scalp and leave it on all night under a loose rubber cap. Then, after you've washed it off in soap and water next day, massage the scalp thoroughly with a tonic or eau de Cologne.

Massage consists of pushing the scalp up and down, forward and back, with a firm pressure of the fingers. You must also pinch the scalp and gently pull the hair all over it. Remember that hair is merely tissue embedded in the scalp. Each hair ends in a bulb which rests upon its papilla, and it is only through healthy blood cells in the papillæ that the hair is nourished. Whatever you do, therefore, to encourage the circulation in the scalp helps to promote the growth and vitality of hair. If the hair material is gradually replaced by drops of fat and oil, you are in a bad way; for this means that the scalp has become infected.

If shampoo, oil treatments, and massage do not cure the tendency to dandruff and greasy scalp, you must get expert help. But don't be discouraged. It is ready for you. If your scalp is entirely clean thanks to your own efforts, the physician can then immediately prescribe the medication that will kill the germs of infection. He will also give you something to soothe the tender surface.

NOWADAYS the violet ray is very much used to strengthen the hair and to promote new growth. Moreover, gland irregularities often are eliminated by serum injections. It may not be too much to hope that some day these gland specialists will be able to discover how to prevent gray and white hair, along with other signs of old age. Naturally, when that happens, pearly and snowy tones will be greatly in vogue again.

What we are told is that daily care of the hair, combined with good general health, gives us the best possible basis for being our own color bearers to the end of life's parade.

Because abnormalities of the kidneys, the liver, and the other organs cause changes in pigmentation, diet plays an important rôle in this special means of preserving youth. It is common knowledge that worry and nervous shock may turn the hair white.

And so we come back, as we usually do when discussing beauty problems, to the same old theme. If calmness and mental balance are sufficient to meet the strain, the fatigues and sudden blows, of existence, if we eat a simple, wholesome diet, get sufficient sleep and out-of-door exercise, we are likely to postpone the question of "To dye or not to dye."

"But why bring that up?" Only to urge those who settle it in the affirmative to go to an expert. Some women tint their hair as nonchalantly as they tint their lingerie. And with as obvious a result. For art you must go to an artist. Besides, the specialist takes infinite care and tests beforehand the reaction of the system to the dye.

The hairdresser who opposes frequent use of soap and water.

Here is just another case of how modern science is assisting the woman's beauty problem, The well organized beauty salon is enormously affected by discoveries in the scientific laboratory—whether it is the application of dye or the use of electricity. Hygiene at the hairdresser's has been revolutionized by medical preachment.

Moreover, doctors are teaching beauticians to forgo the impossible. Singeing the hair virtually has been abandoned. We hear less talk about the magic tonics that are warranted to grow hair, and receive more instruction in the proper way to brush and massage.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Pictures by H. M. Stoops

WINDLESHAM, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX, ENGLAND—I would wish to thank the artist for his excellent presentation* of Professor Challenger—the best yet.—*A. Conan Doyle.*

*In "When the World Screamed."

Well, Maybe

WILMINGTON, OHIO—I just read the letter from J. Marmaduke Jacobson about the life story of Jack Dempsey. I was surprised that anyone living in this day would think prize fighting brutal, but after seeing Marmaduke's name I wasn't surprised at anything.

I'll bet, before he was born, his mother wanted a girl and his father a boy, and they were both satisfied.—*Russell Burden.*

Parting Is Sweet Sorrow

HOUSTON, TEXAS—That series of "Brazilian Sketches" by Rudyard Kipling didn't say much—but said it

beautifully! The last article, "A World by Itself," was the best of the lot, I thought. I was actually sorry to see Mr. Kipling go up the gangplank, on to his steamer in Rio, with his suitcase in one hand and his ticket for England in the other.—*Gus Harvey.*

War's What Sherman Said

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Why not cut out the war stuff? The boys who did the work know and realize only too well what it all meant. No use reminding them of it any more than necessary. Some of us have gruesome reminders enough without that. Some have dreary lives in hospitals, others less fortunate have French war brides. Thank God I am among the former!

And as for those who weren't over, they never will realize the horrible exactions it made on the boys. So why try to make them?—*R. Harper. Formerly of 5th Marines, A. E. F.*

But It Breeds Heroes

LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL, LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J.—Frank Luke, the Balloon Buster—bold to the extent of being foolish, but brave. Give the boy a hand, folks. A good story and a great man.

Increase your biographies of war heroes. Some of us don't even know of half of them, so how can we praise them?

I wish you would drown some of the so-called patriots who are trying to forget the war and its heroes. What is the use of having a war if you can't crow about the heroes it has brought to light?—*An American.*

And They Live in Memory

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I have been reading LIBERTY for so long that I've lost track of the years. And I've enjoyed it immensely—*only* I lost a husband in the World War; the husband of my youth; my only real true love.

I have never gotten over it. You see, I loved him dearly. And now, lately, whenever I take up LIBERTY there is an article on the war—always different, it is true, but still it's about the war. I never read them—I can't—but just looking at the pictures makes me very sad.

Now that the war is over and we are trying so hard to forget, don't you think it would only be human for LIBERTY to discontinue its war stories?—*Only a Woman.*

Sure. Give a Look!

FORT WAYNE, IND.—I am greatly perturbed at being so unceremoniously called upon by my close friends to send this request to you. We are all eager to see a picture of Mike Shea's Marg's girl friend with the crockery eye. Is it not possible to publish her picture in one of the coming issues of LIBERTY?—*Jack A. S.*

P. S. Am also informed that she has a wooden leg. Can you confirm this statement?

Right! Sandy Was Wrong

ATHENS, GA.—Well, Leslie Thrasher has gone and done it again! On one of his recent covers he made it evident that *Sandy* had waited up till quarter past twelve to call *Lil* on the phone in order to get the reduced rate and then put in a person-to-person call.

As a matter of information, the reduced rate goes into effect at 8:30 P. M., and then only applies to a station-to-station call. Person-to-person rates are the same throughout the twenty-four hours.—*M. E. Lemmel.*

DAYTON, OHIO—Shades of *Sandy's* Scotch ancestors! I'll wager that the boy was fit to be tied when presented with his bill for that long-distance call to *Lil.* I'm referring to your cover entitled "Long Distance."

Now, get the pathos of this. There was *Sandy,* wily little Scotchman that he is, idling around, trying to pass the time until midnight, so he could place a long-distance call. When the hour struck, *Sandy* galloped madly to the telephone and placed a *person-to-person* call to his dear little *Lil.*

Now get out your handkerchief, because here's the sad part of it. A person-to-person call, no matter at what hour it is placed, is *never* reduced.—*One of them thar telephone operators: C. L. Mc.*

At Least We'd Get More—

DENVER, COLO.—One of the things we Americans are proudest of is the long border line between our neighbor to the north and ourselves, without a fort or a soldier on the whole border. In this country one hears and reads nothing but the kindliest sentiments towards all things Canadian.

On the other side of the border there seems to be an entirely different spirit. All things "Yankee," as they term it, are held up to scorn and ridicule. This is especially true of our war records, but does not, however, stop or begin there.

After listening to the rantings of the Canadian flag wavers, or reading them in Vox Pop, the writer often wonders how long our border to the north would exist unprotected if Canada had the 115,000,000 population and the United States the 10,000,000.—*M. D. Latham.*

—Letters Like This

WALLACEBURG, ONT., CANADA—Say, LIBERTY, "For the Love o' Lil," put a war story in LIBERTY giving the Allies a little bit of credit for what they did "over there." After reading Colonel Palmer's article, "Ten Years Ago This Week," I am absolutely disgusted. Up to date your war stories are "All American" and seem to shout loudly: "We won the war!"

I think Colonel Palmer's imagination must have run away with him. He has France, Britain, and all the Allies on their last stand begging America on bended knees to send over an army; but, take it from me, that's a lot of bunk.

Come on, LIBERTY, give us a chance at a little credit for helping "you" win the war.—*A "Yank" with four and a half years in the Canadian Army.*

Memories

PITTSBURGH, PA.—"Ten Years Ago This Week"! Will I ever forget it? It seems but yesterday. In reading over your article by Frederick Palmer, I lived once more the days of March and April, 1918.

I saw them, felt them—in fact, tears came to my eyes, just the way they did ten years ago this week, when we few Americans staggered down the road to Amiens and safety, but left behind, on the Somme battlefield, one of the bravest and best beloved officers of the A. E. F.: Colonel R. E. Bolling of Washington, D. C.—*R. R. Dickinson.*

No Joking Allowed

COLUMBUS, OHIO—In Frederick Palmer's "Ten Years Ago This Week" there were continual mocks against the Kaiser. It is true that the Kaiser was defeated, but that gives you no right to joke about him. Your circulation is continually growing, but must you get it by jeering the most efficient country that ever lived? You should bear in mind that Germany fought the largest nations combined.

Is this mocking against the Germans who offered their lives to their country known as the great American "sportsmanship"? To joke with a defeated opponent? You seem to take pride in this.

I am not a German, but an American who tries to be fair.—*An American.*

Tell It to Heeney

SEATTLE, WASH.—Jack Dempsey's day is over. Definitely and completely over. Now let's hear Tunney's story.—*H. E. Cairns.*

Which Kind?

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—As an ex-soldier who has enjoyed all your war stories, may I suggest you get some articles dealing with tanks and tank warfare? I saw 'em work and they sure are hell on wheels.—*P. O. Naroeson.*

One Happy Home

CHICAGO, ILL.—After I'd read "Captain Death," the second of your series by Robert W. Chambers, aloud

to my two little boys of eight and nine, they dressed up as pirates and started out to "murder" us all. Our home is going to be a wreck by the time that series is ended!—*Mrs. C. Davis.*

O. K.—Where's the Rum?

LINCOLN, NEB.—Here's to the good old days! "Captain Death—A Tale of Pirates, Dark Deeds, and a Girl," is a refreshing bit after reading these trashy modernistic stories.

"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!" Let's have more like it.—*A Student.*

She Who Sleeps

Barry Presses the Search for the Girl He Found and Lost

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

"I am not a princess and I don't know you."

(Reading time: 23 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART NINE

JOHN CUMBERLAND burst into Barry's room with: "Barry! Barry! Zalithea has disappeared. She and Safîyeh went out at half-past five this morning. They have not returned. It's after ten o'clock."

"Half-past five. . . . But I was asleep in the library at that time!" Barry cried. "They must have seen me!"

Barry, very briefly, told the story; mincing no words, concealing nothing. As he spoke he was dressing in feverish haste.

"The door was closed, I suppose?" his father asked dully.

Barry paused in his task. He looked up.

"By heaven," he said, "she must have closed it! Edwards left it open, and I fell asleep watching the lobby. But it was half to when I woke up!"

"Do you realize, Barry," his father asked, "that it was probably the shutting of the front door which awakened you?"

"I can't bear to think of it!" groaned Barry.

The house was in an uproar. John Cumberland's private secretary was already in touch with the police; and, as Barry came hurrying downstairs, Professor Blackwell arrived.

"Cumberland!" he cried. "What's this they tell me?"

"She's gone, Blackwell," was the reply. "No news."

The Professor dropped into a lobby chair.

"Somehow, I can't grasp it," he said pathetically. "If she had been alone I should have feared an accident, but as Safîyeh is with her—"

"That's what I think!" Barry interrupted eagerly. "An accident is out of the question."

"This being so," the Professor went on, "what are we to conclude? Is Danbazzar here?"

"Expected every minute," John Cumberland replied shortly. "I naturally phoned there first, as she is used to visiting him."

"She had not been there?"

John Cumberland shook his head.

"Tell him what happened last night, Barry," he said, and hurried away.

Barry, hoping against hope that something in the occurrences of the night might suggest to the scientific brain of Professor Blackwell a clew to Zalithea's motive, gave him an account of the matter. At last:

"It may be some primitive reaction," the Professor murmured. "The psychology of Zalithea is of course an unknown quantity."

"I can't believe she would voluntarily leave the house," Barry declared. "Just think. Where could she possibly go?"

Professor Blackwell shook his head.

"That is a question I cannot pretend to answer."

AT this moment Danbazzar arrived. As the door was opened, he came into the lobby, a big, dominating figure. But his stock was not quite so perfectly knotted as usual, and his strange eyes held a very wild light.

"Still no news?" he asked.

The blank faces about him were sufficient answer.

"Have her apartments been searched to make sure there's nothing there?"

Aunt Micky, very stern-faced, came downstairs.

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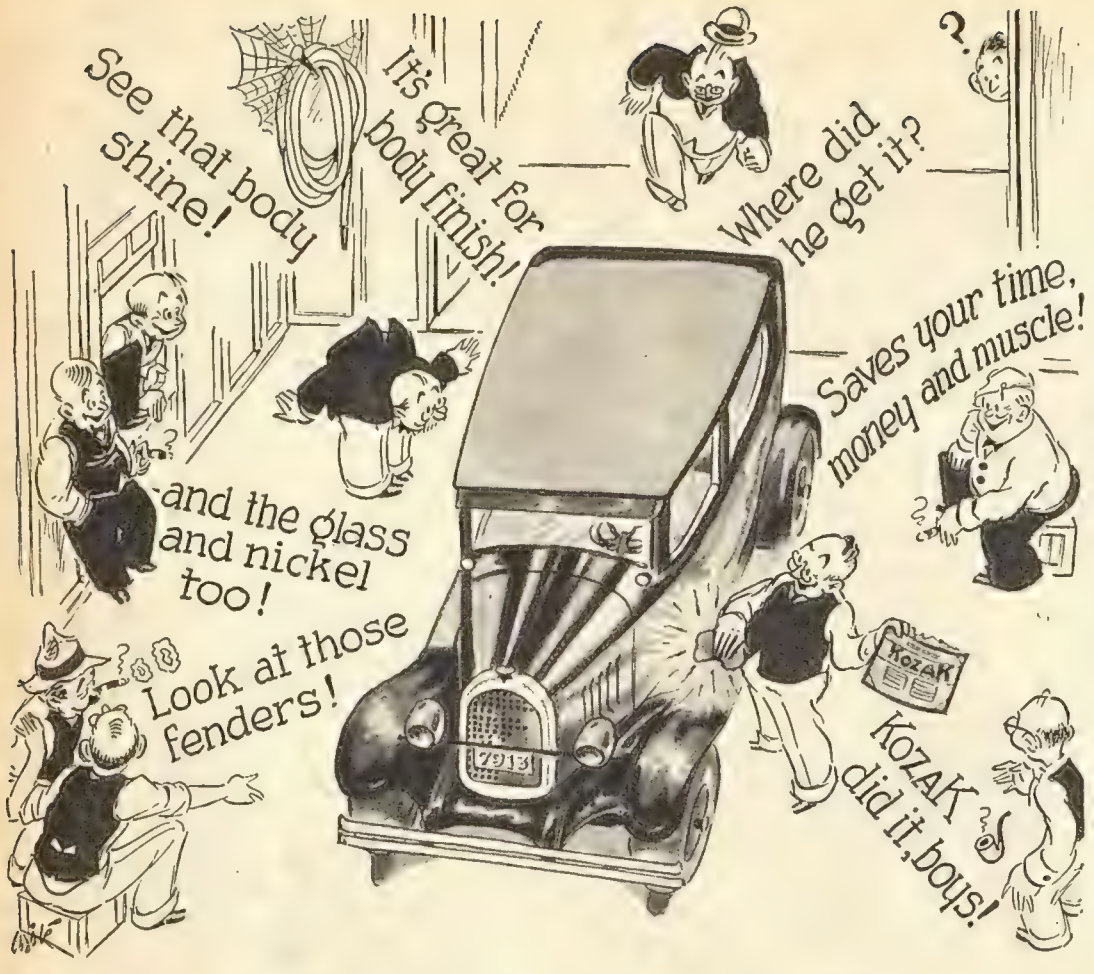

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"I have searched thoroughly," she answered. "But it might be as well if you looked, also."

Danbazzar bowed and walked upstairs. Barry followed.

In the suite of apartments which had been furnished for the use of Zalithea, a very faint perfume lingered. It caught Barry by the throat. It spoke to him intimately. It was as though he had buried his face in her fragrant hair; as though she were in his arms again.

The rooms were strangely appointed. They were scantily furnished in the Eastern manner, with little inlaid tables and cabinets, and many richly cushioned divans. Perforated silver lamps concealed the electric lights and the windows were screened with *mushrebiyeh* work.

The bedroom struck a more Western note, being equipped with a wonderful dressing table possessing wing mirrors and laden with every imaginable luxury of Paris.

There was no evidence of disorder nor of hasty departure. The bleak chamber adjoining, in which the old Arab woman spent a great part of her days, afforded no better evidence.

Danbazzar crossed to a window and threw back the near-by *mushnebiyeh* screen. For a long time he stood there, looking out.

II

A PERIOD of anxiety now commenced, to which it seemed impossible to imagine any end other than the return of Zalithea. The idea that he should never see her again was one which Barry simply could not contemplate. The mystery of her disappearance baffled all conjecture.

Short of the theory of drowning, both in the case of Zalithea and of Safiyeh, no feasible explanation presented itself. At John Cumberland's urgently expressed wish, publicity was for long avoided. But neither Police Headquarters nor the private experts employed on the case could offer any hypothesis covering the facts.

Since Zalithea spoke no English and her companion very little, it was difficult to imagine how they could have gone far without attracting attention. Further, it appeared that neither had any money, beyond, possibly, some small change.

To Barry, every waking hour seemed like a week. Every time the phone rang, his heart leaped wildly. Hope and fear alternately gripped him, threatening to drive him mad.

Secrecy at last became impossible—if not unwise.

"There's only one theory that covers all the facts," said the detective in charge of the inquiry. "They must be in hiding; either because they want to hide for some reason, or because they are being detained."

"Detained!" cried John Cumberland. "By whom? For what purpose?"

"Well," was the reply, "such things have happened before, you know. It may develop into a de-

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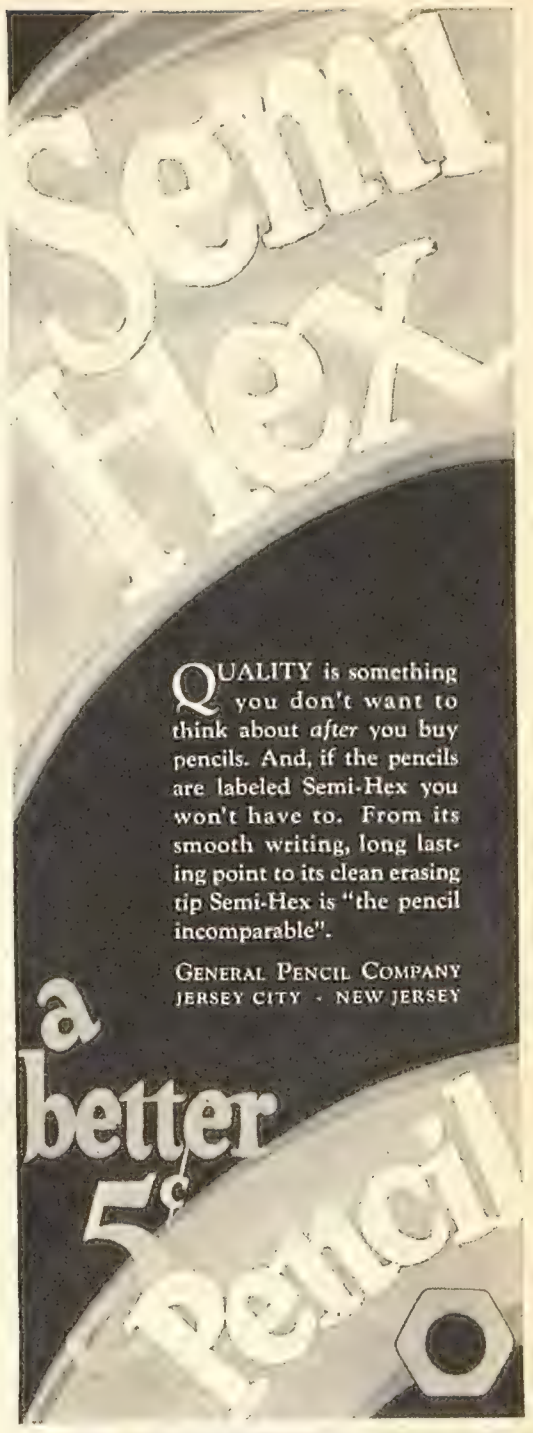

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]
mand for ransom. But my point is this: apart from the fact that the lady's disappearance is beginning to be talked about, we are neglecting a very valuable weapon, in a case of this kind, by avoiding publicity."

"I agree with you," Barry said.

"If these two are hiding somewhere," the detective went on, "offer of a big reward will tempt someone to give them away. If they've been kidnaped, offer of a reward is what the kidnapers are waiting for. I know it's going to make things mighty unpleasant for you and you're in no sort of humor to be badgered by newspaper reporters. But it's all that's left. The cat's out of the bag, anyway. Hundreds of people know. You might as well tell the world."

Reluctantly, sick at heart, John Cumberland consented. The notoriety which he knew must follow was appalling to his sensitive nature. But anything that might lead to the recovery of Zalithea he was prepared to face.

And so, on the following morning, New York reveled in full details of perhaps the most romantic mystery which had ever spread itself over the city's front pages. Photographs of Zalithea there were none available. Those taken on the day of her arrival, showing her muffled in veils, were at a premium.

Danbazzar supplied a brief and strictly untruthful biography of "The Lady Zalithea el-Azîza ed-Dhahîr (daughter of the Sheik Mohammed Abd el-Ghûri, of the direct line of the last of the Caliphs and a descendant of the Prophet), entitled by Moslem law and usage to the designation Princess Zalithea."

AS this corresponded with the particulars entered in her passport, no doubts of its accuracy were entertained. Safîyeh's description was also given. She was cited as a native of Cairo.

"This is going to reach Egypt," said Danbazzar gloomily. "And if I know anything about Tawwab, it's going to reach the Sheik Mohammed. If it's made worth his while, he's sure to say he never had a daughter. What happens next we'll have to wait and see."

The sensational report issued, John Cumberland and Barry intrenched themselves behind secretaries, refusing to receive any newspaper representative. Danbazzar discreetly disappeared.

So intense was the public curiosity aroused that Professor Blackwell was forced to cancel a course of lectures and to retire to the home of relatives in the Middle West.

Wild rumors were circulated freely. Anybody who had ever met Zalithea was interviewed and cross-examined.

Thousands who had never even seen her claimed acquaintance for the sake of a brief moment in the limelight. Reports flowed in from places as widely removed as Marseilles and Hollywood.

At a cost appalling to estimate, John Cumberland had every one of them taken up and tested. All proved to be mares' nests.

Aunt Micky's life became a perfect burden to her. If it had not been for her recognition of the fact that Barry was breaking his heart over the affair, she would have fled long since. Instinctively she had known from the first that there was some secret in connection with Zalithea which she did not share. Her resentment had been sharpened by what she termed "this damnable publicity."

Save for very old friends, Jim Sakers, Jack Lorrimer, and a few others, society she had none in these days, but was compelled to hide like a fugitive from the tireless persecution of paragraph writers.

THEN it happened—the inexplicable thing; the event that, while it aroused a momentary hope, did so only to dash hope to the ground again.

Barry and a secretary were going through the voluminous mail one morning. Barry's high spirits had quite deserted him. He looked physically ill, and was morose and silent. He hoped for nothing, in all these letters, but inquiries prompted by idle curiosity or lies designed to torture him. Then:

"Here is a letter addressed to you, Mr. Cumberland," said the secretary, "and unstamped. It must have been delivered by hand. It is marked 'Private and Personal.'"

Barry stretched apathetically across the table and took the envelope, upon which his name was neatly typed.

He tore it open listlessly.

A large double sheet of some very thick, tough kind of writing paper was inside. And as he pulled it from the envelope, a ring fell out upon the table. Barry's heart seemed to miss a beat. He was staring—staring—at the ring which he held in his hand. It was an oddly mounted and very perfect piece of lapis lazuli.

He had bought it in the Rue de la Paix for Zalithea!

Uttering a stifled moan, he dropped the ring, and, with wildly unsteady fingers, unfolded the thick sheets of paper.

They were covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics!

One glance he gave the writing, and:

"Quick! Quick!" he shouted. "Get my father!"

He sprang from his chair and began to pace the room like a madman. His brain was working feverishly. The letter was from *her!* The letter was from *her!* Even if John Cumberland could decipher it, he could do so only very laboriously, perhaps inaccurately.

"Mr. Cumberland is coming," the secretary announced.

"Call Danbazzar," Barry directed.

"He is out of town. Mr. John Cumberland received a note from him this morning saying he would be away for two or three weeks."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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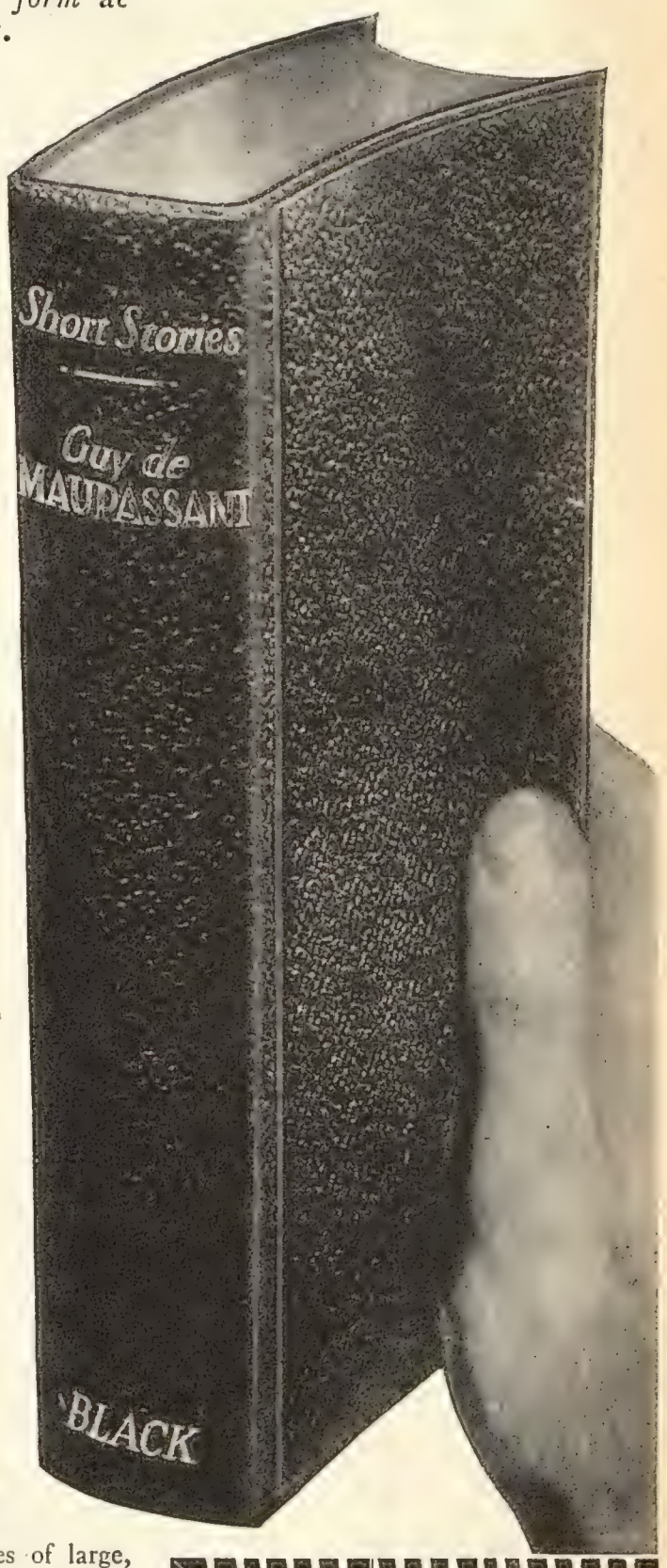

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

"Of course!" cried Barry. "I don't know what I'm talking about!"

He clutched his head, trying to think clearly. Horace Pain was abroad and not expected back for a long time. But Dr. Rittenburg had dined with them only two weeks ago.

"Get Dr. Rittenburg's number," he said.

And the secretary was engaged with the directory when John Cumberland burst in.

Barry could not speak. He merely pointed to the ring and the letter—and went on walking up and down.

"Good God!"

John Cumberland's voice shook emotionally. He was staring at the writing, pale-faced, incredulous.

"It's—from *her!*" Barry whispered. "She's alive! She's alive!"

"Come down to the library, my boy," said his father, regaining his own self-control in presence of the distracted Barry.

As they left the room:

"Dr. Rittenburg has gone out," the secretary reported; "but they have given me a number where they think I can find him."

"Tell him to come along at once," John Cumberland directed, "or, if he's engaged, put him through to me in the library."

FROM the well laden shelves Barry, at his father's instance, had taken Budge's standard work on the language of ancient Egypt, Erman's Egyptian Grammar, and other handbooks on the subject.

"It's going to be a hard job for me, Barry," John Cumberland confessed. "But it would be easy for Rittenburg or Danbazzar. It's hieratic writing, of which I know very little."

"Is it," Barry began, trying to steady his voice—"is it the sort of writing *she* might be expected to use?"

"Undoubtedly," his father answered. "It was the form of writing employed by the priests and scribes. The papyrus and the formula are written in this style. But the characters in both are much more carefully drawn."

"Can you find any clew—any word you recognize?"

"That's what I'm looking for," his father murmured, bending over the page of hieroglyphs.

He had made no progress whatever when Dr. Rittenburg arrived an hour later.

As the library door opened and the round red face of the distinguished Egyptologist was thrust into the room, Barry rose from the table with a cry of welcome. Dr. Rittenburg bent forward, his large, round spectacles shining as he peered in the direction of the students.

As is the way of the human brain, an idea suddenly presented itself to Barry now, in this hour of intense anxiety: that Dr. Rittenburg was a reincarnation of *Mr. Pickwick.*

Greetings were very brief, and:

"I must ask you, Rittenburg," said John Cumberland, "to treat the matter about which we want to consult you as strictly confidential."

"Certainly, certainly," Dr. Rittenburg agreed. "Count on me. What's the problem?"

Barry held out the letter.

"This!" he replied.

Zalithea and Safîyeh had gone out at half-past five in the morning.

Dr. Rittenburg glanced at him curiously, noted his condition of tremendous nervous excitement, then changed his large, round spectacles for a larger pair, equally round. He seated himself and bent over the writing.

John Cumberland and Barry stood before the high carved mantelpiece watching him. Courtesies were forgotten. They had not even offered the Doctor a cigar.

FOR perhaps five minutes he peered down intently; then:

"H'm!" he murmured. "Very curious, if I may say so. Very, very curious."

He looked up.

"Can you read it?" Barry demanded.

"Certainly I can read it!" the savant returned brusquely. "But as I assume you have not asked me to do so merely as a test of my ability, may I inquire who wrote it?"

An eager answer was on the tip of Barry's tongue, when his father checked him with a gesture.

"This is our real problem, Rittenburg," John Cumberland explained. "We have certain reasons for believing, or hoping, that we know the writer. But we look to you for internal evidence, in the letter itself, to confirm our hopes."

"I see," said Dr. Rittenburg, glancing queerly from father to son. "The internal evidence is here. And knowing what I already know of certain occurrences, I may say that this letter astounds me—literally astounds me!"

Barry could scarcely contain his impatience; but:

"While it is not perfectly formed in many places," the Doctor went on, "it nevertheless contains phrases which are beyond the compass of the ordinary student. In fact"—he removed his spectacles and polished them with a pocket handkerchief—"I doubt if there are six people in the United States of America who could have written it!"

"Is it . . . signed?" Barry asked excitedly.

"Yes!" Dr. Rittenburg replaced his glasses and bent once more over the letter. "It bears a name which I should be tempted to translate in a certain way if I were not afraid that my knowledge of other matters is unconsciously prejudicing my judgment!"

"For God's sake, read it!"

John Cumberland was the speaker.

"Very well." Dr. Rittenburg cleared his throat and read: "'Because I can be with you no more I send the ring.' He glanced up and, "I am almost sure that 'ring' is meant," he said, and read on: "'By this you will know. Do not lament me, or look in many places. Forget. There is nothing else. My heart I leave behind!'"

Again Dr. Rittenburg looked up, and:

"To the best of my knowledge," he added, slowly and impressively, "the next and final word is *Zalithea!*"

III

"THE Moving Finger," which waits for no man, "moved on." But Zalithea did not return. The police had relaxed their efforts. They had nothing to work upon. It was obviously impossible to place the hieratic letter in their hands. The private agency employed by John Cumberland tried to trace the maker of the paper, but failed. Their final effort was directed to the discovery of the messenger who had put the letter in the box. A reward of $5,000 was offered. No one claimed it.

During these anxious days, Barry had not neglected the house of Mr. Brown. But the property had changed hands during his absence in Egypt, and little could be learned of the former owner or of his associates. Agents had handled the transactions in both cases. The housekeeper—once interviewed by Jim Sakers—could not be traced.

The nine days' wonder lived its allotted span, and the world in general began to forget Princess Zalithea, who had flashed, a dazzling meteor, across the social sky of New York, and, like a meteor, had vanished.

But Barry did not forget. He was not of those who love and ride away. For him a dream had come true—a dream held like a crucifix through years of waiting. He had lived in a heaven of moments. He had been snatched back to earth. And he was lonely.

One faith he had. To this he remained true: it saved him from despair. Zalithea was alive; so was Safîyeh. Somewhere, they were together. And one day he would find them.

John Cumberland's anxiety, divided from the first, began now to center upon Barry. Professor Blackwell, feeling that he might hope to walk the streets again without being accosted by newspaper representatives, had returned to his usual quarters. And one evening the two old friends dined together at the University Club—to discuss the question of Barry's welfare.

"Bob Sakers couldn't join us for dinner," said Cumberland, when the Professor arrived; "but he's dropping in later."

"Danbazzar is still away?"

"Yes," John Cumberland nodded. "The publicity attaching to this unhappy affair came very near home, I think. His apartment is shut up. I shouldn't wonder if he stayed away for a long time."

"Quite—quite," murmured the Professor. "Of course, for my part, I confess I am floored. I don't dare to think about it. The whole thing, from that unimaginable moment in the tomb up to the time that you received this incredible letter, often seems to me to be unreal—a nightmare."

"Yes," John Cumberland agreed; "it doesn't seem real. But"—he sighed—"it has ruined Barry."

"Poor boy—poor boy. She was very lovely, Cumberland."

A long silence fell between them, until:

"Do you ever ask yourself," said John Cumberland, "if she was—natural?"

"My dear fellow," the Professor returned, "I have asked myself that question a hundred times! And I think it has been answered for us."

"How? In what way?"

"By her disappearance."

John Cumberland stared, and:

"I don't think I follow," he declared.

"If," explained Professor Blackwell slowly, "Zalithea was supernatural, certainly Safîyeh was not. But Safîyeh disappeared with her!"

His friend considered the words for some time, and at last:

"I see the point," he said. "It's a new one, I admit."

WHEN, later, Jim Sakers' father joined them, Cumberland put the case before him bluntly.

"This thing has knocked Barry sideways," he told Robert Sakers. "In confidence, it's touch and go. Blackwell will bear me out."

"I have watched Barry," the latter admitted; "and I am certain that he's on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He is crazy to go back to Egypt, via London and Paris. We don't hope that he will find the girl, Sakers; we don't expect so much. But I am quite positive that the journey will save him. Now—he can't go alone. It's out of the question. Jim is his oldest friend, and you can very well spare him for a month or six weeks—"

"I'm not asking you to stand the damage, Sakers," John Cumberland interrupted. "It wouldn't be fair on top of the inconvenience of losing your right-hand man—"

"Leave that part out," said Robert Sakers. "Let's get down to dates."

And as a result of the conference which followed, some ten days later Jim Sakers found himself, with Barry, bound for Europe. His profound and ceaseless amazement, expressed at great length, was an antidote to poor Barry's melancholy—as it was designed to be.

New environment and the magic of sea

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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KEEP YOUR SCALP
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WITH CUTICURA

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Sixty-five]

breezes aided the cure; and after an idle week in London, during which Barry's restlessness seemed to have abated in a measure, they crossed to Paris.

The faithful Jim cabled an enthusiastic report home; and perhaps Barry, by this time, had begun to realize that the journey was intended to be a "cure" and to reconcile his overwrought mind to the idea of resignation.

But what he did not realize, what neither of them realized, was that they were helpless in the "moving row" of which old Omar spoke, and that they were being danced, impotent, toward that inevitable end designed by "the master of the show."

DANBAZZAR'S strange eyes held a very wild light. "Still no news?" he asked.

PARIS proved rather a setback. It provoked memories which brought about in Barry a relapse into melancholy. Jim worked like a Trojan to arouse him from his mournful apathy.

"Regard, oh, regard the glitter of the boulevard!" he invited, as they sat outside a popular café in the sunshine. "Unknown to the old folks at home, in their sleepy village adjacent to the delta of the Hudson—"

"The Hudson has no delta," Barry murmured.

"Let that pass. But still unknown to them, whether they have a delta or not, here we sit sipping perfectly good wine at a price for which we could not obtain a cup of coffee in our little home town. Therefore, let us rejoice! And, lo! here come soldiers—complete with band! Let us cheer!"

A small party of infantry marched past, accompanied by a large band. Jim stood up, watching them enthusiastically and talking away all the time. Receiving no criticisms from Barry, he turned. . . .

His flow of nonsense was checked.

Barry, pale as death, clutching the edge of the marble-topped table, was staring—staring—across the street, his ghastly features those of one who sees a ghost!

"Barry!" Jim gasped. "Barry!"

Barry did not stir. When he spoke his voice was a whisper.

"Jim," he said, "*I have seen her!*"

"What?"

"She has just gone into that perfumer's shop opposite."

"Barry!" Jim grasped his shoulder. "Wake up, man! You are daydreaming."

"Watch until she comes out," the monotonous whisper went on. "Don't let her see you, for God's sake. But follow her, Jim—don't lose sight of her—follow her until you find out where she is living."

"But, Barry," Jim began, a note of profound anxiety in his voice—when:

"Quick! There she goes!" he was interrupted.

He looked across the street. He gasped audibly; then:

"Wait for me here!" he said tersely.

Zalithea, carrying a small parcel, had just come out of the shop and was walking away!

Jim Sakers experienced a sense of sudden, acute exhilaration. The wildly unforeseen had happened! And at last he was going to be of real use to his friend! What it all meant was outside the province of his mental powers. Who this mysterious girl really was who had so hopelessly bewitched Barry he had never been able to understand. Nor could he comprehend how she could possibly have reached Paris without the knowledge of the American authorities.

But unmistakably it was Princess Zalithea and none other who walked along before him. Her lithe figure, her graceful carriage, the very turn of her head when she paused to look in a shop window were familiar to the man who had met her many times in New York.

From the crowded boulevard into which she had turned on coming out of the perfumer's she entered a side street. Jim didn't know the name either of the street or the boulevard. His bump of locality was low. But he knew that he wasn't going to lose sight of her if he had to follow her around Paris all day!

He was turning a problem over in his mind as he tracked the trim, leisurely figure. What should he do if she saw him?

Zalithea came out on to another boulevard, and waited at the corner of the street for a moment. Evidently she was going to cross. She did so, and Jim was delayed by the eccentric Paris traffic.

When he finally ran over, for a moment he lost her. Then, just disappearing around the corner of the next street, he saw the smart figure again.

HE hurried to the spot, swung round the corner—and saw Zalithea entering a discreet looking hotel on the same side. He was in the lobby a minute later—and she was talking to a clerk at the desk!

Jim turned his back and stared out into the street through the glass doors. The lobby was small. He could hear every word spoken at the desk. And what he heard gave him the crowning surprise of the morning.

"No, madam"—the clerk spoke perfect English—"no American mail has come in yet."

"Thank you. If any comes later will you please send it right up?"

The speaker was Zalithea!

Astounded, thrown off his guard, Jim turned—and met Zalithea face to face!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

"Princess!" he said. "You remember me?"

The girl's white teeth closed sharply on her lower lip. She nearly dropped the parcel she was carrying, but just managed to recover it. She flushed and as quickly paled. But she looked at him unflinchingly—and he knew her long, dark eyes.

"You have made a strange mistake," she said evenly. "I am not a princess and I don't know you."

Jim wondered if he were going mad.

The clerk was watching him dubiously; so was a hall porter.

"But" — he floundered — "but—" The dark eyes remained fixed upon him inscrutably. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. But it's miraculous."

SHE turned and walked out of the lobby. Jim did not afterward remember having seen her leave. It was the scrutiny of the officials which brought him to his senses and sharpened his ready wits.

He turned to the clerk, taking a card from his wallet.

It was the card of a member of the agency recently employed by John Cumberland.

He tossed it on the desk, and:

"You no doubt wonder what I'm up to," he said breezily. "There's the answer!"

"Oh!" muttered the clerk, glancing at the name. "I see. But you were wrong, weren't you?"

"I'm afraid so," Jim confessed; "quite wrong!" He stared at a menu which chanced to lie near and learned that he was in the Hotel Chatham.

"Nothing for the Chatham to worry about!" he added reassuringly. "But I should like to make my apologies. *We* have a reputation, too!" He drew a pencil from his pocket. "What is the name of the lady I so unfortunately insulted?"

"She is a Miss Marguerite Devina of New Jersey, U. S. A."

"Thanks," said Jim, making a note of it. "Here alone?"

"Yes. I believe she is expecting relatives today."

"Much obliged."

Jim nodded in a brusque fashion based upon that of the lawful owner of the card and stepped out into the street.

The street gained, his assured manner deserted him. He was the most hopelessly bewildered American in Paris. What, in the name of sanity, should he tell Barry? That this *was* Princess Zalithea he would have been prepared to declare upon oath. Besides, good actress though he granted her to be, she had failed to hide her surprise at sight of him. Her changed color, her trembling hands, proved that she had recognized him.

It was she. But what did it mean?

How could he face Barry with such a story?

Turning these problems over in his mind, he plodded back to the café. From afar he saw Barry—watching. At sight of Jim he jumped up and ran to meet him.

"Tell me!" he cried, his eyes feverishly bright. "Where does she live?"

"At the Hotel Chatham."

"Thank God! And she didn't see you?"

"But she did!"

"*What?*"

"Come back and sit down, Barry," Jim urged. "Get a grip on yourself. We're together in this thing. Let me order you a glass of good cognac."

"You're hiding something!"

"I'll give you the story word for word when you have sat down and had a drink and lighted your pipe. Not a damn' syllable before!"

He had his way. So, while Barry smoked furiously, the story was told—a stranger story than any Jim had ever expected to have to tell. In conclusion:

"If *you* are mad," he said, "*I'm* mad, too! Because Miss Marguerite Devina is Princess Zalithea. But Princess Zalithea only spoke gazoobi or Swahili—and Miss Devina speaks perfect English. Now, search me! *Garçon, deux cognacs!*"

The chairs about them were becoming filled with loungers, as the day wore on to noon. A cosmopolitan crowd thronged the street and the neighboring boulevard. Somewhere near by an orchestra had begun to play a melody very popular in New York. Newsboys shouted. Drivers of carts shouted. Everybody shouted.

But Barry was silent. At last:

"Well?" Jim inquired. "What do we do now?"

"I have just decided," Barry replied quietly. "It will be best for you to stay where you are at the Meurice. We don't want to frighten her. But I shall transfer to the Chatham at once."

IV

IF Barry Cumberland had his weaknesses—and who has not?—he had one marked virtue. He knew what he wanted, and always headed straight for his objective. In fact, his impulsiveness was excessive and sometimes overrode his practical common sense.

He was wise enough to know this—for he was well stocked with imagination; and, safely lodged at the Hotel Chatham that afternoon, he made a direct move which was characteristic, but one that allowed of safe withdrawal in the event of failure. This was sound strategy. His tentative advance was suggested by the name of the mysterious guest —"Devina."

John Cumberland sometimes spoke of a Mme. Devina, a once famous operatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera; an idol of New York who had disappeared from the musical world at the height of her success. She had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

been entertained at the Cumberland home more than once during a brilliant season notable for her singing of *Thaïs*—the rôle which had made her reputation.

Those days Barry could just remember and no more.

They belonged to the dreams of childhood in which his dainty mother figured as the center of a wonderful world.

Now those memories served a good purpose, and, seated in his room, he wrote the following note:

DEAR MADAM: Please forgive an impulsive countryman for intruding. But I chanced to see your name in the register today, and it reminded me of the fact that my father, John Cumberland, and my mother were formerly friends of Mme. Devina.

As the name is an unusual one, I venture to ask if you are related to that lady. If you are, I should be more than happy to make your acquaintance, and my father, I know, would be delighted to hear of you.

Respectfully,
BARRY CUMBERLAND.

This he directed to "Miss Marguerite Devina" and gave to a page to be delivered to her in person.

HIS letter dispatched, Barry restlessly crossed to the window, which he threw open. It overlooked a garden courtyard which for some reason cast his memory back to Shepheard's in Cairo. Many balconies looked down upon this sheltered oasis and he allowed his imagination to tell him that one of them belonged to the room of Zalithea. . . .

Zalithea! Was there any such person as Zalithea? Had there *ever* been a Zalithea?

Once, this thing which had happened would have frightened him and set him questioning his own sanity. But now, as Jim had said that morning, "If *you* are mad, *I'm* mad, too!"

Would she answer? Would she consent to see him? If she refused, what next?

His anxiety and impatience made it impossible for Barry to keep still.

He walked away from the window; paced the room; listened at his door for the footsteps of the returning messenger; then went across to the window again.

For long minutes he stood there, moving restlessly. He lost track of time.

A knocking on his door recalled him to reality. He turned, his heart leaping.

"Come in!" he cried.

The page entered. At a glance Barry saw that he brought no note.

"Miss Devina will be downstairs at four o'clock, *m'sieur*."

After his short-lived happiness and so much bewilderment and despair, Barry at last learns the truth about his princess from the tomb. Be on hand when he clears up the mystery, in next week's concluding installment.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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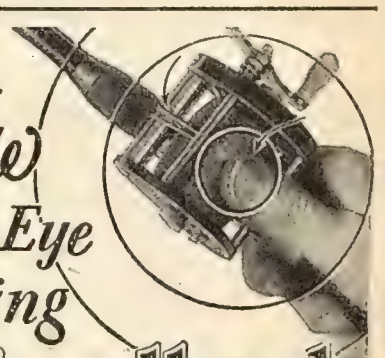

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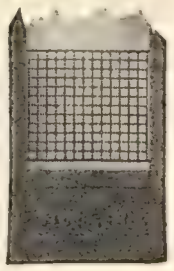

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Poems You Ought to Know

Crossing the Bar

By ALFRED TENNYSON

[Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) wrote many of his finest poems before he was twenty-four. He succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate in 1850, and in 1884 was created baron.]

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Twenty Questions

(Answers will be found on Page Eighty-seven)

1—What important discovery did Wilhelm Konrad Röntgen announce in 1895?

2—With what peoples are these weapons identified: assagai, machete, claymore?

3—What is dipsomania?

4—What two dissimilar games are played with a mallet and ball?

5—What is the capital of Paraguay?

6—What is a truffle?

7—What is the name of the Forbidden City of Tibet?

8—What ancient scientist discovered the principle of the lever?

9—Upon what story is the opera La Traviata based?

10—What is pisciculture?

11—What steamship company's vessels have names ending in "ic"? In "ia"?

12—What city is the scene of Romeo and Juliet?

13—Is New York east or west of Rio de Janeiro?

14—Who was Barabbas?

15—Where did Columbus land on his voyage to America?

16—Which is longer, the Suez Canal or the Panama Canal?

17—Which of these are fictional characters: Samuel Weller, Lafcadio Hearn, Kate Greenaway, Maggie Tulliver?

18—From what is "and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity" quoted?

19—What calendar was in general use just prior to the present or Gregorian calendar?

20—What army did Hannibal lead across the Alps in the second Punic War?

Nothing Cleans Teeth Like POWDER

Just ask your dentist

IF you want the whitest, cleanest teeth possible, just try this; the oldest and most reliable way of all to clean teeth.

For over sixty years, since 1866, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because of its superior cleansing qualities.

As it is only the powder part of a dentifrice that cleans, naturally a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER cleans best. That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

Teeth simply cannot remain dull and film coated when Dr. Lyon's is used. While it removes all the stain and tartar and actually polishes the teeth as it cleans, it cannot possibly scratch or injure the most delicate enamel, as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown.

Dr. Lyon's has stood the test of time, as nothing else could. Thousands have found it safe, reliable and unequalled throughout an entire lifetime of constant use. It is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Its rich, cleansing properties penetrate every pit and crevice, reaching every particle of food, or foreign matter, lodged therein. Thus, it leaves the mouth sweet and clean, the breath pure, and its cooling refreshing after taste is delightful.

Brush your teeth twice each day with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder; consult your dentist regularly to be on the safe side and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth. Make this test if you want whiter, cleaner and more beautiful teeth.

You can get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder at any drug store, or toilet goods counter. You will find it not only more efficient, but it costs less than most anything else you can use.

How Far Did 'LINDY' Fly?
FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS

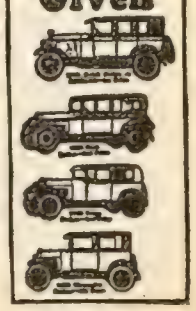
Solve this Puzzle

The letters on the wing of this plane show the number of miles Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. The letters in the alphabet are numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. Put down the number represented by each letter (C F A I) in the order they appear and you will have the number of miles Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris. Can you work it out? Send your answer today—no obligation or cost to you now, later, or ever. Be wise

AND WIN BUICK or $1800 Cash

I am going to give this beautiful new 1928 four door Buick Sedan, also a 1928 Nash Sedan, also a 1928 Essex Sedan, also a 1928 Chevrolet Sedan—four cars and a large list of additional costly prizes—over $5000.00. Cars will be delivered free to winners by nearest auto dealers. I have already given over fifty new automobiles to advertise our business and now YOU can get this new Buick Sedan, or cash. You can win it. It costs nothing to try. First prize winner can have Buick or cash value of car ($1295.00) and

4 Cars Given



$505.00 EXTRA For Promptness!

Be prompt—just figure out what number each letter on the wing of the plane represents. Put them down in order shown. Mail me your answer with your name and address, then we will tell you how to win Buick. Send no money. No obligation. All who answer can share in cash and prizes. In case of ties duplicate prizes given those tying. Everybody rewarded. Hurry! $505.00 cash extra for promptness. Residents of Chicago and Canada not permitted to take part.

W. D. PARMELEE, Mgr., Dept. 48 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LIBERTY'S Step-Saving Kitchen

Liberty Experimental Kitchen.

By
ETHEL SOMERS

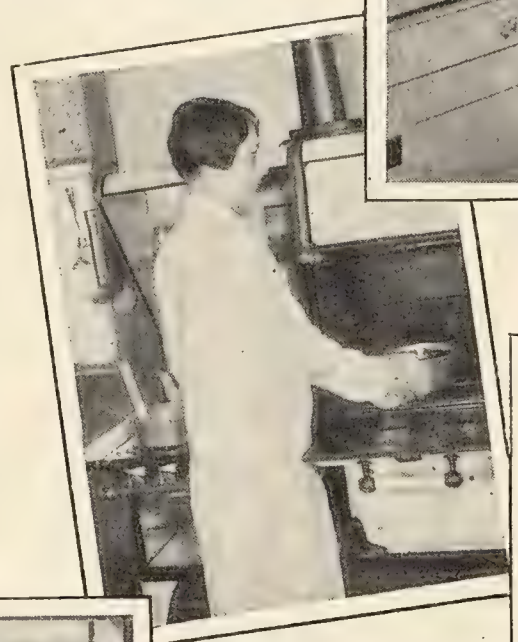
DEAR READER:

Whether you are planning a new kitchen, replanning an old one, or merely putting on new touches of spring cleaning and painting, we thought you'd enjoy hearing of our new LIBERTY kitchen. No doubt you have thought of us as still being in the downtown kitchen we described some time ago. But there we missed the family atmosphere, and we have moved our laboratory into a real home kitchen of the new colorful variety. Here three times daily we meet the cookery problems of the average American family and between times we experiment to expand our tested recipe files and to help solve our readers' problems.

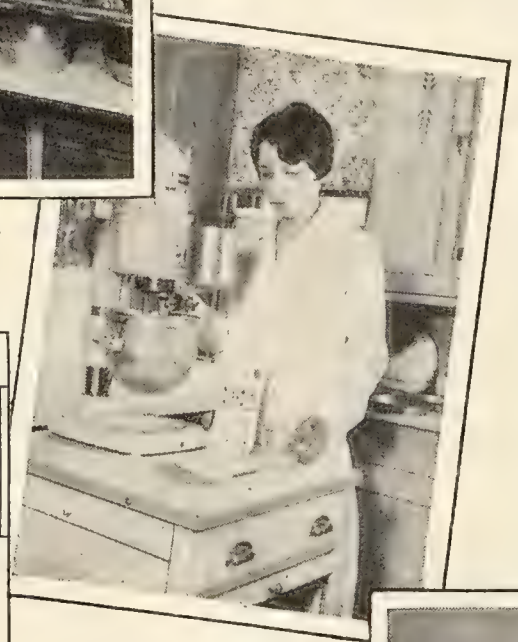
This room is the gayest in the house. A variety of harmonious colors centers in the daintily tinted Colonial work cabinet, with its wall background in cream and tan. The color scheme is aided by Delft blue paint on baseboard and window ledges; by draw shades of glazed floral chintz over white organdie sash curtains; and by shiny blue-handled cutlery and a decorative menu-recipe file.

Our good tools and labor-saving equipment arranged in a step-saving way have accomplished wonders in the economy of time. Following is a résumé of the grouping of our equipment:

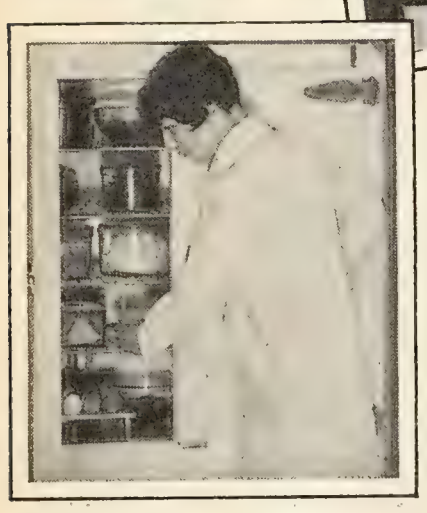
Our built-in kitchen cabinet units were selected for their convenience, comfort, and color—complementing the new colorful kitchen.



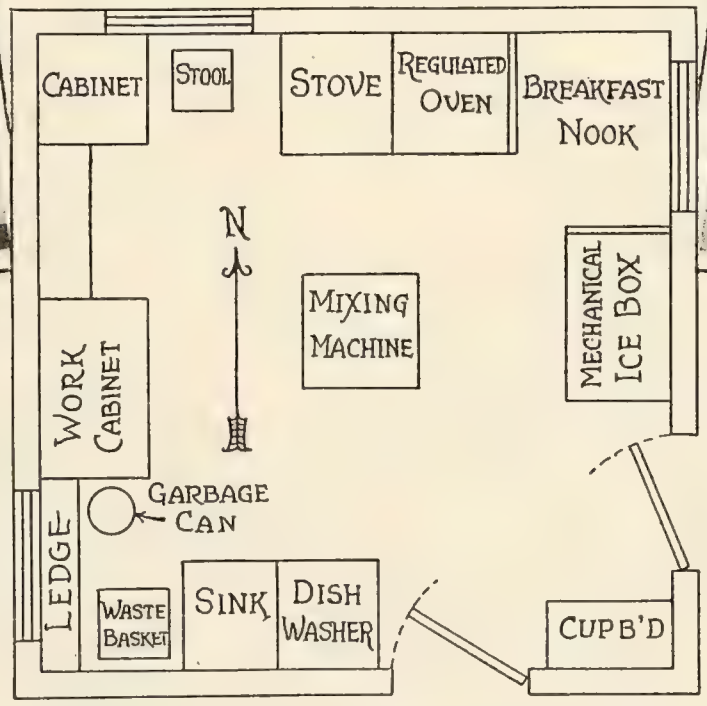
Accuracy in testing is insured by the thermostatically heat-controlled oven, clock timer, and thermometers.



Electric mixer, beater, whipper, grinder, freezer, chopper, shredder, siever, and slicer—a very important work center.



Mechanical refrigeration keeps foods cold, clean, and covered at 40° F.



Liberty's step-saving kitchen (11½ by 11½ feet) is planned for the most efficient baking, dish washing, and meal planning.

The electric sink sterilizes the dishes and dries them without spotting.

WORK CENTER NO. 1—Sink with Two Drain Boards of Acid-proof Porcelain

Above the sink:

Drinking glass.

Complete set of blue-handled stainless steel cutlery.

Six-in-one utility hooks on which hang soap shaker, small grater, assorted sieves, grapefruit corer, shears, rubber sink scraper, vegetable brush, bottle brush, chopping board and knife, cutting board for vegetables, brass kettle scraper, and funnel.

Colander; soap dish and steel-wool scouring pad; rubber hose spray for rinsing dishes.

On shelf to the right:

Soap powder and sink cleaner.

Under sink:

Garbage can with automatic lifting cover and paper bag containers; wastebasket.

Hanging near sink:

Extra dish drainer; towel rack.

Dish pan, if needed. (The modern electric sink provides its own.)

Protective wooden rack for sink drain board (to be used when scouring).

WORK CENTER NO. 2—Kitchen Cabinet and Base of Supplies

Top cupboard:

Flours and sifter; cereals; biscuit cutter; doughnut cutter; cooky cutters; standard supplies in covered jars; scale; flavorings; paper napkins for greasing pans; recipe rack.

Work table:

Electric convenience outlet; 2 sets measuring spoons; measuring cups (at least 2); baking powder; soda; spices; sugars.

Left-hand drawer:

Towels; kitchen linens.

Right-hand top drawer:

Whisk; wooden stirring spoon; wooden beating spoon; 4 tablespoons; 2 teaspoons; 1 set measuring spoons; spatula; 2 paring knives; slicing knife; wide spatula or turner; two-tined fork; long-handled fork; knife sharpener; basting spoon; corkscrew and bottle opener; can opener; apple corer.

Second drawer at right:

Kitchen silver.

Third drawer at right:

Pie flaker; beater for small-quantity work; beater for large-quantity work; electric beater; potato ricer; potato masher.

Fourth drawer at right:

Bread box; small bread board for cutting; bread knife.

Large lower cupboard:

All kettles used with water, as steamer, teakettle, double boiler, saucepans for cooking vegetables; large bread board for rolling; rolling pin; muffin, bread, pie, and cake pans.

Side cupboard to the right:

Wax paper; cake box; pressure and waterless cookers; baking dishes; casseroles and bean pot; assorted mixing bowls (at least 5); lemon juicer with a wide juice rim and lip; graduated quart measure; measuring cups; custard cups.

Next cupboard to the right:

Timbale irons; fancy cutter; pastry tubes; paper baking cups; meat board; meat cleaver; meat plank; wooden chopping bowls and knives; all items for fancier cookery, as molds, etc.; food chopper.

Work area to extreme right:

Step-ladder stool.

Cupboard at the top:

Syrups; extra supplies in cartons; vinegar.

Work-table top:

Coffee; tea; salad ingredients; paprika.

First and second drawers:

Extra paper napkins; aprons; paper supplies, as shelving; bolt of cheesecloth; string; doilies; folding rule; hammer; pliers; screwdriver; monkey wrench.

Lower cupboard:

Dutch oven; frying pans; cooling racks; racks for roasting pan; cooky trays; fancy rolling-pins; frying basket and deep-fat fryer; griddle; roasting pans; broiler.

WORK CENTER NO. 3—RANGE

Time-table chart for baking; a reminder clock for timing the baking; set of thermometers (oven, sugar, and deep-fat); matches; extra salt supply; pepper shaker; set of measuring spoons; holders; cover rack.

To the left behind range:

Basting spoon; cooking pans, assorted sizes; ladles; skimmers; lifting fork; potato masher; serving tools; coffee pot.

WORK CENTER NO. 4—Mechanical Mixer and Case for Accessories

Accessories to mix, whip, beat, churn, chop, grate, shred, slice, sieve; pastry brush; oil; paper napkins for cleaning purposes.

LIBERTY'S three cookbooks give the correct oven temperatures, timing and testing methods with each recipe. They show you how to get flaky, featherweight pie crust; light, tasty cream puffs; salty, crispy French-fried potatoes; fluffy cream cake that is cooked all the way through without burning the crust; and the steaming, rich brown roast that fills the kitchen with an appetizing aroma. Get your LIBERTY cookbooks *now* and let them help you make your range more efficient. Each book 10¢—all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
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(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
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4-28-28

Can you think of anything more appetizing for frying than a pure vegetable oil pressed from the hearts of Golden Corn?

Try this recipe for Delicious French Fried Potatoes~

SCRAPE and pare 1½ pounds Irish potatoes and cut lengthwise into long strips, about sixteen to a potato. Rinse, dry on a towel, put in a frying basket and fry in deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute, 395 degrees F. Drain on paper, dust with salt and serve.

"L-4-28"

"THE Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" is a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen. Every progressive woman should have a copy. Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with this coupon to Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

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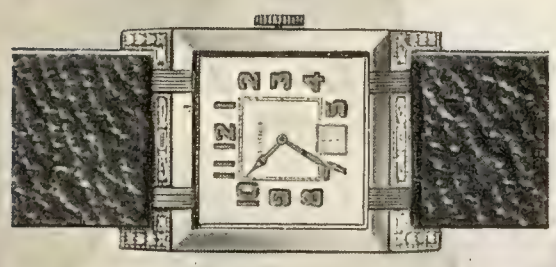
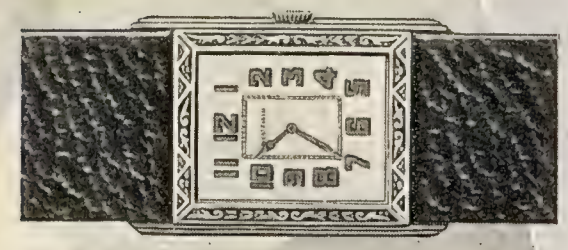
TOWN.....STATE.....

PENTON . . . . . $ 9.75



CRAFTON $12.75



WELTON $17.75

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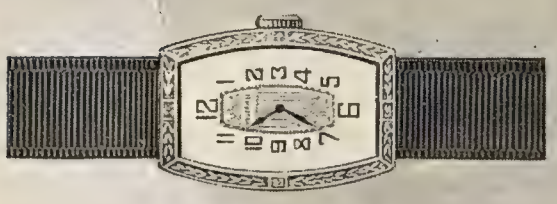
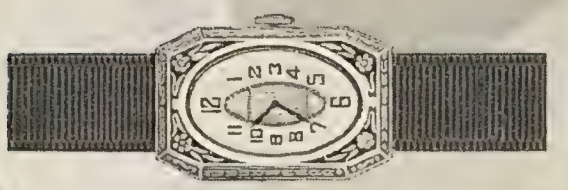


DRAYTON $12.75



SENTON $17.75

Westfield Watches

$9.75 $12.75 $17.75

WESTFIELD Wrist Watches for ladies, and Strap Watches for men, at the three standardized prices of $9.75, $12.75 and $17.75, represent at each price the finest value the money can buy.

Shown in an attractive variety of smart styles, they make their special appeal to those who want a dependable watch within the Westfield price range.

The Westfield movement is standardized—which means that the Westfield *you* buy, like every Westfield Watch made, is a reliable timepiece. It will serve you well.

Westfield Watches are being featured now by those jewelers who appreciate the importance of real value in watches selling within the Westfield price range.

WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY
580 Fifth Avenue, New York

WESTFIELD *WRIST AND STRAP* WATCHES

"He must not let himself get shocked—"

The Movie USHER

And How He Got That Way

A Close-Up of Our Newest Paragon of Politeness

By JOSEF ISRAELS II

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE
Photos by Lazarnick

Some prefer girl ushers.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE profession (or is it art?) of theater ushering is not what it used to be. Gone is the day of the schoolboy who picked up a few cents a night for keeping the rowdies quiet in the local theater. The modern usher in the great cathedral, palace—or what have you?—of the cinema is a young man combining the best qualities of Apollo, Job, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Beau Brummel.

The next time you pay your seventy-five cents into the hand of a box-office lady who sweetly warbles a "Thank you," and are ceremoniously bowed, salaamed, and genuflected by a procession of young men to a seat ninety-three rows back of where you want to sit, remember that it is not by accident that these superbly patient and polite young men with cherubic faces got that way.

It may seem strange, but it is true that at one time each of these gorgeously attired creatures was a plain mortal with human nature and visibilities.

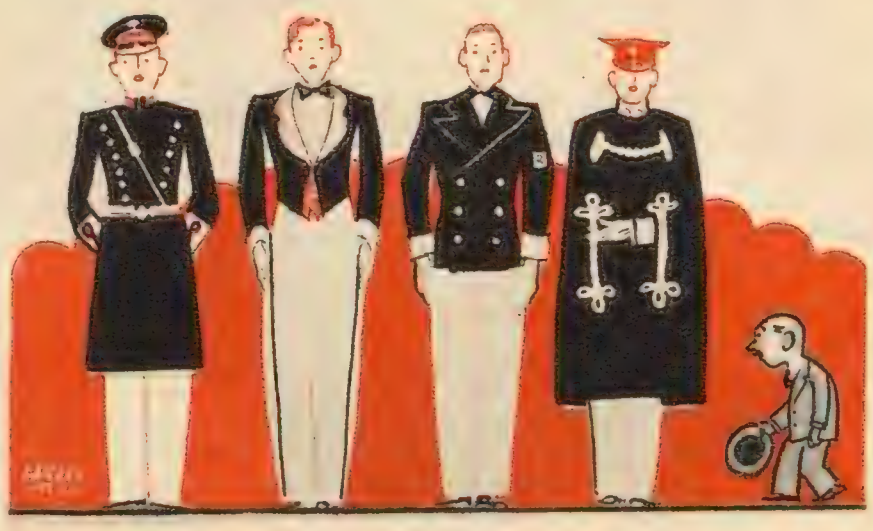
His metamorphosis from the status of a more or less callow high-school student to that of an automaton with razorlike creases in his uniform pants, is a process on which the ruling gods of the movie palaces have wasted no little thought and energy—to say nothing of money and time.

The whole business was really started when the Publix theaters, owned by Balaban & Katz of Chicago, began to make over the movie house into the cathedral of the cinema. It reached its height with the opening of the Paramount in New York, spreading almost instantly to the Metropolitan in Boston, the State-Lake in Chicago, and others.

When the Publix company took over the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion theaters in New York and started in earnest to add tone to the motion-picture business, there was a young man named Harry Marx working for them as a head usher or assistant manager in various houses.

"Right dress!"—Drilling bigger, better, busier ushers.

It occurred to Marx that maybe the public would like to have the unscientific and often discourteous ushers replaced by a new breed, beautiful to look upon and immeasurably sweeter and more polite. Marx broached his idea to the presiding gods and got his way. Hence what follows.



He also prepared a book, The Publix Manual of Rules, which tells in great detail of the most modern methods in usher training. It is from this book that we shall quote.

About 5 o'clock of certain evenings a group of rather furtive and embarrassed looking young men gather around the side door of the Paramount in New York City. There is just one thing about them that would make them stand out from a million other youths in a crowd. They are all tall and slim. The reason for their convergence on the side door of the Paramount is that the theater has advertised for ushers through high-school employment agencies.

AFTER being permitted to stand with their noses to the glass long enough to insure their feeling properly impressed at the honor accorded them, the youths are allowed to enter the sacred precincts and remove their coats and hats. The chief usher and his assistant, young men with ramrod backs, appear and bid the applicants stand in a straight line for inspection.

The first requirement for a movie-theater usher is beauty. An usher at the Paramount (which sets the standard for the other Publix palaces) must be between five feet ten inches and six feet tall. He must be slim of figure, either pronouncedly dark or pronouncedly light, and generally beautiful enough to match the cherubs already in stock, the old masters in the lobby, and other ornaments of the theater.

The usher must have, the Publix manual states, a high-school education and some "refinement." The definition of refinement is left to the discretion of the managerial staff. The young men who appear to be unadaptable or unsuited to the "Publix atmosphere" are dismissed. The others are divided into two classifications.

Those with dark complexions work outside the theater or in the lobby under the glare of white lights, and those of blond tendencies officiate in the actual seating

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

It's "child's play" to apply color *but—*

IT TAKES more than fast applying and quick drying to give lasting beauty and a smooth, lustrous finish to furniture or woodwork. To make sure of fine-looking, long-wearing results from your paint-brush handiwork, remember this:

No lacquer, enamel, varnish or stain is suited for all surfaces and all purposes. The product that gives a beautiful, hard finish on one surface may produce a streaked, sticky, "blistery" or "peel-off" effect on another surface.

Sapolin users can be certain of satisfactory results every time because in the complete line of Sapolin specialties for household use they can get *exactly the right product for each job*. Your Sapolin merchant will help you choose the correct enamel, lacquer, varnish, stain or gilding that will give the best results for whatever you want to decorate.

With *correctly chosen* Sapolin specialties you can bring a fresh, gleaming glow of color to tables, chairs, any piece of furniture, woodwork, floors, radiators. The finish dries so *hard* and smooth it feels *like glass*. Sapolin products come ready for use in all standard sizes. Most reasonably priced.

Write for our latest textbooks of decoration, with illustrations in color and definite instructions for adding beauty to your home. We gladly send them without charge. SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. R-3, 229 E. 42nd St., New York City.

SAPO

A · SPECIAL · FINISH ·

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

of patrons in the darkness. Here the latter's light complexions will show up in the dimness or appear flawless as they stand at attention under the soft glow of a tiny spotlight.

The eligible ones are then allowed to hear a stern and frightening lecture about Publix atmosphere and how they must adapt themselves to it, without ever losing their temper, relaxing the West Point posture, or chewing gum. In fact, ushering is painted for them in the blackest possible terms. This is all a trick to test the young men's characters and see if they are really determined to become a credit to the neatly tailored uniform.

They are then told to go out for two hours and think it over. This is a clever psychological ruse which eliminates about one youth in five. Those who return without suffering palpitation of the heart are taken to a combination gymnasium and classroom in the basement of the theater.

HERE they are seated on hard and unsympathetic chairs and lectured again. This time the executives of the theater try to instill the theory and practice of "Publix ideals" in the young men's minds. This lasts another two hours.

The executives drop in and take turns at lecturing the, by this time, somewhat harassed youths.

The reason for delivering a polite frown to a patron who parks his gum under his seat, and the necessity of never pointing the way with less than two fingers (one is vulgar), are thoroughly impressed on the ushers to be.

The Publix ideals of superservice, such as never insulting a customer, no matter how insulting he may be, and the theory of how to make a steam fitter's helper feel like the owner of 10,000 slaves while seating him 100 yards from where he wants to sit, are rubbed in until the would-be usher is ready to fall on his knees and worship anybody with the price of admission.

This ordeal is known as the inspirational part of the training. Next comes the practical instruction.

Those who have acquired ideals—in the opinion of the management—are lined up and subjected to two hours of military drill under a former army officer as tough as any top sergeant in the A. E. F. The drill starts with "right dress" and doesn't finish until the novices are adept in the art of bowing gently, but not too far, at the waist, and pointing with two fingers to "second aisle to the left, madam."

Beckoning with the same two fingers is also taught, and the usher is encouraged to train himself to beckon and point with either hand. The West Point posture is explained, and the student ushers are warned never to relax the straightness of their backs or the majesty of their demeanor.

Methods of holding a flashlight so that it cannot slip from the hand or blind customers are taught, and those who may operate elevators are drilled in the maneuver of stepping outside the car while passengers are being taken on, and stepping back to the control position with military precision.

If the students survive all this with stalwart hearts, they are permitted finally to enter the theater itself and drink in all the beauties of the place. The instructor points out the works of art and explains their significance. When the theater is empty, they are drilled in the actual motions of seating. The instructor presents himself to the student just as though he were a taxi driver on a holiday, and acting just as pernickety about finding a seat.

The student finds him one which can be reached only by disturbing seventeen old ladies with umbrellas and large knees, and he must learn to be so ingratiating about presenting the customer with this inconvenient place that the patron won't have the heart to hurt the boy's feelings by refusing it.

This is followed by the "phrase drills." The student must stand in the position he would assume if he were actually dealing with customers and practice speaking the various directions. "Sir" and "madam" must always be the title accorded a gentleman and lady respectively, the manual points out. "Mister," "lady," "kid," "girl," or "old gent" are expressly *verboten*.

Likewise the manual directs the usher to practice until proficient such classic lines as "There are seats on the left center aisle, sir," or, "We are not allowed to show children to the washroom, but I will gladly hold your seat."

"Will madam please remove her hat?" is prescribed for an oft recurring situation.

If a tip is offered (Heaven forbid a patron should be so unæsthetic!), the usher must make just the right gesture of deprecation, saying, "No, thank you, sir; Publix service."

Personal investigation has shown, however, that probably 65 per cent of these young men will allow their palms to be crossed with silver if a superior is not around.

THE story was related recently of a man who wanted a seat ahead of the crowd and found himself up against an usher who simply would not take money. "Publix service" was all the man could get out of this youth until he offered to match him for a seat. Trained unfailingly to serve the customer, the usher could only oblige. The customer won and got his seat.

But we wander from the subject of training

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When to use Lacquer

LACQUER can be depended upon to give perfect results when used on furniture and surfaces which are suitable for this special kind of finish. A safe rule for the novice is to use lacquer on objects where there is comparatively small brushing area and which have not been mahogany-stained or freshly painted. Consult your Sapolin merchant for specific information.

Sapolin Brushing Lacquer is easy to apply. A few light strokes and it forms a smooth, even film. It dries before dust can settle—is ready for hard use in *less than an hour*. The finish is extremely durable, velvety, and resistant to water, wear and changes of temperature. It will not become soft or sticky under the heat of the body. Sapolin Lacquers come in a wide range of gorgeous colors.

When to use Enamel

ENAMEL will generally give better results than lacquer on larger pieces of furniture where there is a wide brushing area, and over mahogany-stained or freshly painted surfaces. Consult your Sapolin merchant for detailed information.

We do not recommend any one Sapolin enamel for all purposes. We make one enamel for use on furniture and woodwork. Another for floors. Another for surfaces subject to heat —and one for other metal surfaces. Another for porch furniture and another for automobiles. All Sapolin Enamels must endure the "glass test" in our laboratories for smoothness, covering qualities and ease of application, correct color, for drying, non-sticking and hardening qualities. You can choose from a complete assortment of beautiful colors.

SAPOLIN

ENAMELS
LACQUERS
STAINS
GILDINGS
POLISHES
WAXES

• FOR • EACH • SURFACE

[THE MOVIE USHER AND HOW HE GOT THAT WAY
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

the student ushers. After the phrase drills comes instruction in some of those less tangible things which go to make up "atmosphere."

Employees must learn to "accept," not to "take," a seat check from a customer. The doorman must say, "Thank you, sir," for the privilege of tearing your ticket in two, and the usher must thank you again for permitting him to inspect the check. The "Publix inflection" of the voice and the "Publix pronunciation" of words must be cultivated. The handling of delicate situations cannot be left to an usher, the manual tells us, but in some cases he is called upon to draw fine judgments and conclusions.

Thus, in the case of an usher's eagle eye discerning anyone so utterly uncultured as to neck in the Publix precincts, he must not let himself get shocked, but let nature take its course unless, the manual instructs, he should consider the offending party's actions "obnoxious, beyond propriety, or out of place in the Publix atmosphere." In that case he should call an assistant manager, who will tell the amorous pair "in a dignified way" that "such actions are out of place here."

LIKEWISE, "degenerates, intoxicated persons, or morons" must not be handled by the white-gloved hands of the ushers, but one of the minor officials must be called to exercise diplomacy. Nor must the usher himself relax vigilance over his own character or actions.

"Flirting, by the use of eyes, conversation, or action," must never be indulged in, even if the usher's very best sheba wanders into the theater.

Nor are the ushers permitted to enter into conversation with patrons. If a garrulous theatergoer should attempt to open a conversation, the manual explicitly instructs the usher to carry the matter no further than to agree amiably with the customer's opinion of the state of the weather.

Publix patrons are hereby warned against taking an employee's advice on the quality of the show. If any patron or prospective one should be so utterly boorish as to inquire how good the show is, the usher or doorman is instructed to say, "The comments are very good, sir. I am sure you will enjoy the performance." This must be said, even if on that very morning the usher has read a critic's report of the current picture as "wholly inadequate and lacking in artistic merit."

A large percentage of the several hundred young men employed in the Publix theaters stick to their jobs and draw their twenty to thirty dollars a week for years without becoming discouraged. True, there was recently an ushers' strike at the Paramount because the ushers claimed there were altogether too many bosses over them, but it was all over in a few hours.

One of the inducements that serve to give the usher strength to keep up the patience of Job in the face of an irate old lady who is upbraiding him for the presence of a party behind who reads the titles aloud, is the prospect that he may be permitted to attend a training school for ushers who wish to become managers or executives. This avenue offers real opportunities.

But the Publix theaters didn't have any monopoly on the soft-soap industry for long. The contagion spread up and down Broadway and westward to the coast.

The first manifestations of the Publix spirit to be seen outside of the houses controlled by Messrs. Balaban and Katz soon appeared at the Capitol and Mark Strand theaters. In Los Angeles, Sid Grauman spent thousands of dollars to dress his ushers so that they would equal the Publix ones.

The Mark Strand's patrons were used to being served by rather indifferent young men and shabbily dressed, fresh young women ushers. But things began to change. New uniforms appeared on both sexes of attendants, and before long new faces began to appear.

Much handsomer faces these were, the boys cast in much the same mold as the Paramount cherubs. Indeed, it was whispered that one of Moe Mark's emissaries from the Strand had been seen at the rear door of the Paramount waving large sums of money in the faces of some of Harry Marx's best trained young men.

MANNERS, too, began to get better at the Strand toward the end of 1926, and the young man who formerly said somewhat gruffly, "Stand back of them ropes, lady," changed his line to "Standing room back of the lines at the right, madam." To this performance was added an elegant half bow from the waist and a gesture with a gloved hand.

The human lobby ornaments at the Capitol likewise perked up a bit and began to hold their backs straighter as they directed one about. But, with due credit to Major Bowes' management, it must be said that he has never permitted obvious soft soap to intrude itself on the Capitol customers.

In fact, this theater has done more toward striking that happy medium of service that serves but doesn't intrude than any other Broadway theater. The Capitol ushers are smartly dressed and generally handsome, but

Never before

Certified*

48865
A superb design. Genuine walnut veneer exterior. Semi-console. Decoration on front is genuine handwork. Very popular. And a great value.

*Certified as being made of aromatic red cedar heartwood panels ¾-inch thick in accordance with the recent U. S. Government recommendation for moth-killing cedar chests. The Lane label of certification under the lid is your guarantee of positive prevention of damage by moth worms.

they refrain from salaaming and stilted phrasing.

The Roxy, which opened in March, 1927, announced bigger and much better everything to eclipse the splendors of the Paramount or any other theater, and of course this had to include better, if not bigger, ushers.

Once a lieutenant of marines himself, Roxy hired a former sergeant of "Devil Dogs" for a trainer and advertised for beautiful young men. But the marine sergeant had never had any experience with methods of refusing tips or herding sheeplike crowds of theatergoers into a lobby, while soothing their indignation at an hour's wait to see a picture.

So, according to rumor in usherdom, one of Roxy's emissaries appeared at the side door of the Paramount and also began to wave fabulous sums of money before the eyes of one or two particularly shining examples of the product of the Publix Training School for Ushers.

The idea was to get someone sufficiently familiar with the contents of the Publix manual to advise Roxy's drillmaster and draw up a rule book for the guidance of Roxy's own brand of cherubs. The move evidently was successful, although the Publix organization would not admit to this correspondent having lost one of its stars, any more than Roxy's henchmen would admit having lured another man's employees away from him.

IN any event, when the doors of the Roxy were thrown open for business, two or three young doormen with the physiques of clean-muscled football players marched forth to take up stations on the sidewalk and open taxi doors.

They were more gorgeously attired in cloaks, gold braid, and dispatch boxes than any vassal ever was. Inside, likewise, the lobby and theater were adorned with myriads—yea, legions—of handsome young men. To cap all this, an enterprising press agent inserted the following in the program:

A REQUEST

We, the attachés of the Roxy Theater, earnestly request our patrons to kindly refrain from offering gratuities for any service rendered.

We have pledged Mr. S. L. Rothafel, "Roxy," that we will under no circumstances accept payment from his patrons for services we enjoy extending to them.

We regard the Roxy Theater as a university, and place ourselves in the position of students seeking better understanding and appreciation of theater arts. Patrons of the theater are our guests and we place ourselves in the position of hosts.

The offering of a gratuity will be mutually embarrassing because it will be politely refused.

Being associated with Mr. Rothafel is a distinct privilege and pleasure that we feel is sufficient remuneration.

THE ATTACHÉS
JOSEPH FLAHERTY *(Chief Usher)*

The last paragraph of this announcement was the laughingstock of Broadway for a time, but it has remained in the program.

Despite all this, personally conducted tests with a quarter used as bait revealed that six ushers out of ten approached at Roxy's were able to pocket a gratuity without remorse. Theatergoers know that a seat in the loges there on a crowded night is not forthcoming without some financial addition to the joy experienced by the ushers in their privilege of working for Mr. Rothafel.

Otherwise the Roxy ushers have managed to be no better and no worse than the Publix boys at being polite.

The newest development in the service situation along Broadway came with the advent of Hugo Riesenfeld as managing director of the Colony, which had hitherto had not particularly polite or decorative ushers.

Riesenfeld decided that if handsome male ushers were considered a desirable decoration to the theater, why wouldn't good looking young ladies be just that much more of an attraction? So he gave movie audiences something new in the way of service.

HE hired the sixth runner-up in the "Miss Universe" contest at Galveston, Texas, and several other girls, ranging from "Miss Astoria, Long Island," to "Miss Union City, New Jersey."

All are easy to look at, and Riesenfeld dressed them in smart evening gowns instead of brass-buttoned uniforms, cautioned them to be courteous but not servile to the cash customers, and put them to work.

Standing just inside the door at the Colony, we noticed distinct pleasure on the faces of most of the male patrons as they entered to find a winsome miss with brunette curls standing demurely beneath a spotlight with an armful of programs.

And so we trace back to a little thought in Harry Marx's head all this business of bowing and scraping which so annoys the unprotesting John Q. Public.

Publix service has caused independent theater owners to suffer from such an inferiority complex that it is difficult in a city with a Publix theater to attend a movie where one can be insulted by an usher in the good old-fashioned way.

THE END

such beauty and economy united in certified moth killers

In woods matching other fine furniture

Here are five splendid new Lane Cedar Chest models being offered this week by leading furniture stores in a sensational value-giving effort to secure new customers and new "boosters" for Lane Cedar Chests.

Each chest is a *super-value.* Never before, in cedar chests, has so much beauty and quality been combined at the price. And even this is possible only through our cooperation.

But the number of chests allowed each merchant is limited. Old as well as new customers can buy. So you should act promptly. Watch out for your Lane dealer's *Window Display and Announcement.* Then *act.*

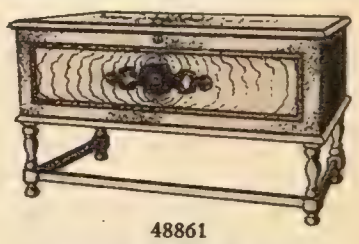
Lane Cedar Chests are built up to a standard, not down to a price. Whether you get one with beautiful walnut or mahogany exterior to match other fine furniture, in the colorful new lacquers, or in full cedar, full protection from moth damage goes with it. You get chests made of specially treated aromatic red cedar heartwood panels a full ¾-inch thick in accordance with the U. S. Government recommendations for moth-killing cedar chests. And every chest is thus certified.

If ever you have hoped for a beautiful fragrant chest for general utility, ornamentation, or moth-proof storage, now is your time to get it. A single garment saved from moth ruin can more than pay the price.

Modern and period designs in a wide range of style, size and price. Always told by the "Lane" trademark, under the lid. See your dealer promptly.

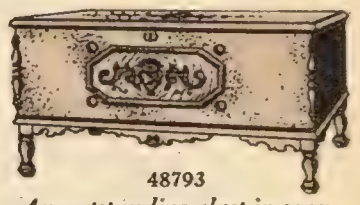
Meanwhile write us for our new illustrated folder, of special value to moth-haters and to lovers of fine furniture.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc., Altavista, Virginia



48861
A splendid console chest of genuine walnut veneer. Set off with decorations of bird's-eye maple veneer.

44839
An inviting window seat design with genuine walnut veneered exterior. The ideal Hope Chest.



48793
An outstanding chest in genuine walnut veneer. Beautifully decorated in English burl by exclusive Lane process.

48794
A roomy chest of amazing beauty and quality, with genuine matched butt walnut veneered top. A rare value.

LANE *Cedar Chests*

CERTIFIED MOTH-KILLERS

THE WORLD'S FOREMOST CEDAR CHEST MAKERS

Snap your shoes to attention!

When you find Goodrich Heels on the shoes sold in exclusive shops, you can be sure of this—the maker of those shoes has protected the stylish lines and lengthened the service he built in them.

Because Goodrich Heels offer toughened resistance to wear—they make the whole shoe hold its shape and last longer.

And there's a smart idea for your present shoes.

Put on Goodrich Heels!

They'll snap the shoe to attention—and give you Cushion, Silence, Comfort, which repay their moderate cost.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Est. 1870*
AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

LISTEN IN EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT, *Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.*

Goodrich
Rubber Heels
FOR MEN AND WOMEN . . . BOYS AND GIRLS

The Nineteenth Hole

How Sandy Mixed Business with Pleasure

Another Golf Chapter in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

IT was late afternoon. Sandy and Jim Brown, his firm's star customer, had touches of sunburn and a blister or two on their hands—not to mention those on their feet—from an April outing at the Greenfield Golf Club.

"Your boss told me he'd entered you for the trade golf tournament in June," Mr. Brown said, squinting at his ball, which had just missed a bunker. "You'll have a good chance at winning the Flynn Trophy."

"Yeah?" Sandy replied. He wondered if this news was just one of the boss' cocktail yarns or a true professional story. "That lovin' cup will look sweet in your own private office," he added tactfully, implying that his client was already holder of the North, South, East, and West championships!

Sandy drove his ball into the prairie stretches of the rough.

This eighteen-hole course was proving a prosperous exertion! He skillfully missed the cup by a good three yards, and Mr. Brown's "Too bad, Jenkins!" was coupled with a verbal order for eight trucks to be delivered to his Ohio plant by May 15.

Sandy was so excited figuring up his commission that a wicked little brook trapped his ball. Then he stepped in mud to the shoe tops.

"Did you ever hole in one?" Mr. Brown asked, grinning thankfully because his own white-and-tan 8-Ds had escaped the muddy Valhalla of vanished golf balls.

"Once I nearly killed a rabbit hoppin' across the Belle Hills course," Sandy told him, swinging his new cleek importantly. "My father-in-law always claimed that if I'd hit the rabbit on the head, the ball would've bounced off and rolled right into the cup. That's as near as yours truly ever came to holing in one."

Brown was tempted to relate his experience of nearly holing in one when his ball hit a caddie's heel; but he felt it might fall flat after the story of the unfortunate cottontail.

"Needless to say—you won!" Sandy announced. And he nearly jotted down his bonus for trucks instead of his opponent's score.

Brown was in good spirits, forgetting now that at times during the afternoon he'd suspected Sandy of playing some bum shots on purpose.

"The Nineteenth Hole—and the treat's on me," Sandy smiled prosperously, holding open the back door of the clubhouse. Drinks being on the firm, he didn't care how thirsty his guest proved to be. Soon he had additional guests—lodge friends swapping golf yarns—who had overheard Sandy's big-hearted invitation.

And putts, slices, and steals soon vied with stymies, hanging balls, and gobbles! The usual golfers' choice links gossip!

"Now, about that last play of mine," Jim Brown reminded Sandy afterward in the locker room. "Show me that special wrist shot."

"Well, d'you see this?" Sandy was gingerly picking out the jigger from his assortment of irons. And he handled this little pet as delicately as a cook trying to guess which end of the egg contained the yolk she didn't wish to tumble into her pudding.

"Here's your grip—see? See where my wrist is?" Brown thought he did see. "See where my left index finger is? Simple as a baby rolling off a chair. That's your Jack White run-up."

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

There's a Good Time Coming!

Little sister had just been reprimanded by her mother for putting so much butter on her cracker.

"Why," said her mother, "there's enough on that for two crackers!"

Sister ate the next one with none at all on it, but we heard her murmuring to herself:

"Go right down, little cracker; you'll find the butter farther on."—Estelle Rolland, 3732 Midvale Ave., East Oakland, Calif.

Three Vital Truths

I overheard Frankie and Howard, my neighbor's children, talking outside my window. Howard had fallen into a mud puddle and ruined his new suit. He was afraid to go home. So, after lengthy consultation, Frankie finally came out with:

"Aw, come on home! Scoldin's don't hurt you, lickin's don't last long, and kill you they dassent."—Mrs. F. J. McCarthy, 214 Langham St., Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y.

20% to 30% Increase in Retail Sales

Result of Attractively Trimmed Windows

REYBURN ART CREPE

THE LOGICAL WINDOW TRIMMING MATERIAL

A national survey established definitely that merchants who utilized the sales value of well-trimmed windows actually increased sales from 20% to 30%.

In these days of intensive, competitive selling it is necessary to take advantage of every opportunity to attract sales. Frequent changes of windows are necessary to keep interest at a sustained point. Reyburn Art Crepe is the logical material for such purposes. Beautiful effects are possible from a small investment in material. Reyburn Art Crepe Paper is a superior decorative material—deep, rich colors in ample assortments to meet every requirement—Very permanent in color under exposure. Stretches incredibly without losing its satin-like appearance.

To enable you to easily and immediately obtain an assortment of Reyburn Art Crepe we have selected the most popular colors and packed them in ½ gross quantities (sufficient for 12 average windows) and 1 gross quantities (sufficient for 24 average windows), for shipment to you direct from the factory. See coupon offer

With each shipment will be sent free, our 48-page booklet "Colorful Window Trims", a simple, effective way to trim your own windows.

Clip the coupon and join that class of successful merchants who are alive to the value of well-trimmed windows.

Wholesalers are invited to communicate and learn details of the new Reyburn Sales Plan for selling Art Crepe

THE REYBURN MANUFACTURING COMPANY TRADE MARK
32nd Street and Allegheny Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Reyburn STANDARD

Manufacturers and magazines are constantly offering enviable prizes to dealers for window trims. And the prizes invariably go to dealers whose windows are most artistically dressed.

Reyburn Art Crepe enables you to make artistic windows that bring more customers to the counter—and more prize-money to you.

Send coupon-order for Reyburn Art Crepe and trim your next prize-entry window with it. Our booklet, "Colorful Window Trims"—copy free with each order—will help you make an original, outstanding display.

WATCH FOR FUTURE REYBURN ADS *in Liberty* ANNOUNCING Reyburn Prize Contest for Window Trims of Art Crepe

THE REYBURN MANUFACTURING CO.
32nd St. and Allegheny Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Find enclosed {money order / check or C.O.D.} for $ .....

½ gross Reyburn Art Crepe—12 most popular colors (sufficient for 12 average windows) **$7.20**
West of Mississippi . $7.80

1 gross Reyburn Art Crepe—24 most popular colors (sufficient for 24 average windows) **$13.80**
West of Mississippi $15.00

Carrying charges prepaid to any part of the U. S. Money back if not satisfactory.

Suggested color ideas, with complete instructions for trimming windows, accompanying each package.

Name.....
Street..... *City*..... *State*.....

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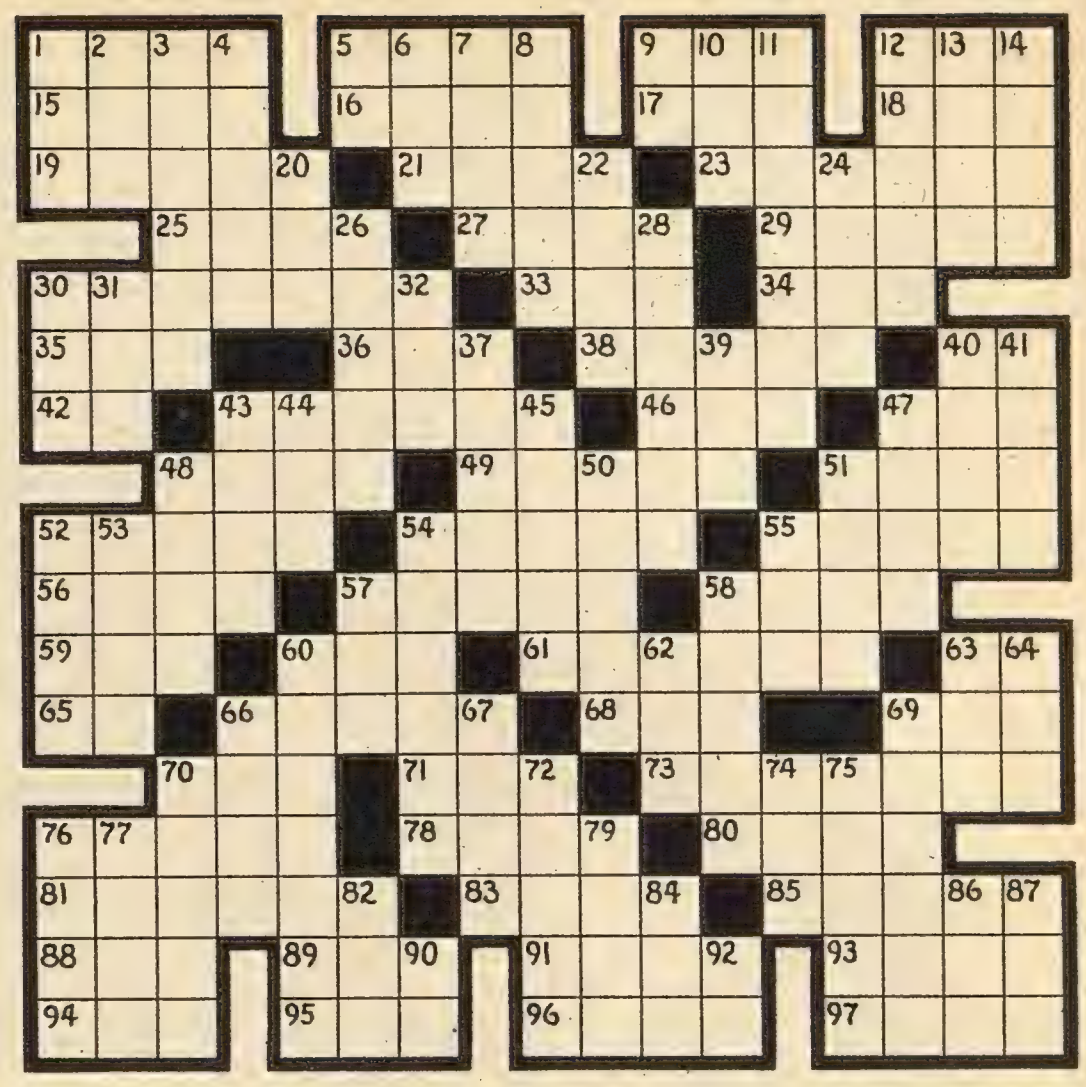
Windmill Puzzle

THERE are no particularly difficult spots here, and the absence of unkeyed letters will materially simplify your task. The average solver should accomplish a complete solution within half an hour, we think.

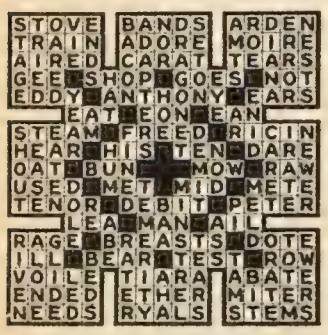


HORIZONTAL

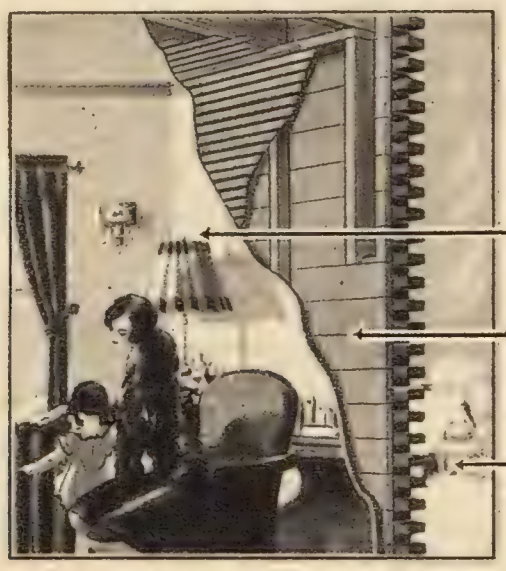
1 Afternoon social affairs
5 Magnesium silicate
9 Section of a circle
12 Tooth in a wheel
15 Deer
16 An oil
17 Spanish word for river
18 Eggs
19 Silkworms
21 Crippled
23 Small stones or pebbles
25 Asterisk
27 At this point
29 Musical drama
30 Railway tie
33 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
34 Free of charges or deductions
35 Pronoun
36 Mass or lump
38 Satisfied to repletion
40 Note of the scale
42 You
43 Prattled
46 Small mark
47 Mire
48 Instrument of the violin kind
49 Species of loon
51 A fish
52 Bring into alignment
54 Corresponded in sound
55 Stacks
56 Rests in a prone position
57 Cupolas
58 Plant of the mint family
59 In addition
60 Heated
61 Small booths
63 Exist
65 Japanese measure of area
66 Vegetable (plural)
68 Mother of *Peer Gynt*
69 Label
70 Deface
71 Note of Guido's scale
73 Inflaming
76 Gaze fixedly
78 Fastening device
80 Large plant
81 Marks indicating insertions
83 Jog
85 To range in order
88 Crude metal
89 Gaelic form of John
91 Prepare for publication
93 Dry up
94 Had being
95 Early Spanish hero
96 Consider
97 Paradise

VERTICAL

1 Definite article
2 Attention
3 Ascends
4 Declare
5 Toward
6 Entire
7 One of the wives of Jacob
8 Heavenly body
9 Measure of area
10 Fit out with what is needed
11 Crown
12 Desire eagerly
13 In excess
14 Festivity
20 Undermine
22 Periods
24 Imitated
26 Kingly
28 Avoided
30 Diffident
31 Perversion of truth
32 Disease of sheep
37 To obscure
39 Rocky pinnacle
40 Nobleman
41 Poems
43 Fastening devices
44 Deer
45 Silver coins
47 Measure of distance
48 Strove for superiority
50 Roman goddess of the hearth
51 Masses of rough metal
52 Exclamation of sorrow
53 Furnish with an inner covering
54 Putrid
55 Comrade
57 Deer
58 Small, driving, icy particles
60 Dissenter
62 A tree
63 Forbid
64 Urge
66 To expose
67 Narrow piece of wood
69 Arranged in tiers
70 Certain female animals
72 Ventilated
74 A constellation
75 Concise
76 Flat-bottomed boat
77 Home of ancient Irish kings
79 Vein of ore
82 Capuchin monkey
84 Bind
86 Exist
87 Japanese coin
90 One of the United States (initials)
92 The symbol for thulium



Answer to last week's puzzle



2 air spaces

Under exactly the same conditions, an insulated home will be heated to 70°, whereas the uninsulated home will be 53°. To bring the uninsulated home to 70° requires one-third more fuel.

other methods require half again as much material

IF you install building insulation to create two air spaces within the wall, then ½-inch insulation will be just as effective as ¾-inch material applied in other ways. This is an important fact, proved by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

The economical thickness for walls, therefore, is ½-inch; the economical method is to divide the wall into two air spaces. FLAX-LI-NUM *and the two-air-space method were created to work together. Its ½-inch sheets (actually 9/16-inch thick) come ready to install between the studs, quickly, and without waste.*

One-inch insulation should be installed in your roof — for practically two-thirds of the heat losses occur there. One-inch FLAX-LI-NUM is actually 1⅛-inch thick. You have *only one piece to handle.* FLAX-LI-NUM is made solely from purified flax, compressed into semi-rigid sheets. It does not rot, nor does it tear, crack or puncture. It is just as thick, when finally installed, as when it left the factory.

Send for the facts about the *two-air-space* method of insulating homes. Mail the coupon now.

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO., *St. Paul, Minnesota*

228 North La Salle St., Chicago

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THE CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

101 Park Ave., New York City

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FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO.
St. Paul, Minnesota

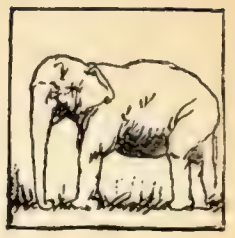
Send me results of U. S. Bureau of Standards tests of the two-air-space method of insulation. Also send complete information about Flax-li-num.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Aren't Boys Funny?



(Reading time: 4 minutes 41 seconds.)

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

JACKY-JIM let me wear the hell-mit. His Daddy said all I needed was an airplane.

Lazarnick photo

DEAR WORLD:

What's a vamp?

NO—I'm not one! You can ask Jacky-Jim. He says I'm not. And I didn't need to think I was one either. Mary isn't one, too. Jacky-Jim wouldn't let her kiss him either. His brother Eddie let Mary sit on his knee. He didn't ask her to sit there. She just went and sat. But he didn't get up and shake his lap out. I tried to sit on Jacky-Jim's. But he didn't have any lap. He stood up so there wouldn't be any.

Jacky-Jim's a boy. He's going on eight. His brother Eddie's going on more than eight. I don't know what he's going on. His mother says he's going on like his old man, letting girls sit on his knee and everything. And Eddie's Daddy says the boy's bright. Brighter than his old man. He's starting younger.

Jacky-Jim's bright, too. Only not in the same way. He knows everything. He says what gen-rell is buried in grant's toom? I said what's a gen-rell? He says it's what's buried in grant's toom; what is it? I said I don't know. What's grant's toom? He said, S-A-Y didn't you never see it? And I said what? And he said girls are AWFUL DUMB. And I said what's dumb? He said girls. They're dumb-bells.

And I said is Mary a dumb-bell? He said yes, but his girl in school isn't. He sent her a couple of val-en-tines. She said they were all right only he didn't spell her name kreck-tly.

I said what's her name? He said I won't tell you. It's Margy. And I said Cu-u-tee. (That's a new word I'm using.) He said HECK NO! Toni, her name's Margy. She's not a cu-u-tee. She's bright. And I said does she live in grant's toom? And he said S-A-Y you're all wet! And I said no. I'm not. And he said then you're BLOTTO. And I said what's that? And he didn't say anything. Only G-O-S-H.

That's when I tried to kiss him. And Mary tried, too. But he put his hands down and ran. And he pulled his coat up over his face.

Boys are funny. Some of them don't want to be kissed by girls, I guess. Only the little boys don't. I mean when they're going on eight like Jacky-Jim. When they're going on more, they don't run away. The more they're going on the less they run.

When Jacky-Jim pulled up his coat to hide his face his Daddy said: "Come on, Toni, I'll take his med-i-sin for him." That's when I sat on his Daddy's knee.

I didn't sit there long. Jacky-Jim stopped running away from us. He came back in and sat down. So I went over to him again.

I said I want to go to grant's toom. And he said what gen-rell is buried in it? And I said let's go and see the elem-phunt that carries its suitcase on its face.

And Jacky-Jim said you're blotto again. It's a trunk he carries. Not a suitcase. And I said yes. Let's see it in grant's toom. And he said it's not in a toom, silly. It's in the zoo. And I said yes. And we can see the toom in the zoo too, yes? And he didn't look at me any more. He only looked at his Daddy as if he'd been hurt. Then he run away again.

Then his brother Eddie told me who was buried in grant's toom and when Jacky-Jim asked me again I'd know. So when Jacky-Jim came back I said I know who is buried in grant's toom. And he said who and I said general toom.

And he said girls is awful dumb-bells, isn't they Dad? And his Daddy said: "My motto is not to believe them such until you find they didn't get all you owned away from you."

Which I guess was funny. The men all laughed. Only the ladies didn't.

Jacky-Jim pulled something out of his pocket. He put it on his head. I said what's that? He said it's a hell-mit. And I said what's a hell-mit? And he said it's just like Lindy's. And I said what's Lindies? And he said don't you read the papers? And I said no —only the pictures. And he said, well didn't you see Lindy's pictures? And I said yes what did he look like? And he said just like me with my hell-mit on.

WON-der-ful boy, I said. (That's what my Mom always says over Lindy's pictures.) Then Jacky-Jim smiled at me for the first time in a long time. He said here you can put it on, Toni. His Daddy winked at his Mom and said there's one born every minute to fall for that WON-der-ful stuff.

WELL, Jacky-Jim let me wear the hell-mit and his Daddy said I should get my picture in it. And all I needed was an airplane.

Girls make great fliers, he said. And I said I wanted to be a great flier. And he said any time I wanted to fly around he'd be my pilot. And Jacky-Jim's mother said you would.

But I said what is a pie-lot? Jacky-Jim laughed loud, but not happy. He said she doesn't know what a pilot is. And I said I do, too. He said what is a pilot? And I said it's a pie-lot, that's what it is. And Jacky-Jim said Haw-Haw she doesn't know. So he took his hell-mit back. And he said I bet you don't know what a Lizzie is. I said I do, too. Only we call her Lizbeth. And she makes cakes for me and Mary. And she washes my clothes and once she met an old man who wouldn't say his prayers and she took him by the hind leg and threw him down the stairs.

She did not, Jacky-Jim said. You read that out of your storybook. I said I did not. Lizbeth did.

So he said Lizzie is an auto-mo-bile. And his Daddy said hold on young man. Maybe Toni's nearer right than you are. And his mother said that was a ter-rib-le joke.

When they were ready to go his Daddy told Jacky-Jim he should invite me to go for a ride some day.

"And we'll show her who's buried in grant's toom," said Jacky-Jim.

"And we'll see the elem-phunts and the hip-thomases and the monkeys—"

But Jacky-Jim didn't hear me. He ran away yelling:

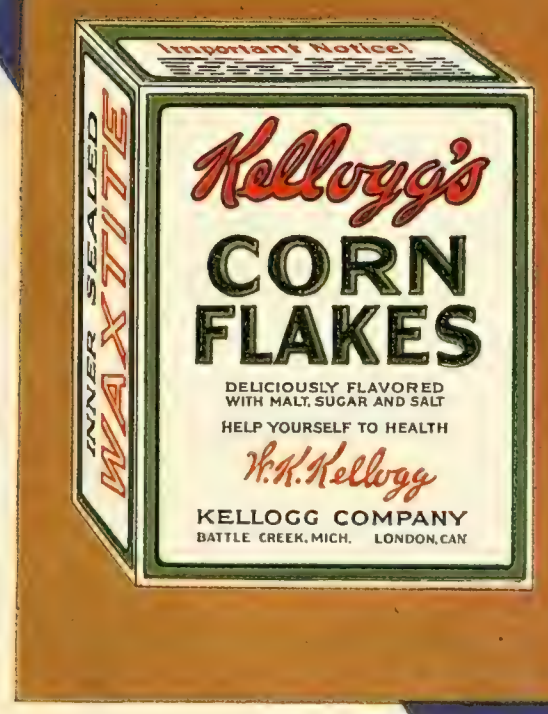
"Blotto! Blotto! Blotto!"

Don't miss Toni's next adventure, told in her own inimitable way, in next week's Liberty.

FROM THE ADVERTISER'S ORIGINAL PLATES

THIS is an exact reprint of the Kellogg's Corn Flakes ad in the April 21, 1928, LIBERTY, on the *same paper* and from the advertiser's own plates. LIBERTY uses *58-pound cover stock* for *all* four-color advertising—11 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses. Paper *does* make a difference. *Compare the printing!*

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



in LIBERTY'S Four-Color Printing

COLOR gets the eye—and thereby increases the volume of "buy".

This Kellogg's ad in LIBERTY's four-color printing says to the appetite through the eye: "Here's your breakfast—tasty, healthful and nourishing!" So faithfully are fruit and flakes reproduced in their natural colors that appeal is irresistible. As a result, this morning, tomorrow morning and many mornings thereafter the breakfast call in many homes is for Kellogg's Corn Flakes and luscious bananas.

Because of its sincerity in the reproduction of products and pictures, LIBERTY's four-color printing is used on a regular schedule of advertising for Kellogg's Corn Flakes and Kellogg's Pep. Watch for this advertising in LIBERTY.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Quaint Modes Brought Up to Date

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

OUR first design shows the Louiseboulanger silhouette, having the tiniest suspicion of panniers in the puffs over the hipline, the whole creation being carried out in printed taffeta of blue flowered in pink. The scalloped hemline is artistic in its unevenness. The second design is a sports coat of white kasha with a shawl collar of wolf. Another suggestion of the new silhouette is found in the second evening gown, which is of subtle tortoise-shell colorings in printed chiffon velvet. The O'Rossen tailleur is in deepest blue wool. It has a fold-over skirt.

IN a previous letter we were discussing the subject of what the different great designers had contributed to the new mode. We have already shown some of Molyneux's offerings, and now it would perhaps be just as well to display the silhouette that started the whole new movement. It is by Louiseboulanger and is shown here in two drawings just as it appeared in her new studio. If you think these models are not very practical for everyday wear, they are at least worth studying, for their lines have influenced all present-day dressing.

We have said more than once that the mid-Victorian costumes as adapted and worn by us are no longer mid-Victorian at all except in name. With lines so very similar, they yet have undergone a transformation. The spirit of the modern woman has flowed through them and lighted them with an abandon and grace.

If we wished to be flippant, we might say there would be a revision of the silhouette downward. Skirts, especially on formal dresses, are a little longer, and waistlines perhaps a little lower than they were when they poised at normal. In this revision of the silhouette the neckline of evening dresses too has descended. Unless the belt went with it there would be no area left between waist and neck in the back. As the situation now stands, the waist must be low enough so that in turn the back neckline may be low enough so that a horizontal piece of flesh-colored chiffon shall pass across it at its nether point.

By day one may still wear one's costumes comfortably short, as demonstrated in the tailleur of O'Rossen's in deepest blue woolen material. This skirt has a fullness not perceptible except in action, and is achieved with the fold-over movement, which is the accepted form for this spring. The felt hat is cut on the correct lines for spring and carries the little mask veil.

The coat model is in white kasha. It has one of those collars set on at the edge of the wide revers, and is of wolf.

The beautiful Louiseboulanger silhouette of the first model shows little suspicions of panniers, and the dress is further notable for being made from that newest and most unusual of materials, which is a French flowered taffeta that is almost as soft as foulard.

The significant feature of the other evening silhouette is its slightly drawn feeling over the hips, obtained by means of the double girdle. The outline dips low in the back and pulls forward in an upward movement, this being one of the very important lines of the day.

Where Is the Wandering Waistline?

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 1, 1928.

THE first great fall of the waistline was the result of a fashion discovery. The waistline came down in the world of clothes because Paris discovered that placing it on the hips was supplying magical aid to needy figures. This was before Paris couturiers started commuting across the ocean to the U. S. A. Then they went over.

Immediately thereafter there began to circulate around Paris the legend of the Beautiful American Girl. Paul Poiret came back comparing our women to the Greeks. Jean Patou was inspired to verbal enthusiasm by the long-limbed, slender beauty of Columbia's daughters.

The fashionmongers over here went to the Louvre and gazed long and intently at Greek statues and friezes. They strolled down the boulevards and looked just as earnestly at the American girls. No trouble to distinguish them. Such length of limbs, such easy impudence, such slenderness, and such low heels could come only from the "*pays du dollar.*" It was nothing else but the long-limbed beauty from across the ocean which made Paris make a wanderer of the waistline.

The waistline on the hip, the skirt short, and lines of the silhouette straight made all women look youthful. When Paris began trifling with the site of the waistline this changed all the proportions, because to get that length-of-limb effect they were after, the Paris couturiers immediately had to lower the hemline and add flares. It is in exactly this way that the new fashions began, not long ago. But the waistline continues to roam up and down the silhouette. The high waistline and the longer flowing skirt, while they do produce the goddess limbline that distinguishes the American girl, do not constitute the cure-all silhouette which the slender, hip-waistline silhouette does. This forces Paris to keep the waistline moving.

However, for American women the location of the waistline is comparatively simple. If you are the usual, comparatively slender, fairly long-legged lady, you may wear the newest of Paris fashions with ease and enhancement. For women with short legs, large hips, etc., the waistline placed at the top of the hips is much safer.

For sports there is very little argument about the waistline. It stays where it was—on the hips. There is equally no change in the units that make the sports clothes costume. Jumper, skirt, and coat or jacket make the smart sports costume, just as before. There is no style law against placing the waistline at normal if you want it.

(Right) The sports costume waistline remains at the hips. Lelong made this model of navy blue wool crêpe.

In this ensemble of plaid crêpe de Chine and gray woolen Jenny brings the wandering waistline back to normal.

Lanvin makes the waistline of this afternoon frock both normal and at the hips by the use of a fitted band.

(Right) Jenny lifts the waistline in this afternoon coat of pistache and black satin collared with green fox.

All of the novelty in sports clothes comes in new sweaters, new colors, new scarfs, handkerchiefs, and flowers to be worn therewith. Colors for sports are usually very, very brilliant, such shades as flag red and flag blue being extremely important. Or they are very subdued, with such shades as black and navy blue set off by the primal white decidedly to the fore. Sweaters, as I have told you before, knitted like the masculine sweater and strikingly patterned, are the smartest of blouses for sports.

A sports costume such as the Lelong ensemble shown in our central photograph is as subdued and practical as it is smart. This suit is made of navy blue wool crêpe, the straight skirt plaited at the left side to give it fullness and the jacket tucked at the neck in back. A big navy blue and a white flower are placed on the left shoulder. The sweater is made of navy blue patterned in white bands, these bands meeting at the V neck and separated by lines of navy blue. The narrow leather belt with its silver buckle marks the hip waistline.

An ideal arrangement of waistline for most women is that illustrated in the Lanvin afternoon frock. Both waist and skirt of this dress of light green crêpe romaine are slender without being straight or narrow, and they are joined by a wide fitted band of the material, this band beginning at the normal waistline at top and extending to the top of the hips. Jeanne Lanvin emphasizes the lower part of this girdle by placing a narrow rhinestone-buckled belt around it.

The skirt of this frock is one of the new types of skirts for summer, made in three pointed and plaited tiers, so that the hemline is irregular. The sleeves, with their plaited ruffle cuffs, are charming details. The large leghorn hat of pale green is banded with green crêpe and has a long ribbon sash.

The pale gray, rose, and blue plaid frock of the ensemble illustrated has a long straight bodice held in firmly at the waistline by a belt made of narrow rainbow strips of leather, and with a rainbow arc buckle. This is the normal waistline which Paris likes to emphasize.

The skirt of this model is cut circular and notched at the bottom. It is also finely plaited. The coat is made of gray and lined with plaid to match the frock.

Our fourth photograph shows a new Jenny coat that has both a high and hip waistline, strikingly indicated by the bolero of pistache green satin and the lower part of black satin meeting here. The slightly circular skirt portion of this coat and the fitted band at the hips, moving upward in front and merging into revers of black, make the higher waistline effect very becoming indeed to most figures. In fact, the French mannequin photographed in this coat is rather short and heavy, but the arrangement of the green and black satin gives her height and slenderness. The coat is collared in fox dyed pistache green, and the sleeves are cuffed with black satin.

Are you ever embarrassed by mistakes in pronunciation?

Nothing reveals your culture —or lack of it—so surely

How many of these words *dare* you use in conversation?

hors d'oeuvre	pianist
exquisite	incongruent
impious	cuisine
Buenos Aires	rodeo
psychiatrist	Calles
irrevocable	faux pas
Fascisti	naive
courtesan	bona fide
Aphrodite	piquant
incognito	imprecatory
dishabille	fiduciary
cognoscenti	gibbet
intricate	indices
chic	salutary
Aida	jejune
demise	acclimate
canape	explicable
gauche	fiacre
supple	sinecure
verbosity	

Your speech identifies you. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Most of us are guilty, at least occasionally, of painful mispronunciation.

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

WORD GOLF
at $5 a Hole

SEND in your WORD GOLF "holes"—as many as you wish—and if one of them appears in LIBERTY a check for $5 will be your reward.

If you would land in the king row you must avoid obsolete and foreign-language words, and it is best to do without proper nouns, too. There, in a few words, are the rules of the game.

Payment, you know, will be made for original problems only. There are no awards for solutions.

And now, a word about solutions. We have said before that to beat the indicated par for any hole is a part of the game; but a number of players have not understood this, and they have been disposed to take us to task—sometimes not too gently, either—because they have been able to make an occasional "birdie" or "eagle." Please bear in mind that the printing of a "hole" does not imply that the constructor's score is unbeatable. It's up to you to better it if you can, and more power to you.

Address contributions to
WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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S	H	I	N	E

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ANTHONY SAFER
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S	O	L	O
D	U	E	T

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

WOOD	SMILE	HEEL	YAWN	SKID	JURY
WOOL	STILE	HEED	DAWN	SAID	FURY
POOL	STALE	HELD	DARN	SAND	FURL
POLL	SCALE	HOLD	DARE	SANE	FULL
PULL	SCALD	SOLD	CARE	SAME	FALL
PULP	SCOLD	SOLE	CAPE	LAME	FAIL
			GAPE	LAMP	JAIL
				LUMP	
				BUMP	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 71

1—The X ray.
2—Zulus, Kafirs, and other African tribes; natives of tropical America; Scottish Highlanders.
3—An uncontrollable mania for alcoholic drink.
4—Polo and croquet.
5—Asunción.
6—An edible fungus which grows underground.
7—Lhasa.
8—Archimedes.
9—The Lady of the Camellias, by the younger Dumas.
10—The hatching and rearing of fish.
11—The White Star Line. The Cunard Steamship Company.
12—Verona, Italy.
13—West.
14—A robber and murderer, released instead of Jesus at the demand of the multitude.
15—On an island of the Bahama group, which he named San Salvador.
16—The Suez Canal, about 100 miles, is longer by approximately sixty miles.
17—Weller (Pickwick Papers); Tulliver (The Mill on the Floss). Hearn was an author and Greenaway a painter and illustrator.
18—The preamble to the Constitution.
19—The Julian calendar.
20—The Carthaginian army.

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Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

I'LL bet she weighed three hundred soaking wet. As soon as she took the stand she started to ball.

Some Correspondence About Corespondents

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 9 minutes 51 seconds.)

Reno, Nev.

DEAR MARG,

I wood have wrote you before, but I unbuttoned the top on a bottle of Home Brew and the damn thing blue out four windows. Gosh was I sceared? I thought Big Bertha went off in the parlor. And the colone. Sweet lady, you would think that Mussell Sholls was cookin somethin for the world war. One shot of that stuff and youd stop Dempsey in the second.

Johnny Walker, J. Dewar, Lorigan, or Coty couldnt dish up a sweet cented smell like that if they stewed grapes for a month. I was plastered on its ozone. Three good sniffs and the rent was paid. One good drink and youd eat the gold fish. Period!

Now listen Good Lookin, dont go thinkin Im boozing. Hold everythin. I wouldnt fool you. This is how it happened— I was standin in a drug store in Reno alongside of a phone booth tryin to get ten cents worth of conversation when somebody slaps me on the back.

I turn around and who do I see but my old friend Bill Parke, a big hearted cerial man from Battle Creek Mish and points West. Hes the guy what breakfasts the world. He puts it in bottles. He was the one that gave me the pot of leopard sweat that blew out the winders. He said his mother in law made it out of a flock of Fleishmans dynamite cakes and a bucket of Californias Sunkist mock oranges. She wouldnt harm him, NOT HER.

The only thing that stops her is the Grand Rapids heater up in Sing Sing. For four bits she'd turn embalmer. Lets tune out.

Listen Marg, Im still in Reno. The girl friend I met on the train on my way to Hollywood has been so lonesome that I had to stay here with her. You remember me tellin you about her in my last letter. She married a bootlegger and the big punk is cutting down her flop and cakes and she cant manage to live on 2000 grand per month. Thats why shes out here, to give him a transfer.

Shes a bit keen about me Marg, but dont worry, I aint going to give her a play. Gosh but shes fuller charm. Little and cute with big blue eyes AND A FIGURE. Worie!!!! One look would make the Prince of Whales do a New Orleans Glide down Picadilly Circus. Of all the georgous frails shes sure a tired business mans weekness, AND WHAT I MEAN.

You know Marg, I got a weekness for wimin, but dont go and think that I aint sensible. They aint foolin me a bit! I just get fuller noncence and monkey business and thats all they is to it. Great heavens above Love Lips, you know me better than to think that Id go flittin around with a good lookin frail whats gettin a divorce. Be your drink. Just because I was on my way to Hollywood and met her on the train is no sign that she and me is goin to do a fade out.

I know just what youre thinkin, and if we was married instead of bein engaged I would tell you somethin what would be nobodys nevermind. Even if she is good lookin shes got round heels and thats that.

All Ive done Love Lips is see that she got to Reno in safety, in the hands of a good lawyer what could give her a transfer. You never can tell we may be divorced some day ourselves. Outside of that I just kept her plastered so that she would be happy and rarin to go, thats all. So Id rather not hear any more about it.

OUT here in Reno Marg, you can get a divorce for peelin an onion or taking off your shoes, in fact anythin. You dont need any more grounds than whats in a coffee pot. Ive been studyin the rackit a hole lot. All you need is a good story, a straight face, and enough gin to last you ninty days and everythin else is a frolic.

While the judge wasnt lookin I pinched one of the statue books on the Nevada divorce laws. You can get a divorce on any of the following grounds—read em!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Wash away those annoying hairs!

Just a touch with the liquid De Miracle, just a rinse with fresh, clear water—and your skin is smooth, hair-free, clean and charming. Literally, you wash away the annoying hairs of under-arm, limb, neck and face! You actually see the hairs dissolve. How easy, how natural, how womanly!

De Miracle is a delicately perfumed liquid, pleasant to use and guaranteed to satisfy. Sold everywhere: 60¢, $1.00 and $2.00.

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Madison Shirt Mfrs., 560 Broadway, New York

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

FIRST—Impotency at the time of the marriage continuing to the time of the divorce.

That means Marg if youre a blank or a missout or a flat tire or somethin like that, you get the wide out doors. AND HOW.

SECOND—Adultery since the marriage, remaining unforgiven.

It means if a man or a woman gets all liquored up with giggle soup and begin neckin with somebody elses fireworks, theyre entitled to a copy of Whos Who in Reno.

THIRD—Willful desertion, at any time of either party by the other, for the period of one year.

You know what that stands for? Your girl friend with the crockery eye went threw that. Remember when she was eatin the grape fruit and the thing squirted up and put out her eye and she had to get a porcelean lamp? To make matters worse her crackpot husband up and deserted her. Well thats what it means.

FOURTH—Conviction of felony or infamous crime.

In other words if a woman does a bit of target practice on her husband she can get a transfer for nothin.

FIFTH—Habitual gross drunkenness contracted since the marriage, of either party, which shall incapacitate such party from contributing his or her share to the support of the family.

Your old lady understands what that means. Imagine her livin with a heel like him. Hes just a good natured washout.

SIXTH—Extreme cruelty in either party.

That fits him to. Hes about as gentle as a dog with the rabbies.

SEVENTH—Neglect of the husband, for the period of one year, to provide the common necessaries of life, when such neglect is not the result of poverty on the part of the husband which he could avoid by ordinary industry.

THATS him too. Hes just like one of the Two Black Crows. Hed work if he could find any pleasure in it. He may be your father, but hes a pain in the ankle to me. The only work he ever does is bendin his elbow. Hes so big hearted he wouldnt even split a tooth ache with you.

EIGHTH — Insanity existing for two years prior to the commencement of the action.

Thats your brother. Of all the half wits he draws the crocheyed fryin pan. Mattewan is yawning for him. I dont mean to put your family in the grease, but your brother belongs in a soda garage dishing out boneless ice cream and beef stews with whipped cream on em. You dont know the half of it dearie, theyre a panic.

Oh yes. The book says— The person must be physically present in the country for the FULL three months period.

Gee what a laugh that is. Theyre not only physically present, but theyre FULL of laughing soup for NINTY DAYS, and THEN SOME.

Gee, Marg, I went out to the DEVORCEE BALL the other night what was held out in one of the golf clubs. Oh my yes! I arrived out there about 2AM just when the thing was beginnin to go big. The twirlers were all Americkered up with punch, gin, moon, bourbon, bubble water, takeela, silly syrup and what have you.

Talk about your whirlers. The whole troup was doin a Hackenschmidt all over the floor. Ive seen close dancin with close friends, but on the level its all for one and one for all. The evenings may be long but the shoulder straps are longer. The girlies dont wear enough clothes to cover an air mail stamp.

AND what a workout the beauty parlors get. Every one of the sweet things look as though Flow Ziegfeld had sent for em. You couldnt resist them. They would make Lindy take off and go South and I dont mean Perhaps.

The men are just as bad. Great jumpin Juniper. They get all smeared up with a patent leather haircomb and try and pull a Menjew on the works. They have their tux built so loose they fit like the tights on a frankfutter and they hope to God that none of the girlies will admire them. Every hip has a flask, and every dress shirt has a mariskino cherrie or an orange pit nestling in its bosom. How they Gargle!

The nation is certainly intoxicated with prohibition. Of all the jokes prohibition looks like a comic page. It makes thieves out of society and liars out of the rest of us. We're a Punch and Judy show to the rest of the world and a *Punch* with a kick in it. While the girls and boys are squeezing out the oranges, Tom Edison is working nights to make rubber tires from the skins for them to ride on. Why its getting so now Marg, that a pint flask doesnt even disturb the lipstick, it takes quarts. If you dont smell like a juniper berry you dont fit. All you hear is, "Heres mud in your Rye."

Since Reno cut the six months stay to a ninty day hangover the place is a sell out. Business has tripled. The Divorce Mill or The House of Divide is rocking on its foundation. Every fifteen minutes somebody takes the air. What God has joined together is blasted in two parts here. Judges Mack and Bartlett dont even get a chance to tea off. Great heavens above, the ministers tie em together in the East and Reno unbuttons em in the West.

I was sitting in Judge Macks courtroom listening to a bunch of divorce cases when up comes a pip. I'll bet she weighed three hundred soaking wet. As soon as she took the stand she started to ball. Oh lady what tears. I thought we'd have to stick on our rubbers. The lawyer said she was so abused. He said her husband used to

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THE young Lincoln, poring over borrowed schoolbooks far into the night—seeking in the dim light of his log fire the transforming light of knowledge—eager to grow—eager to do—here is a picture that has touched the hearts of men in every country—here is an example which, for three score years, has inspired the man who strives against the odds of circumstance to make his place in the world.

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Up from the mines, down from the masts of ships, from behind counters and plows, from chauffeurs' seats and engine cabs, from factories and offices—from all the places where men work they will go home and take up their books because they yearn to grow, because they seek higher training, greater skill, more responsibility, lives more profitable and work more satisfying.

Fifty years ago these men, some of them married, all of them with a living to earn by day, would have had no place to turn for the courses of study and for the personal guidance that they need.

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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

mop her up and blacken her lamps.

Listen, if she ever got started it would take the militia to hold her. Shes Dynamite! Her husband only weighted about as much as a good sized June bug.

She says she had eight kids when she married him and he had ten of his own.

My dear, that was no marriage—that was a merger.

And what a heart she had, just like the rear end of a coal truck.

She said he was a title writer in Hollywood. But if you ask me from the look at his foto he hasnt got enough brains to title his children.

I guess all he does is write the gestures.

You see all kinds here Marg. Another soft hearted little woman just got up and is squarking for a seperation.

$hes $o $weet and fuller checks appeal. She says that her heavy $ugar daddy up and gave her the air.

$he says $hes on the cuff, no groceries. And oh what a box score face. She wants him to go on the fractured line for 300 yards a week just because he had the sash weights removed from the house.

$he'd part your hair with an axe, thats my dope.

But $he aint foolin him any. If $he thinks $hes goin to seperate him from any jack, $hes all damp. Hes a corporation lawyer, one of those guys what has nine sets of books and nine safes to put em in.

HARLAN HEWETT, one of the worst golfers I ever met but one of the best elbow benders at large, told me that he had a case that was the bugs ear. Its a fello whats divorcing his wife because shes a bum cook. He says that every time he eats one of her cakes he has to get his stomach vulcanized.

He says she wins the steam heated cuff links when it comes to cookin.

He says the last omlet she made for him he threw out the window and a taxi driver used it for a blow-out patch. Thats a hot one. Heaven sends us food but the devil sends us cooks.

Oh, Marg, I forgot to tell you about Mary McSwivel, you know, your girl friend with the crockery eye.

What do you think happened? The poor darling was in terrible distress, she lost her china lamp.

But everything is jake now because she found it.

She was giving a flat iron shower the other day for one of the girls in the Heeva Si sorority whats goin for the wedlock rackit. Yep, and while she was cuttin the cake she found the porcelean glim parked between one of the layers.

She says she remembered sneezin when she was mixin up the cake dough. Well, thats what life is, easy come easy go.

I WISH you would quit writing me and askin when Im goin to Hollywood. Just because I paid $2,500 to be a star in the movies is no reson Im goin to hurry. You know all the stars keep the rest of the works waitin. Thats what makes em important.

Ask Jimmie Walker, he knows. When Calvin invited Jimmie to the White House Banquet the cakes and sausages got all cold by the time Calvin et em. And THATS ME.

Well Kid, I got to run along now and polish my nails and study my part for LOVES PASSIONS. I'll be in Hollywood next week and write you from there. I'll give you the inside dope about the stars and everythin.

Sorry to hear your mother crashed the chinaman. Tell her to lay off the horn and try the brakes.

Wishing you the same,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Tell your old man that the name and address on the French Post card number 21 is Maree Adolay, 14 Rue de Back, Paris, France.

We don't know about Marg, but we'd just as soon have this baby stay right in Reno. He's doin' good right where he is, and no maybes! The main thing is—we get another letter in a coupla weeks. Oh, boy!

While the girls and boys are squeezing out the oranges, Tom Edison is working nights to make rubber tires from the skins.

Little Miss Muffet
Sits on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
After she's through
She will Double Mint chew—
It keeps indigestion away!

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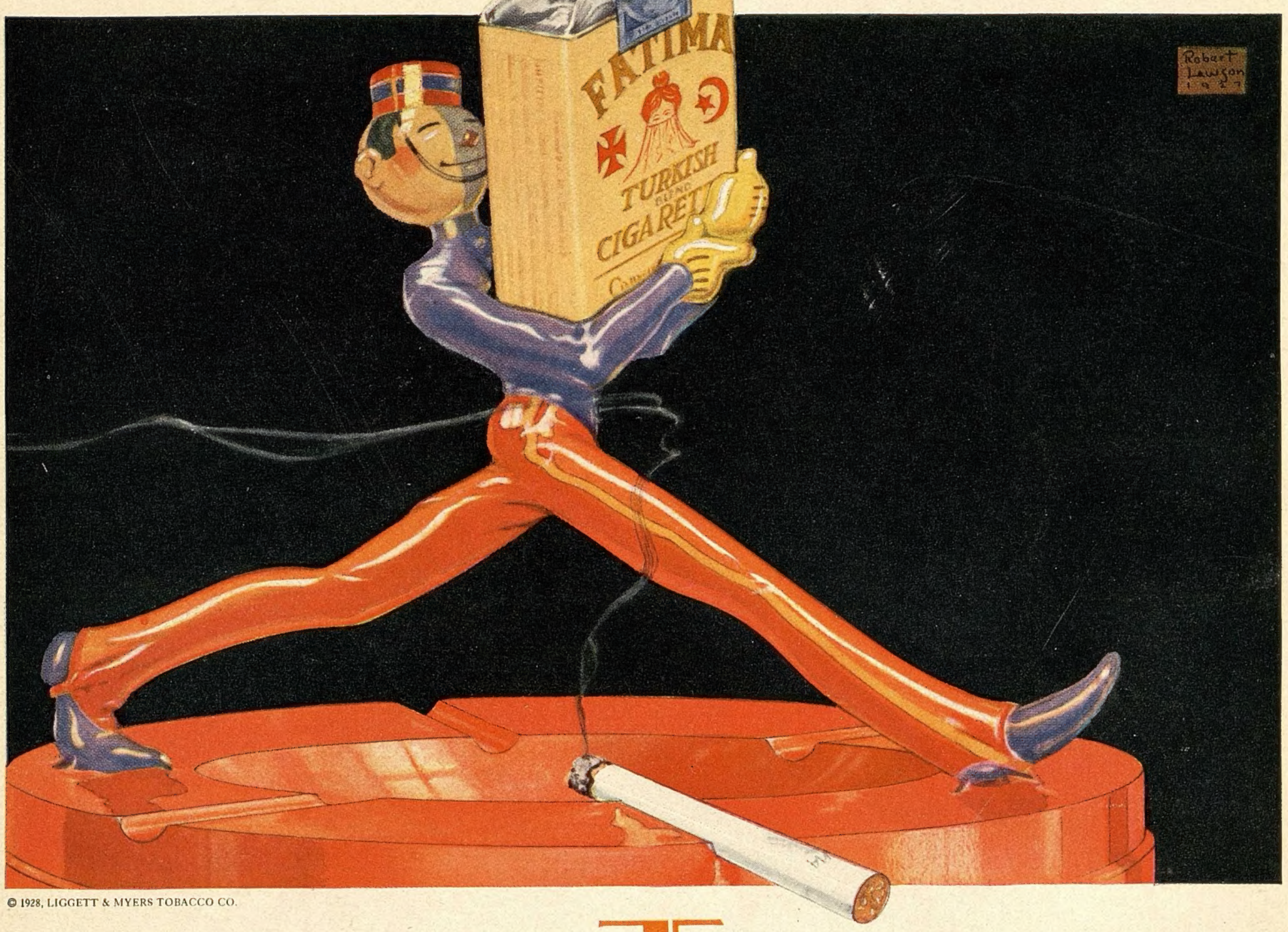
1-25

...After Every Meal...

DAY IN... AND DAY OUT...



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